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Photo by E. Levick

Enterprise **crossing the finish line a winner in the first race for America's Cup aspirants.**

America's Cup Aspirants Do Battle

Three of the New Class J Yachts, with "Resolute" and "Vanitie", Meet off Glen Cove

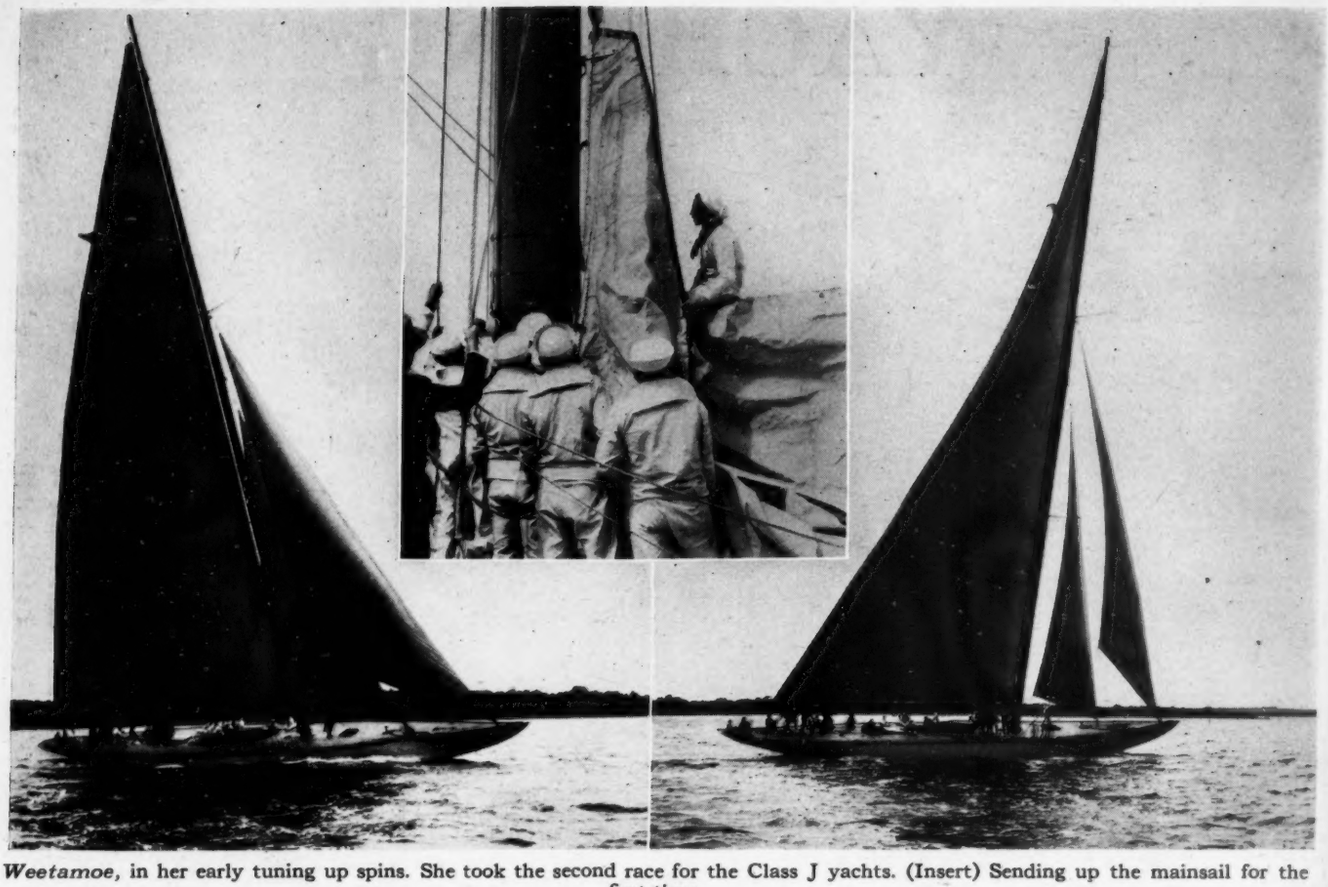
By HERBERT L. STONE

ONE swallow does not make a summer, and one or two races at the start of the season do not give much of a line on the real merits of a racing yacht. Yet, granting all this, the meeting for the first time of three of the four America's Cup candidates in the Glen Cove races of the New York Yacht Club was "chock full" of interest to partisans of the four new yachts, as well as to yachtsmen generally.

Enterprise, *Weetamoe* and *Whirlwind* sailed their first race on June 11th in a special event which included *Vanitie* and *Resolute*, the Cup boats of 1914. *Yankee*, the Boston aspirant, was not present. A more perfect day for this first meeting would be hard to imagine, the wind being light to moderate southeasterly, and unusually steady for Long Island Sound. There was enough of it to send the boats over the 23.45-mile course, seven miles of which was to windward, in about three hours and twenty minutes, or a little better for the winner.

This first race was all *Enterprise*. She was perfectly handled by Harold Vanderbilt, and seemed to move very fast on all points of sailing. She won rather easily and gained on all the other boats on both the windward leg and on the long run down wind. Her margin of victory over the second boat, *Vanitie*, was 6 minutes and 29 seconds, while of the new boats she beat *Whirlwind* by over 12 minutes and *Weetamoe* by 21 minutes 32 seconds. *Resolute* was a poor last, over half an hour behind the winner.

But these figures are not in themselves as enlightening as an analysis of the manner in which the boats sailed. *Enterprise*, with some six weeks of sailing and tuning up behind her, was undoubtedly in better shape than either of the other new yachts. Her crew was smarter, sail was handled more promptly and with greater snap than on either of the other aspirants. Whenever she was in close company with her competitors she seemed to move faster. *Weetamoe* seemed sluggish in the maneuvering before the start. She got a poor start, being pocketed by



Weetamoe, **in her early tuning up spins. She took the second race for the Class J yachts. (Insert) Sending up the mainsail for the first time.**

the others, and she had very little way on when the gun went. Then George Nichols elected to split with the new boats and went over to the Long Island shore, followed by *Resolute*. It turned out to be a bad move, for the wind was lighter over there and *Weetamoe* did not figure in the race thereafter.

Whirlwind, sailed at the start and on the first leg by Paul Hammond, also seemed very sluggish. Her sails were not in shape, either, and the big jib she carried, which ran almost to the masthead, would not stand, and shivered throughout the windward leg. It also pulled her head off, for she did not point with the others. Yet her speed was deceptive, for she crossed *Vanitie* the first time she tacked and was only some 2 minutes and 20 seconds astern of *Enterprise* at the first and second marks. In spite of being the largest boat of the fleet, she did well in the light wind. But on the run she simply died. Part of this was due to poor sail handling, for on a considerable portion of the leg she carried no spinnaker, and did not haul up enough to harden her wind. *Vanitie* sailed right through her lee, heading on a straight course for the mark. And yet in this first race *Whirlwind* impressed one as having great possibilities. In a breeze and jump of sea, and when they get the rig right, she should be heard from if she is well handled.

Weetamoe also had trouble with her spinnaker and tacked down wind. She lost much more ground on this leg and her performance was far from impressive.

The next day the same five yachts met again. Something had evidently happened overnight on *Weetamoe* for she was a different boat in this race. Getting off to a good start, she led *Enterprise* all the way around the 27.2-mile triangular course to win by 91 seconds. *Vanitie* was third, over 5 minutes astern, followed by *Resolute*, with *Whirlwind* a bad last, over 21 minutes behind the winner. The wind was of about the same strength (perhaps a bit more) as in the previous race.

Weetamoe was well handled and moved fast. She got a good start and beat *Enterprise* 51 seconds in the beat to windward, and 48 seconds on the run. It is only fair to say that *Enterprise* was bothered by *Whirlwind* taking her wind soon after the start, and was finally forced to tack to get clear. She never could catch *Weetamoe* after that. *Whirlwind* still seemed sluggish, and it looks as if she needed a breeze to make her move. She is wide and powerful and did not get down to her lines as quickly as the other two new boats.

These two races show that there is going to be hot racing between the Cup aspirants, and when *Yankee* gets into action the situation will be further complicated. It's still anyone's guess as to the ultimate choice of a defender.

Comparing the new yachts with the two older Cup boats, the result of the racing, so far, seems to leave no doubt as to the fact that this year's boats are the faster. *Resolute* seems clearly out-classed, and *Vanitie*, although she has some 500 feet more sail, and has to concede time to the others, does not seem able to hold the new yachts, not even boat for boat.

Of course, a big fleet was out to greet the Cup yachts on their first appearance. From four to five hundred power yachts put in an appearance and their behavior was atrocious. As the racers became scattered the sightseeing yachts simply littered the Sound. They did not even leave a lane for the yachts to finish in. Better patroling is essential in the future if the candidates are to be given a fair race.

Photos by E. Levick

What the deck of a modern cup defender yacht looks like.

Stretching canvas in her tuning up sails off Marblehead.

Yankee, **Boston's hope for cup defence honors. She is for a syndicate organized by John S. Lawrence and is from designs by Frank C. Paine.**

Photo by E. Levick

Whirlwind **stretching her sails in a light breeze on the Sound. Designed for the Thorne-Hammond syndicate by L. Francis Herreshoff,** ***Whirlwind*** **is the largest boat of the four built for the defence of the America's Cup.**

Photo by Beken & Son, Cowes

Shamrock V, **Great Britain's "hope" in the match for the America's Cup next September. She is a beautiful boat and has shown exceptional speed in her early races in home waters.**

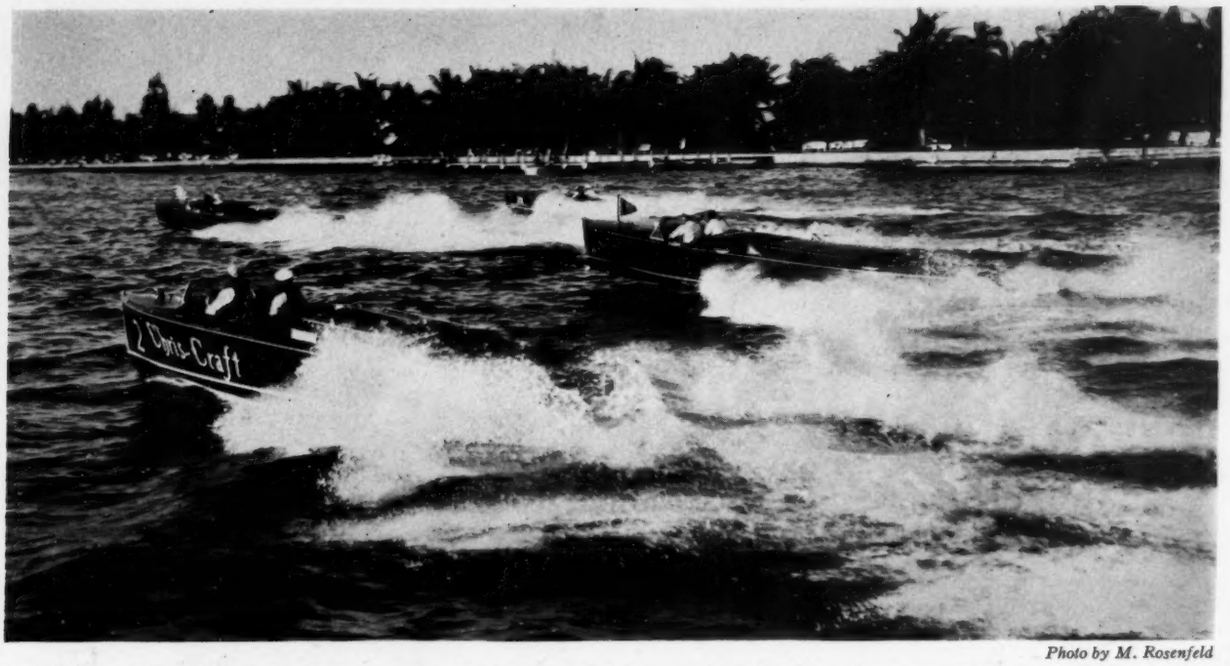


Photo by M. Rosenfeld

"Riding her high, wide and handsome, and trying to keep the fellow on the inside from forcing you wide at the turn." Racing stock runabouts in the 200 hp. class.

Racing Rules for Runabouts

Regulating the Sport of Power Boat Racing in Standardized Craft

By THURBER CUSHING

A FEW thrilling laps at thirty, forty, forty-five miles an hour. Jockeying for position at the start, and timing to cross the line just with the gun. Riding her high, wide and handsome for the buoys, and trying to keep the fellow on the inside from establishing an overlap and forcing you wide at the turn — or trying to nose in on the leader and make him let you sneak into first place when you swing. Cheers from the fleet and the club veranda; the finish flag, and a race won or lost. Then a treat for everyone in the lounge, maybe some bets paid, the trophies presented, much post-mortem conversation and probably a challenge for another race next week-end.

Keen fun, good sportsmanship among friends, and the gross cost amounting to the few dimes' worth (or dollars, depending on the power) of gasoline and oil used — plus the price of the drinks the winner has to buy. The equipment? Why, just the fast and handsome standard runabouts that 'most everyone has these days, and that 'most everyone else is getting, particularly since they're being built at around $1,000 in the smaller models this year.

The news? The rules for racing these stock inboard runabouts that the racing commission of the American Power Boat Association has just adopted. The rules put the boats in ten classes according to horsepower, so that every boat has fair competition with others of presumably equal speed. And they put the owners and drivers in two divisions, one of them completely restricted to the simon-pure amateurs — the average owners who have nothing to gain but the fun of the race and the chance at a prize. These average owners are freed from the competition of all who have or might have a business interest in winning races. The others have a separate division.

The rules are for runabouts that are in standard production only, not for custom-built boats of any kind. They are divided into classes as follows:

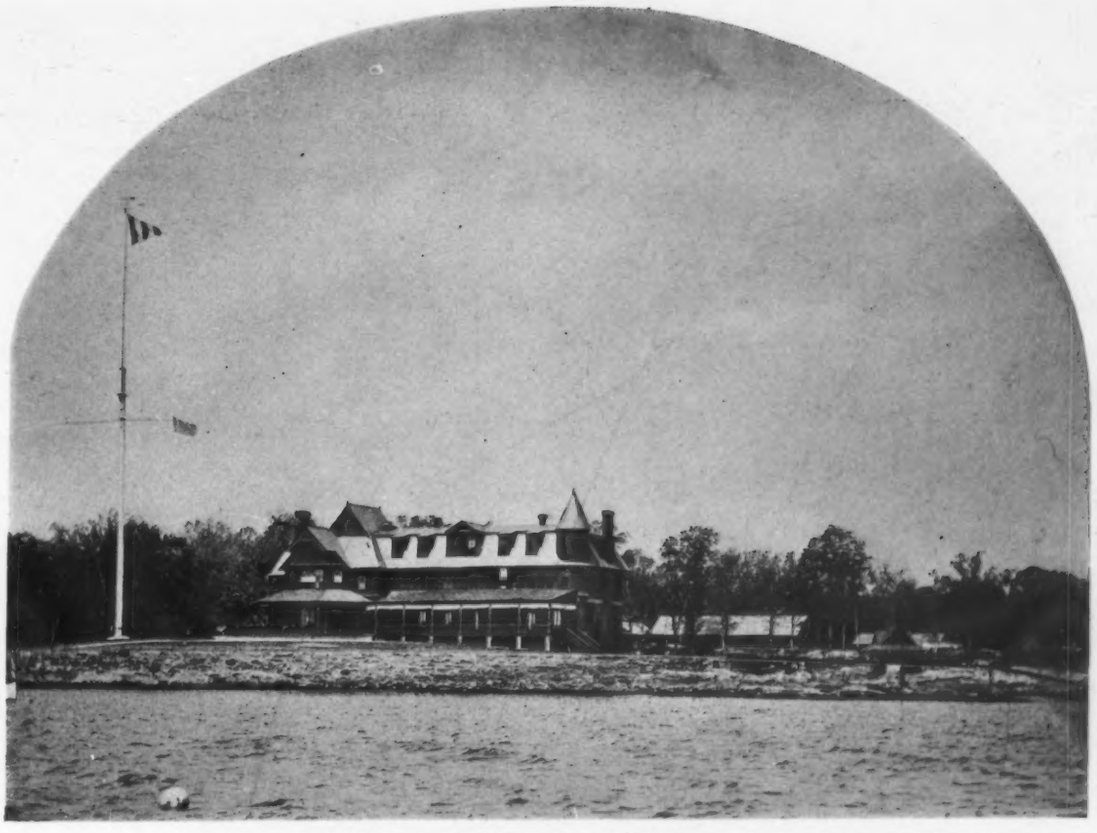
A	Not over 40 hp.	F	Not over 165 hp.
B	Not over 60 hp.	G	Not over 200 hp.
C	Not over 75 hp.	H	Not over 300 hp.
D	Not over 110 hp.	J	Not over 400 hp.
E	Not over 135 hp.	K	Over 400 hp.

Motors must not be pepped-up to make them non-stock, and hulls must be of the displacement type (no step hydroplanes), with seats for at least five, motor entirely closed in, and the power plant installed by the original boat builder.

Owners and drivers are divided thus: Division 2: The average boat owners; those "interested in racing for sport as distinct from gain," "who are in no way connected with the marine motor or motorboat industry as a means of livelihood," and who are not otherwise classified in Division 3. Division 3: Boat and motor manufacturers, dealers, service men and their employees; those paid for racing or for serving on a motorboat; those receiving (from an owner or driver who would be classed in Division 3) racing expenses, loans or gratuities, or gifts of boat, motor, parts or other equipment; those racing or representing anyone interested in racing for commercial gain or advertising value. (Note: Service or actions prior to January 1, 1930, do not apply.)

If the motorboat owners want to start an argument with their sailing friends they can point out that these

(Continued on page 124)



The present Larchmont Yacht Club house as it appeared in 1892. This was the fourth home of the club and was purchased in 1887. The house has since been greatly enlarged.

Larchmont's Golden Jubilee

Fifty Years of Racing on Long Island Sound Celebrated on the Anniversary of Larchmont's First Race

By William H. Taylor

FOUNDED by a handful of young men as they lounged on the beach after a hard race, the Larchmont Yacht Club has just rounded out a half century as the leading racing club of Long Island Sound, and if the spirit of its members is any criterion the club is just settling down for a few more half-centuries of continued leadership.

The early years of most yacht clubs form an interesting tale, and Larchmont's are no exception. But let that part of the story be told as nearly as possible in the words of Frank L. Anthony, lone survivor of that group of founders, as he told it at the Golden Jubilee luncheon on May 31st.

"Decoration Day in 1880," said Mr. Anthony, "was a day very much like this, clear and cool, with the wind blowing hard out of the nor'west. At that time there was a small mixed fleet of catboats, jib-and-mainsail sandbaggers and sloops moored in the Horseshoe. (Just west of Larchmont Harbor proper.) They were owned by some of us young men who lived here in Larchmont Manor, which at that time was just beginning to be built up, and of course we raced them every chance we got. Decoration Day was such a chance, and we had a fine race of it, though it was cold and wet out there, just as you men who are going to race will find it today.

"That evening after the race it was pretty cold, but as usual five of us gathered on the beach after supper to talk on our favorite subject, yachts and yachting. We had no warmer place to meet, so we built a fire in a cleft of the rocks and gathered around it. There were William C. France, who owned the sloop *Viva;* Charles E. Jenkins, who owned a boat called the *Willis;* Loring Lothrop, whose sloop I think was called the *Lively Oyster,* and Fred W. Flint, who had the yacht *Helena.*

"'How many men does it take to form a yacht club?' demanded one of the group suddenly.

"'Five,' he was told, 'because there have to be five officers.'

"'Then what's the matter with forming the Larchmont Yacht Club right now?' asked the man with the idea, and it was agreed. We forthwith elected officers by acclamation. Mr. France became commodore, Jenkins, vice commodore; Lothrop, rear commodore, Flint, whose son Tom Flint is our rear commodore now, was treasurer and I was made secretary."

Such was the beginning, as Mr. Anthony — an old man now but astonishingly active and alert and thoroughly devoted to the club — told it. Each of the five

Photo by Levick

The "Fighting Forties" racing off Larchmont in the Golden Jubilee Regatta on May 31st.

men who were present on the beach that night immediately subscribed ten dollars, Mr. Anthony says, and on a working capital of fifty dollars the club began. The next step was a clubhouse. The only building available for such use at the time was a building used as a church, standing at the water's edge. Mr. Anthony was appointed a committee of one to interview T. J. S. Flint, father of Fred Flint and owner, among other parts of the Manor, of the church.

Mr. Flint — rather to Mr. Anthony's surprise, the latter admits — fell in with the plan at once, and agreed to rent the church for a dollar a year. The building was used for its original purpose only on Sundays and the lease was conditional on the club's hiring a janitor to clean up the place when it vacated the premises at midnight Saturday. It became a clubhouse again immediately following the Sunday evening services. In the meantime, the lease stipulated, there was to be no unseemly boisterousness or disturbance from the club members aboard their boats in the harbor during services, a condition, Mr. Anthony says, which was enforced with some difficulty.

History records that there were fifty applications for membership in the twenty-four hours after it became known that the club was organized, and on June 20th, 1880, the first formal meeting was held to elect members. The members elected at that meeting were William S. Alley, A. Bryan Alley, Fred W. Flint, Eben S. Allen, Eugene L. Bushe, Frank L. Anthony, Charles A. Pool, Charles H. Murray, William Murray, Walter S. Neilson, Charles E. Jenkins, Loring Lothrop, William C. France, Jr., H. P. Pike, E. E. Spencer, T. C. Hall, F. C. Fleming and James F. Flint.

With the increased membership, it was decided to hold a more formal election. F. C. Fleming was elected commodore; W. C. France, Jr., vice commodore; T. J. S. Flint, rear commodore; Fred W. Flint, treasurer, and Frank L. Anthony, secretary. Dues and initiation fees of five dollars were agreed upon and the Fourth of July set for the first annual regatta, a date adhered to ever since. This year's is the forty-ninth annual regatta. It would be the fifty-first but for the World War, during our participation in which no races were held.

That first regatta was actually sailed on July 5th, the Fourth falling on Sunday. An imposing fleet of four sloops and four catboats — mostly sandbaggers — took part, but in another regatta, held July 31st the same year, the fleet had grown to ten, three sloops and seven cats. The annual regatta of 1884 saw nineteen yachts in the race and that of 1888, thirty-seven. There have been some increases since, last year's annual regatta having 127 starters in a gale of wind and the fleet growing to 255 on the biggest day of Race Week.

The club soon outgrew its quarters and in 1881 leased the Fleming residence nearby, for $1500 a year. The Larchmont Manor Company, delighted at the publicity the new club was bringing its holdings, paid half the rental. Even at that, $1500 was something for the infant club to swing and Mr. Anthony says that for the first three years they were seldom more than one jump ahead of the sheriff.

However, in 1884, the year Augustin Monroe became commodore, they moved to even more pretentious quarters in the Sheppard house at $5000 a year, and in 1887 the club bought its present site, eleven acres of land and the house which forms the central part of the present clubhouse, now much enlarged. In this year, too, when William S. Alley was commodore, the club was formally incorporated. It paid Benjamin F. Carver $100,000 for its new quarters, part in bonds, and spent $30,000 at once on improvements, a process which has been going on ever since.

Commodore Alley was succeeded by Girard W. C. Lowery and the latter, in 1892, by Caldwell H. Colt,

one of the club's most popular leaders. A brass cannon from Commodore Colt's famous schooner *Dauntless* was presented to the club after the commodore's death in 1894 and still stands on the green lawn that rolls down from the broad porches of the clubhouse to the sea wall at the edge of Larchmont Harbor.

Seymour L. Husted, Jr., succeeded Commodore Caldwell for a year and Harry M. Gillig led the fleet in 1895 and 1896. It was during the latter régime that the institution of Larchmont Race Week, a yachting fixture second to none in the country, came about. Prior to that time the club had held an annual racing cruise, but it was felt that the cruise lost something by running more or less in competition with the New York Yacht Club Cruise, and in 1895 the late "Gus" Munroe, Commodore Gillig, John M. Lovejoy and others evolved the idea of holding a race week instead.

Katrina, a famous sloop and one of the large yachts enrolled in the Larchmont Yacht Club in the early nineties. She later became flagship, under the ownership of Commodore James B. Ford, and was altered to schooner rig.

The programs of some of the early race weeks were nearly as notable histrionically as they were nautically. Many playwrights and actors were among the club's members, and many and good were the shows they put on, especially after the "Pandemonium," a combination theater and dance pavilion to the west of the main building, was erected. Members of The Lambs had the privileges of the club for the week, and some famous plays, and some plays especially written for the occasion, were put on there, with casts including many of the best known actors of their day.

Today race week is a more sternly nautical affair, but the social side of it is none the less important. When race week was started the Larchmont Yacht Club was an entirely masculine spot, with no women allowed within its doors, and to give the fair sex a glimpse of the forbidden ground Ladies' Day was established on the Tuesday of race week. Things are otherwise in these days, and indeed certain crotchety members have been heard to growl that they can never feel at home around the place any more with so many women and children about all the time, but the tradition of Ladies' Day is still discernible on the race week program, on paper at least, and is generally the day set apart for the junior regatta.

But to return to historical matters. Commodore Clarence A. Postley followed Commodore Gillig in 1897, and was in turn succeeded by Frederick T. Adams, 1901–3. In 1904 Morton F. Plant, whose great schooner *Ingomar* carried the Larchmont blue and white burgee to victory in foreign waters, was commodore, followed the next year by Albert C. Bostwick.

It was another Larchmont schooner, the famous *Atlantic*, now owned by Gerard B. Lambert, that won the Transatlantic race in 1905 for the German Emperor's Cup and set the record of 12 days 4 hours from Sandy Hook to The Lizard which has never been bettered under sail, and the following year her then owner, Wilson Marshall, was elected commodore of Larchmont, which office he held until succeeded by Leonard Richards in 1909. The commodore's blue pennant passed to Charles Smithers in 1913, and to James Elverson, Jr., in 1914.

Then, in 1915, with the war in Europe threatening disaster to yachting and yacht clubs, the helm passed to one of the best-beloved commodores of all yachting, the late James B. Ford, who guided Larchmont through the dangerous shoals of wartime and out into the channel of success in which it is bowling along today. Commodore Ford was the club's head longer than any other man, from 1915 until his death in the winter of 1929, an active yachtsman to the last, his greatest interest in the club where he made his home.

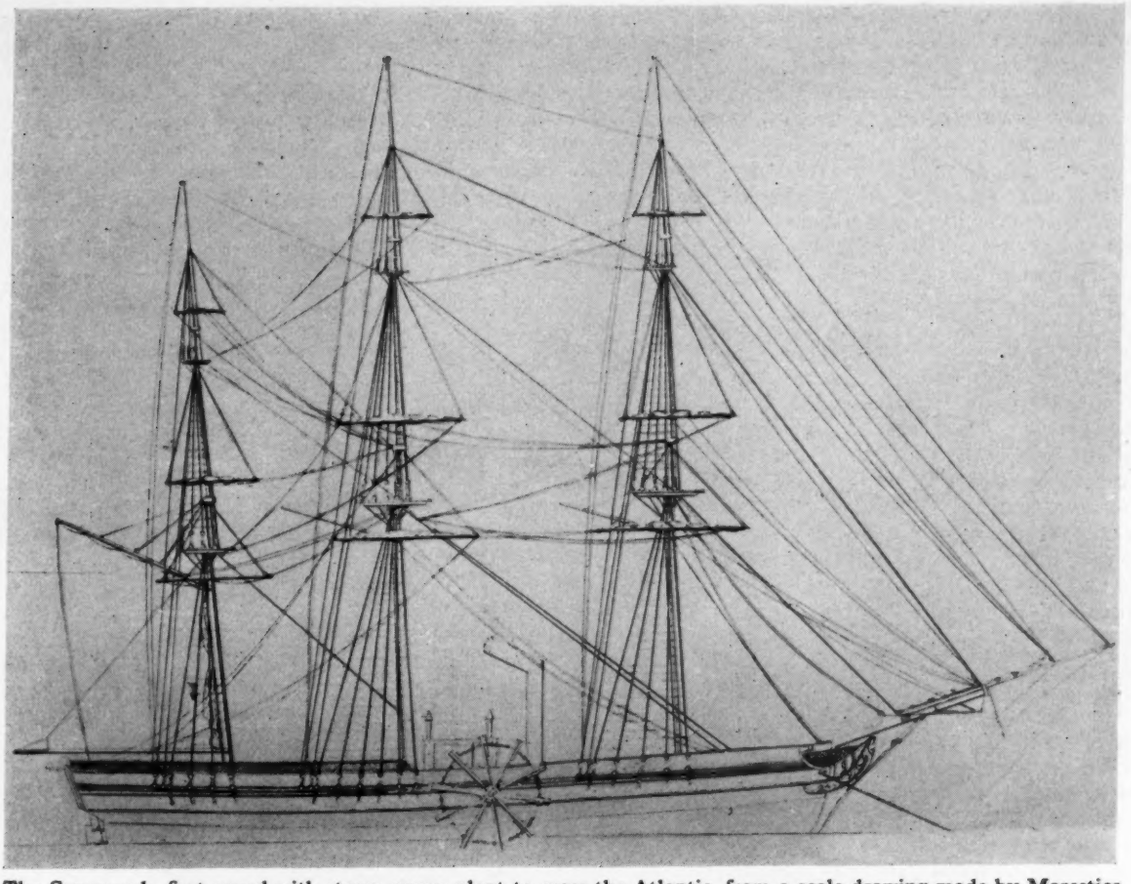
He was succeeded by the present commodore, Henry L. Maxwell, one of the most successful racing men on the coast and the son of another famous yachtsman, the late J. Rogers Maxwell. The other officers now are Harold Tobey, vice commodore; T. J. S. Flint, rear commodore; Samuel R. Bell, treasurer; and William J. Moran, secretary.

Larchmont's claim to being the oldest active racing club on the Sound can be substantiated. To be sure, there are now two clubs on the Sound, Seawanhaka and Knickerbocker, that were founded before Larchmont. But when Larchmont started racing on the Sound Seawanhaka's fleet was racing on New York Bay, whence it moved to Oyster Bay in 1887, while Knickerbocker continued to hold its races on the East River until about 1900. The dates of the founding of the more important Long Island Sound clubs are: Seawanhaka, 1871; Knickerbocker, 1874; Larchmont, 1880; New Haven, 1881; American, 1883; Harlem, 1883; New Rochelle, 1885; Riverside, 1888; Indian Harbor, 1889; Stamford, 1890; Manhasset Bay, 1891.

Such an historical outline of the Larchmont Yacht Club is bare indeed, for it tells only a few of the facts and leaves out all of the color and the spirit of the club. Those things are sensed only by a visit to the club itself, preferably during race week when the season is at its height.

Drive through the tree-shaded grounds to the clubhouse, a great, rambling building mellow with nearly half a century of occupancy. Step through the wide

(*Continued on page 128*)



The *Savannah*, first vessel with steam power plant to cross the Atlantic, from a scale drawing made by Marestier from the ship herself, in 1819. It shows her as she appeared on her memorable voyage.

The First Seagoing Auxiliary

Some New Light on the "Savannah," First Ship to Use Steam in Crossing an Ocean, from a Hitherto Unknown Source. How Steam Came to be Used for Long Voyages

By S. C. GILFILLAN

MOST Americans are aware that the first ship to cross the Atlantic using steam for power was the *Savannah* which, with an auxiliary power plant turning clumsy paddles that smote the seas with resounding force, sailed and steamed all the way from Savannah, Georgia, to St. Petersburg, Russia. This was way back in 1819 when steam as applied to water transportation was comparatively new. But since that memorable voyage, made one hundred and eleven years ago, the world has forgotten what the *Savannah* was like, if, indeed, anyone ever knew save those few who actually saw her. Except for some meager words of description, a few general dimensions, and one inaccurate picture of her which we reproduce here, very little of an authentic nature is known of this epoch-making ship. Better views have been produced, yet all were but revisions of this poor lithograph from Reigart's "Life of Fulton," published in 1856.

I was searching recently in the New York Public and the Harvard libraries, looking for sources from which ship models could be built, when I found in my hands a veritable treasure of a source book. It described the *Savannah* in five pages and, best of all, gave the four accurate drawings here reproduced. It was the "Mémoire Sur les Bateaux à Vapeur," or "Memoir on American Steamboats," published in Paris in 1824, written by a man who knew steamboats, a naval engineer named J-B. Marestier. He had been sent to the United States by his Ministry of Marine in 1819–20, to study American steamboats about which astonishing tales were reaching France, where scarcely a start had yet been made in the building of such craft. Doubtless, he saw the *Savannah* at Washington, at anchor in the light condition he shows in his drawing. He depicts and describes with equal care a number of our steamboats, the engines of many, and mentions almost every steamboat then in America, as well as the Baltimore clipper schooners, then famous for their speed. The book is beautifully printed, and of excellent French clarity, precision and competence. It will delight students of American nautical history.

Yet this splendid work has remained practically unknown. Not one of the many writers on the *Savannah* apparently has been aware of it, and it seems to have been known to but three authors in America. One of them, Thomas C. Purdy, reviewed the Fulton steam-

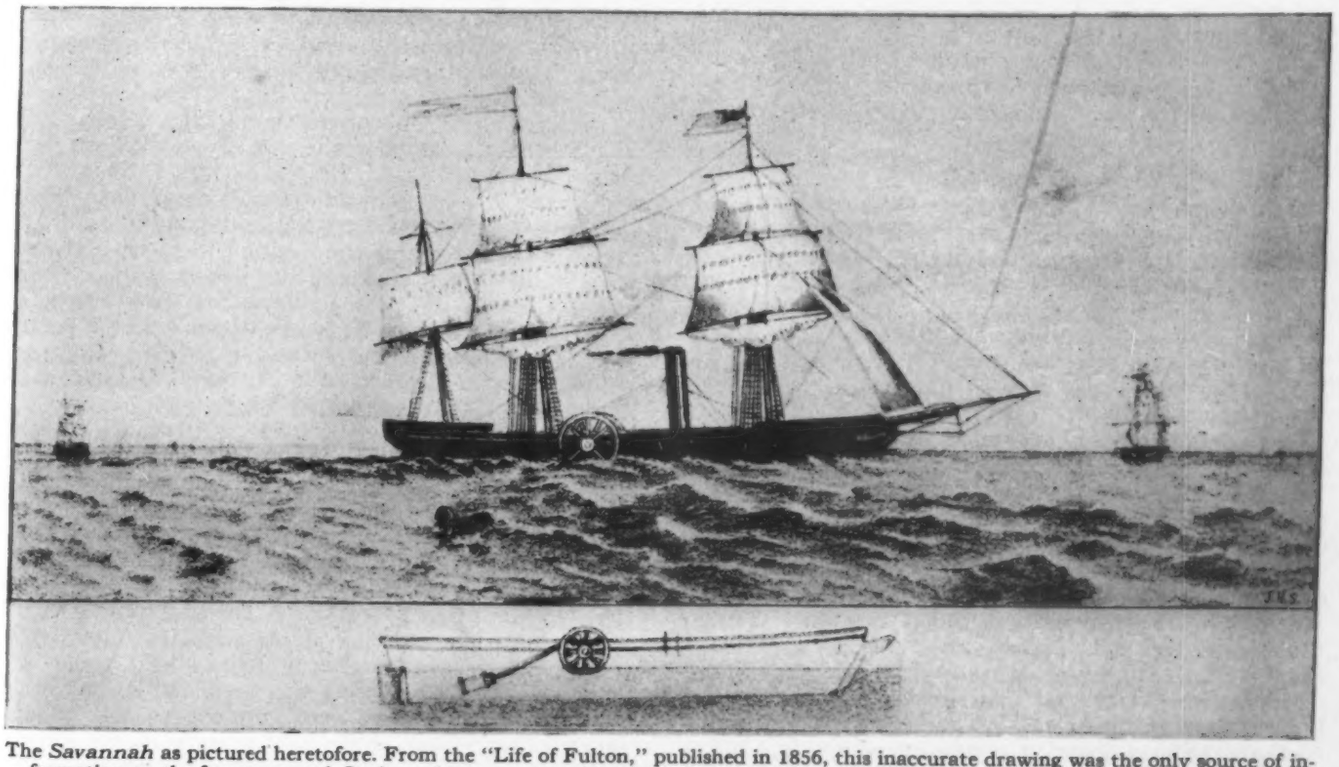
boats but did not mention the *Savannah* prize, nor reveal the author's name, for he was preparing a translation of the whole, which never appeared. Another writer, Charles G. Davis, discovered the book only recently, and a third only listed it in a bibliography. Abroad, it has, so far as I know, been cited by one author and used extensively by two others. Twenty-two years have gone since this, and still Marestier is unknown in America. The two best reasons seem to be that no ship lover got hold of the book till Davis found it, and that it is so very scarce. I have had the greatest difficulty getting copies from Europe, and only six libraries seem to have it in this country, not including the library of Congress. And so America has had only the old sources of material on the first of the liners, and neither the model in the National Museum, nor any descriptive account, shows what the *Savannah* was really like.

Marestier's elevation of the *Savannah*, never before reproduced, and his text, show her a ship of 320 gross tons, 100 feet long (between perpendiculars) by 26 feet wide, drawing 14 feet of water when loaded and 12 feet when light. In looks she is decidedly more antique than in that late lithograph. She has the square transom stern of the period instead of an elliptical one, which reminds one of the way sailors once aspersed the type — "Built by the mile, cut off as you want 'em." The bowsprit is steeved sharply upward, to keep out of the seas when the short ship pitched. One may note the extended, antique cutwater, the female figurehead, and the spritsail yard slung athwartship under the bowsprit. The masts are clearly too tall, the one inaccuracy of the drawings. They and the heavy yards must have offered great wind resistance when the ship was hove to. The mainstay is double and descends to each bow, to avoid being burnt; but Marestier remarks that with the elbow in the smoke stack swiveled so that it can be turned (a unique feature), this division of the mainstay was not necessary.

The paddle-wheels next claim our attention. The clipped corners of the floats are unique. We knew that they were designed to fold up, and be taken on deck, but these drawings show how this was accomplished. With their periphery merely a pair of chains, it required only the loosening of the screw-bolts shown at top and bottom to fold up the wheels. The change from steam to canvas was a matter of but fifteen minutes. A good reason for this most unusual arrangement may be found in the experiences of the captain and the sailing master, Moses and Stevens Rogers, who in 1809 had commanded the first steamer that ever put to sea, John and R. L. Stevens' *Phoenix*, New York to Philadelphia. Her wheels being damaged in a storm, they had to put into Barnegat. So the *Savannah* removed her wheels for every gale, as well as when the wind was fair and moderate, using them but seven times, for a total of 81 hours, on her 27-day voyage from Savannah to Liverpool when the wind was light or adverse, and in entering or leaving port. They also carried eight extra single-bar arms for the wheels. Later ships valued steam power particularly in a head wind or gale, having strong, fixed wheels and paddle-boxes. But the *Savannah* probably provided mere canvas boxes against splashing. They are not indicated by Marestier.

For light winds the *Savannah* rigged out stuns'ls, probably twelve, in addition to her 23 working sails and steam power. The stuns'ls would seem useless, were it not that her speed under steam alone, Marestier calculates, was never as much as five knots, the inner edge of her wheel floats traveling but 5¼ knots, at 16 r.p.m.

Suppose we enter that deckhouse with the two small smoke pipes and descend to the 'tweendecks. Here we would find the single-cylinder inclined engine, slowly pushing and pulling around, to develop 90 indicated horsepower. An inclined engine is the best modern type for paddle-wheels only when using petroleum lubricants, high pressure, and multiple expansion. The roughly bored cylinders of that day, when not vertical, brought not only the packing difficulties from unequal wear that



The *Savannah* as pictured heretofore. From the "Life of Fulton," published in 1856, this inaccurate drawing was the only source of information on the famous vessel. It shows her more as a ship of the Fifties than the more accurate drawing on the preceding page.

Marestier speaks of, but the lubricants would pass through the condenser into the boilers. Here, being of animal or vegetable instead of petroleum origin, they would break down under any great heat or pressure into fatty acids, and ruin the cylinder. But a vertical cylinder can operate even with no lubricant but saturated steam. This beautifully simple engine had, therefore, to give way in the early days to clumsy side-lever or walking-beam types, permitting a vertical cylinder, except on the Mississippi where they could throw away the oily steam. But there were other inclined engines at this time, and Moses Rogers had taken one of them to sea in the *New Jersey*, in 1815. By Marestier's time, however, it had been replaced by a vertical cylinder.

The simplicity of this motive plant is further illustrated by the fact that the air pump worked from the same crosshead (K-N. Fig. 33) that the piston rod pulls and pushes. This unique, parallel arrangement of the steam cylinder and air-pump reveals an apparently fatal defect, in that there is no diagonal bracing of the perpendicular elements. If the two cylinders ever departed in the least from the 4:1 ratio of resistance, whether from inequalities of starting, condensation, packing, lubrication or what not, the crosshead would be wracked and the rods bent. With a V-crank, the connecting rod could easily have been doubled in a "V" to brace the crosshead. Possibly this was done, but was omitted from the drawing. Marestier points out two merits of the engine — that it was all on deck, and that it put scarcely any working strain upon the hull of the ship.

The engine had been built under the supervision of Moses Rogers, by Stephen Vail, father of the perfector of Morse's telegraph, at the Speedwell Works, Morristown, N. J. We have their account book, with such items as

"To boaring a 40-inch cillender, 5 feet 5 inches into it, and it proved bad.....	$100.
"To boaring a 40⅜-inch cellinder, 5-foot stroke.....	$235.35
"To lengthening the peston rod with 98 pounds of iron after it was part turned, there being a mistake in the draft that Mr Dod had made and submitted to me	$22.37
"To 42 water-wheel arms, at 5,934 lbs., at 20 cents,.....	$1,186.80."

The same cylinder was exhibited in 1856 at the Crystal Palace Fair in New York. Its present whereabouts (if still in existence) we should like to know.

The engine had slide valves, in the box EE′ (Fig. 33); if these were worked by an eccentric directly from the shaft, the suggested bracing of the crosshead would be barred. Steam entered by the pipe DD and left by D′D′. The equal diameter of these pipes, as well as the crosshead arrangement, reveal a great folly of the day — the steam was not expanded in the cylinder, but discharged hot and full-pressure into the condenser. Yet Watt had long before appreciated the doubled energy from expansion, and that high-pressure genius, Oliver Evans, was making use of this principle on two steamboats Marestier describes, with 150 pounds pressure. The *Savannah's* condenser, like the other minor parts, is not described. But it was placed beside the engine, and must have been of the jet type, condensing the steam by a cold douche of salt water. Part of the warm mixture was then pumped back into the boiler, bearing gifts of salt, oil and fatty acids. Thanks to these, an iron boiler in steady use would last but a short time; so copper boilers were commonly used instead, though they might cost a third as much as a whole steamboat. The modern sailor looks upon salt water as poisonous both to boilers and to the stomach, but for lack of a good surface condenser the old-timers had to boil a brine much saltier than sea water. Once a day, or when sail sufficed, they would blow it out.

Presumably on the left of this lop-sided engine, which must have been forward of the shaft, rose the elbowed smoke-stack, uniting the uptakes of two or more boilers down in the hold. Whether of copper or iron, and whether cylinders or plain boxes like those of a tar-wagon, the boilers had no tubes, but only one or two large, riveted flues traversing their length. In such boilers they dared carry but four to six pounds of steam, although ten pounds, a quarter more, had been intended, and one hundred could have been raised with but little more fuel. The boilers were built by Daniel Dod, of Elizabeth, N. J., and several were discarded before Captain Rogers was satisfied.

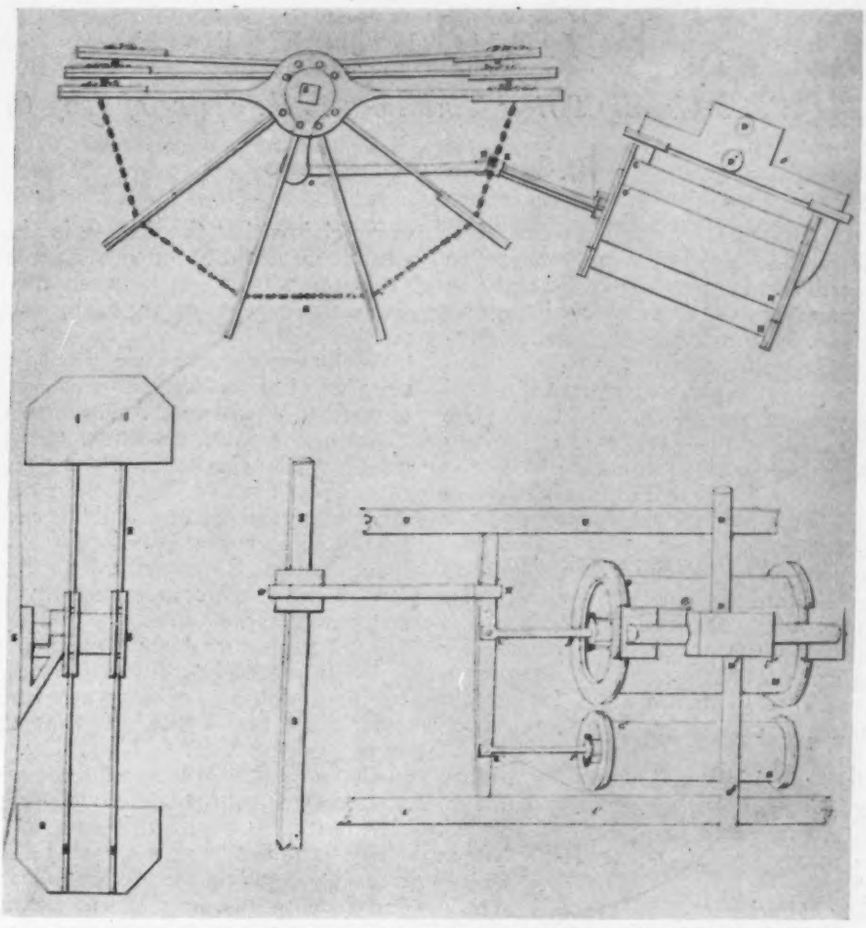
As to passenger accommodations on the first liner, we are doubtfully informed by a New York newspaper: "Her cabin is finished in elegant style and is fitted up in the most tasty manner. There are 32 berths, all of which are staterooms. The cabin for ladies is entirely distinct from that intended for gentlemen, and is admirably calculated to afford that retirement which is so rarely found on board of passenger ships." Our doubt is as to the word "elegant." In Americanese of the day it meant anything unusually good; thus an English traveler noted that one might speak of an elegant pig-sty, and an elegant road was one not utterly bad. That an English newspaper also called the *Savannah's* accommodations elegant, means more. However, the "cabins" or saloons must have consisted of gloomy wooden tunnels, serving for dining and every other kind of public room, and flanked by tiny staterooms. About as good as modern steerage, we would say, with nothing *very* good except the chance of drowning.

The captain and the sailing master of this path-breaking ship were an unusual pair of men. Both Moses and Stevens Rogers hailed from New London; they were brothers-in-law and habitual fellow pioneers in steamboating. The captain, Moses Rogers, probably commanded the *Clermont* some time in 1808; then switched to the service of Fulton's greater competitors, John and R. L. Stevens. Next year the two Rogers took their *Phoenix*, as we have said, by sea to Philadelphia, the first steamboat to attempt an open sea passage. In 1813 they took the *Eagle* out to Baltimore, and the *New Jersey* a little later, and commanded them on a route toward Philadelphia. It was Moses Rogers who, finding himself in Savannah, persuaded William Scarborough, and through him other gentlemen of the Georgia port, to build our first liner. His companion, Stevens Rogers, superintended the rigging of the *Savannah*, and as mate wrote the log book often quoted, which now rests in the National Museum. He lived until 1868, to see all Transatlantic passenger trade carried by steamship.

The biography of the first ship that steamed and sailed across the Atlantic is brief. She lived but three and a half years, and ruined her owners, though she roused the admiration of many nations. She was built at Corlear's Hook, now in the Lower East Side of New York. Originally intended for a Transatlantic sailing packet, she was completed as an auxiliary full-rigged ship, with little change save for the addition of the ponderous steam plant. She was launched August 22, 1818, but was not fully ready to put to sea under steam till March 28th of the next year, when she sailed for Savannah. The sailors of New York were afraid of

her, but a crew was found in New London, where the Rogers were known. With a good N.W. wind, she started under sail at ten of the morning, dropped the pilot off Sandy Hook, and at four, as Stevens Rogers wrote in the log, "with fresh breezes and clear," the "Hilands of Never-Sink bore N.b.W. 6 leagues distant, from which I take my departure." Next morning, "at 11 A.M. got the Steam up and it come on to blow fresh we took the Wheels in on deck in 30 minutes."

Savannah was reached in eight and a half days, during which the paddle wheels were worked four times for 41 hours. The *Georgian* reported: "The elegant steam ship *Savannah* arrived here about 5 o'clock yesterday evening. The bank of the river was lined by a large concourse of citizens, who saluted her with shouts during her progress before the city. . . . Her appearance inspires instant confidence in her security. It is evident that her wheels can be unshipped in a few minutes."



Top drawing, side view of single cylinder engine and folding paddle-wheel of the *Savannah*. At left, the paddles, in vertical position. Bottom, right, the engine at mid-stroke (referred to in article as Fig. 33) showing cylinder and air pump.

Here, the ship remained 48 days, save for a trip to Charleston in the hope of bringing President Monroe back with them. He would not leave the metropolis of South Carolina in a Georgian vessel, but visited the ship instead at Savannah, and with his suite made an excursion under steam down to Tybee Light and back. Next, the log tells of a squall that broke the ship adrift and damaged the paddles, and of taking in 75 tons of coal and 25 cords of wood for the frequent kindling demanded. There were repeated and unexplained delays, even after they stood down the river to Tybee Light and the sea. At last, on May 24, 1819, they went upon the deep with steam and sail.

The Atlantic crossing was long and uneventful save to the ships that sighted the new vessel. Steam was used seven times, for 81 hours, in the 27-day passage to Liverpool. The *Savannah* stopped at Kinsale, Ireland, for supplies, and was chased by a King's cutter which thought her on fire. The arrival at Liverpool is described, prosaically enough, by Stevens Rogers in the log. After lying off the bar, they, at "5 P.M. (June 20) shipped the wheels, firled the sails, and running to the river Mercer (Mersey) at 6 P.M., came to anchor off Liverpool with the small bower anchor." Twenty years later he wrote for the home paper a more picturesque account: "On approaching Liverpool hundreds of people came off in boats to see her. She was compelled to lay outside the bar till the tide should serve for her to go in. During this time she had her colors all flying, when a boat from a British sloop-of-war came alongside and hailed. The sailing master [Stevens Rogers] was on deck at the time and answered. The officer of the boat asked him, 'Where is your master?' to which he gave the laconic reply, 'I have no master, sir.'

'Where's your captain, then?'

'He's below; do you wish to see him?'

'I do, sir,' came the officer's answer.

The captain, who was then below, on being called, asked what was wanted, to which he answered 'Why do you wear that pennant, sir?'

'Because my country allows me to, sir.'

'My commander thinks it was done to insult him, and if you don't take it down he will send a force that will do it.'

Captain Rogers then exclaimed to the engineer, 'Get the hot-water engine ready.' Although there was no such machine on board the vessel, it had the desired effect," and the browbeater made off. The city's reception was most cordial, even port dues being remitted, and the *Savannah* stayed there 25 days.

Followed a 33-day voyage to St. Petersburg, stopping at Elsinore, Stockholm, and Cronstadt. Everywhere the greatest favor was met. The engine was used eleven times, or 239 hours, which shows how much steam was needed in these narrow tide-swept seas.

The *Savannah* had crossed the Atlantic in the hopes of being sold to the Tsar of Russia. This ruler had also negotiated with Fulton for a steamboat, and in 1818 one was built for him at New York, to be called the *Emperor Alexander*. She was as large as the *Savannah*, being of 351 tons, and 140 feet long, as Marestier describes her, but only of 10 feet depth, 7 feet draft, and small sail power, so it was apparently considered unsafe to send her across the ocean.

The Tsar came aboard the *Savannah* and presented a gold watch and snuff-box, but he did not buy. Doubtless

(*Continued on page 112*)

Bermuda Fever

A Malady Which Usually Strikes Yachtsmen in the Spring of Every Other Year

By CAPTAIN ABILDGAARD

THOUGH Shakespeare had a touch of it, the medical profession only began to record certain isolated cases early in this century. That is, toward the end of the clubtops'l era. And while seemingly endemic along our eastern seaboard — notably between the tidal reaches of the Toms River and the squillid waters of Cape Cod Bay — this curious malady has been known to make a clean breach across the North Atlantic and strike in near London where, in 1926, a small but active epidemic was controlled only through prompt measures. Of their own volition, the five thus affected embarked upon the first vessel that came to hand, namely an ancient but rugged pilot cutter, in which they undertook the long and arduous voyage to this country via the Southern Route, for consultation among certain of our Long Island specialists who ordered them directly to Bermuda for further treatment. A permanent cure is said to have been effected.

But Bill undoubtedly had it, way back in 1609, when he wrote "The Tempest," after he had walked out on Ann and the sheriff of Stratford. In sooth, he had even taken the cure, as we have ample testimony from Ariel, who says,

"Safely in harbour
Is the King's ship, in the deep nook where once
Thou call'd'st me up at midnight to fetch *dew*
From the *still-vex'd Bermoothes*, there she's hid
The mariners *all under hatches stow'd*."

The italics are mine, all the better to illustrate that when he pounded this out on his old Remington, months later, the good people down at Hamilton were still vexed over the amount of dew Bill and his crowd had gotten away with. In fact, he must have brought a fair amount of the stuff back with him, for he dang near wrote "Vermouth" for "Bermuda." Then again, we find further references to his voyage tucked away in various passages in "Pericles," for instance, such as,

"But sea-room, and the brine and
Cloudy billow kiss the moon, I care not."

and,

"The sea wax'd calm and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us."

showing that he was left without wind in the Stream, even as you and I, while the *Golden Hind* and *The Flying Dutchman* (Marty's first schooner) were clapping on astern of him. For this early publicity, concerning the first Bermuda Race, the Cruising Club might well award the Blue Water Medal posthumorously, to be hung on his bust in Westminster Abbey.

Returning to our own country, this miasma as we may call it, not forgetting to accent the penult, is of an even more virulent nature, usually becoming chronic so that several voyages, at varying intervals, may be necessary to effect permanent relief. But even so, like the Algerian Itch, Slipping of the Brake Bands, and Questionnaires from the Income Tax Collector, it is apt to recur at any time during the fiscal year. Thus far there have been no post-mortems, as the patients seem to be exceptionally long-lived, and Professor Maltworm claims that the disease is akin to arthritis whose victims do not die, but never are cured.

Confined to males between the ages of sixteen and sixty, the symptoms are easily recognized, usually beginning with Typler's tickle, or "dry-throat," followed by a characteristic flexure of the lumbar muscles whenever the wind lies in the northwesterly quarter, while the temperature rises to thirty-point-five, or even higher.

Anon, the patient assumes the posture of one sitting on an up-ended soap box. His head droops till his chin rests upon his wish-bone, the eyes become swizzled as though crystal gazing, and he makes Semitic gestures with his hands poised before the immediate vicinity of his abdomen. Repeatedly, he will murmur, "Sow-sow-eas' 'n' th' same course back again." Or as Hamlet so aptly croons it,

"I am but mad north-north-west, when the wind
Is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw."

Frequent dousings of salt water from the left foreground may cause him to believe that the wind has veered, thus bringing relief to his family.

Between these paroxysms, he will indulge in violent anti-Volsteadean outbursts whenever he can back-wind a listener. At night there are babblings of a certain onion patch, though he may be known to abhor gardens in general and the "Gondolier's delight" in particular. In extremis, he takes to wearing a poke in his hat and doesn't give a damn!

R_x:—SSE ¼ E to B/da. Repeat until cured!

* * *

Mr. Charles K. Dablett had taken to wearing a poke in his hat, and *he* didn't give a damn. Furthermore, he had applied the word "dolly-mop" to Mrs. Dablett and that night when she came in to cool his fevered brow, he had yelled, "Douse that glim, you poor swab! Wha'd'y' mean by advertising our course like that? And what's the idear (the locale being New England) of wasting the ice when we're saving it for our down-anchor drinks?" Softly closing the door again, she had retired to her own bedroom, rubbing her neck where "Chick" had taken a round turn with the cord of his bathrobe, thinking that he was taking a nip in the main sheet. The ice pack was given over to her own fevered brow.

Now it was morning and they were intrenched in the opposite sides of that "no man's land," which is the breakfast nook. "Look at that Friday-faced egg," he barraged. "The bacon's frilled like paint scrapings, and the java's weaker 'n' the London Pact. You can see Japan right through it!"

"There, there," soothed Mrs. Dablett, "you *must* make up your mind to go to Bermuda again. You know what Dr. Sheerpool said."

"I know," he replied, softening, "but it's too late now. Everybody's filled up, and the *Incas* weeps like your grandmother."

Here I might add that the *Incas* was a chronic port-and-starboard weeper, and she even kept it up a mite in port, for she was an aged Friendship sloop who never did take kindly to her iron shoe after she had been operated upon for her centerboard.

"But why don't you sell the *Incas* and get a new boat?"

put in Mrs. Dablett, hopefully foreseeing a chance to buy that new roadster for herself, it being a poor rule which doesn't work both ways when one's husband has an expensive hobby and can almost afford it.

"A new boat for the Bermuda Race, in six weeks? You're crazy!" But just then the first whisper of a northwest breeze scurried in through the open window and with it a twinge in the lumbar muscles of our hero. "Gimme the phone," he groaned, suddenly swishing a curve from his coffee cup through the screening, for it was late April and the herring flies were already about. "By Gorry I'll broach her name to and call her *Sacni* to change my luck, and maybe it'll give her an Oriental urge so's she'll be thefty in easterlies — Hullo — Hullo! — I've been trying to get Universal 38 w.l. for the last twenty minutes. I mean University 0038-W! Oh, is that you 'Ducky'? Lissen. Got the fever again. Sure, all the way from galligaskins to jumper stay! Now I'll give you an order for a new one, bottom of class A, with plenty of handicap *plus* speed and a layout like *Witchway II's*, but you've got to sell my *Incas*, first!"

"Down the ways she smoked, and as her clean bow clove the waters her crew sprang to action as though the ginger had been applied to them."

"I'll do you better than that," answered Mr. Faire Duckworth Spline, who was an up-and-charging young naval architect of this stays'l generation. "I'll take over the *Incas* for my commission and have your blue prints ready by one o'clock. Meet me at the Thimblerig Club for luncheon!" Whereupon he hung up, being wise in the way of handling clients.

As a matter of fact, Mr. F. Duckworth Spline, as he chose to call himself, was something of a genius who had quite arrived. And for efficiency and selectiveness, his method was several hops ahead of the *dernier cri;* while for simplicity it had such crude mass producers as H. Ford and E. Guest figuratively lashed to the bobstay where, naturally, they couldn't help being a bit damp. Yet each job was "custom designed."

During the beginning of the overshoe season, when yachtsmen were browsing on soft fodder and sloughing their callouses, "Ducky" would create his annual "key" model, graceful in buttock and refined in diagonal, and altogether fetching in every respect. The lines finished, he would work up the very latest in layouts, "A," "B," and "C," even unto "Z," if the old noddle didn't run dry ere he got that far. For the wind's caress, there would be a variety of rigs from the simplest gaff-headed sloop, severe but modish, to a svelte three-masted stays'l schooner fichued with enough lingerie to launch a movie queen on her second honeymoon. All these, in turn, would be traced, not on the conventional linen, but on thin sheets of transparent rubber — and there you were. Or, there was "Ducky," all set for the coming season with his own personal "Unilastic Rule" ready to be elongated, widened, skewed, wheedled, humored, or cajoled — in fact, it would stretch everything but its conscience for him — to fit the purse, ambitions, vagaries and expectations of the veriest crank who might venture into his office with a bank account for moral support.

Did a client desire an able offshore ketch about eighty feet from bow to bankruptcy, the lines were stem-hauled, over a half-inch scale, to the length required, and deployed athwartships full fathoms three, or so. Then they were blueprinted. In like manner, the owner's choice of layout was applied to fit, with a "debit here and a credit there," lest the mainmast step its foot through the galley stove and the mizzen home itself in the owner's shower. Once, indeed, the sybaritic accommodations of a 60-foot schooner were corseted within the confines of a 30-foot sloop. But that was a mere slide of the rule.

Such was the inception of *Sacni*, and by the middle of that afternoon her incubation was already underway in the mold loft of a very promising young builder who promised to have the new schooner afloat, rigged and outfitted from lambrequins to Epsom Salts, in six weeks, leaving five whole days for her smart young owner to tune her up, shake her down, and have her measured *before* the race. Knowing the ways of builders, however, "Ducky" Spline stipulated that she be built bow seaward and then moved clear of the shed as soon as her partners were in place, so that she could be sparred and rigged, all standing. A wise precaution, as you shall see.

Let us now turn over the pages of our desk calendar for the next six weeks while shipwrights, joiners, caulkers, spar gluers, sail makers and riggers worked in union suits and triple shifts, and the designer, builder and owner chafed, fought, made up and almost kissed, and then quarreled anew, as the *Sacni* gradually assembled her shapely self.

Yea, a trim thing was *Sacni* and, being feminine, she uttered the very last word in ocean racers. Mahogany-rigged and Marconi-planked, lean of line and shapely of foot, her bilges would have been the envy of any

'29 model flapper while every gilguy about her from trochee and killick, to limbers and cocktail shakers, was streamlined. Even to her contract price which had started off with a big lump of a sum — to protect the builder in case the stock market went to pot again, *which it did* — and then the remaining payments tapered off, so to speak. I have called her a schooner, but her masts were hollow mockeries, as one might say, for although they were of equal height, she was, in fact, a ketch, thus bleeding her rating to 93%. Because of a small rabbit-eared contrivance tucked under her starboard counter and set down in her specifications as a two-bladed propeller, she would receive a further allowance. On the inboard end of the shaft was a tiny engine such as normally would be found where you wanted to put your feet in an eight-foot dinghy. But it served its purpose admirably, in sub-cellaring the *Sacni* to the very bottom of her class.

In the meantime, what with the plumbers connecting the hot water front with the ice chest and all the deck plugs having to be mowed down again because it rained one night, we have been forced to turn up three more pages, leaving a scant two days ere the start of the race.

She was ready to be launched. The night before, her amateur crew had been fetched down with their luggage, sailor-like in seagoing taxis, and drunk as Davy's traditional sows. Now they were nervelessly standing about the deck, those who could stand, while their less stable shipmates sprawled shamelessly against masts and housings. "Chick," sporting two pokes in his hat, sat astride her wheel box, and made Semitic gestures over the locust spokes before his care shrunken abdomen, for the wind was out of the north-north-west, and he was mad to be off.

Mrs. Dablett, having driven down in her new roadster, stood a lone, half-distraught, half-triumphant figure on a small draped platform under the *Sacni's* counter. In her right hand was a bottle of Jamaica ginger. She held it like a potato masher. Nursing a grouch because he still had the deliquescent *Incas* on his hands, Mr. F. Duckworth Spline stood off at a discreet distance and said, "Shucks!" Nursing "Chick's" final payment in his back pocket (if good, the check would just about cover the overtime for the last three days), the builder cast a weary eye on the edge of the lapping tide, spat on the handle of his maul and growled, "Let her go! — (*damn her*)." The mauls struck home, the schooner began to move, and Mrs. Dablett walloped her transom square in the "i," saying, "I spank thee *Sacni*, and may thou prove a cure!"

Down the ways she smoked, and as her clean bow clove the waters her crew sprang to action as though the ginger had been applied to them, internally. Up jib and jumbo, as she gathered her own way. Then up the middle sails — God knows *what* they were called — and ere she had rounded the point beyond the gas house, her mains'l — pardon me, her *mizzen* — measured its hoist against its towering mast. In the time it has taken me to write this paragraph, *Sacni* was hull down the bay, headed for New London.

* * *

Swiftly, like a clown blown out of a circus Ford, the large white ball rose to the yard arm of the starting boat *Bedelia*, and *Sacni* slipped away into the fog off Sarah's Ledge, well up among the twenty others of her class. Many hours of the past forty-eight, "Chick" had toiled at her wheel so that his crew might find its sea legs and also discover where the dozen odd light sails were set, and how. "But gimme sea-room off Montauk," he had mumbled, unwittingly paraphrasing the words of Stratford Bill, "and I don't care a hang if the navigator miss both moon and sun!" Now let us bid the fog hide them, as a veil against the usual race account, till they have crossed that *pons squallorum* — the Gulf Stream.

Morning calm, and *Sacni* was rolling lazily on the shining sea. Hard by, the *Virginia Creeper II* was doing the same, her long black hull and polished nigger heads glistening in the sun. Far astern, the big *Misstep V*, was making amain on the prospectus of a new breeze, out of the northwest. Still farther astern, bearded mists, rising from the edge of the Stream, obscured the horizon and the rest of the fleet, for *Sacni* had oriented herself very handsomely in the easterlies which had prevailed ever since the fog had shut down at New London. Though she had nothing to fear from her near rivals, having them blanketed with a handicap that would allow their crews to down anchor at Hamilton, drive over to Tom Moore's for luncheon and still be licked before she came in, it remained to be seen as to what *Sacni* would do down hill. But we are soon to learn.

"She leaks!" rang up from below, and "Chick," crouching at the wheel, his lumbar muscles twitching in symptomatic foreknowledge of the wind to come, exclaimed, "Gosh! The jinks of the old *Incas* must have curved back on me!" But maybe it was only a little leak, from a loosely packed seacock, as you might expect in a new boat. She certainly had not been strained, for the Stream had treated them kindly, this time. As he went below, however, he saw that the carpets were already soggy, while his crew was excitedly gathered in the fore-peak.

"All along her forefoot," said one.

"Look up there, you poor fish," exclaimed another, "you can see right through her bow!"

And so you could. Where once her plank ends had homed themselves in the stem, was now an open rift, ever widening toward the deck. From the waterline down, *Sacni* was weeping like her owner's wife's grandmother.

"Lay aft, you runyons," ordered "Chick," "and trim her by the stern. Maybe I can pay her with chewing gum, the way that bird did in the book, once."

So they all trooped aft. But when "Chick" examined for himself, he discovered that the planking had never been fastened, at least not in the ordinary way, to the stem. For there was no evidence of screws or boat nails. High up, where he could gain a clear view of the rabbet, its groove was virgin clean. He stuck his fingers in, and they came out sticky.

Then the truth began to dawn upon him. In his haste to finish the *Sacni*, her builder had forgotten to fasten her plank ends. Now "Chick" had often heard of draftsman's glue — largely used in layouts where bulkheads and floors and berths seemingly are held in suspension like Mahomet's coffin — and it must be this sticky stuff on his fingers, and nothing else, which had kept *Sacni* together. All had been well, however, till the tepid waters of the Gulf Stream had begun to melt the glue.

Presently a cry arose from aft. Her horn timber, it seemed, was parting company with her run. In other words, she was weeping like both of Mrs. Dablett's grandmothers. The strange part of it was that she seemed to leak nowhere else. Only along her rabbet lines, from stem to stern. Elsewhere she must have been screw-fastened, according to the specifications, which evidently had not been stretched sufficiently to cover the entire hull. Mr. Spline was not there to explain, of course. In fact, at that very moment he was trying to get rid of the *Incas* to a reluctant buyer from Peoria

(*Continued on page 116*)

Ensenada sleeps beside a crescent beach of white sand.

Wanderlure II Goes Foreign

A Winter Cruise in Southern California Waters

By "Chick" Larkin

"DON'T play cards with strangers; — and don't go to sea with a cowpuncher," said those with salt behind their ears. I know I've been lucky, and perhaps foolhardy, too, but I have ridden "Manana's" horses and now he has bulldogged my mainsail, and that is what this yarn is about. I've seen him grab a tough old Mexican steer by the horns and pull him down in a heap and that is just what he did to my mains'l on a certain black night, during a black squall, when mains'ls come down the hardest — cold and wet with a lump of sea running. The real story of that bulldogging will probably never be told — at least to our half — but some night, about a roundup camp fire, away down in Sonora, Mexico, when Pedro's guitar has chorded the last strains of "Corrido de Pancho Villa," and José has told of roping a five-point buck, Manana will painstakingly roll an "El Toro" cigarette, push his sombrero far back on his head, punch the fire and inquire of José in liquid Spanish if he ever "bulldogged a mainsail?" *Con el favor de Dios!* I'd risk a new mains'l to be there with the "other half" then, for Manana left Sonora with the "last rites performed." Anyone who would go to sea in a 38-foot boat (the size of a good coffin — *Caramba!* — the length of a short rope)!

On January 12th our customs broker turned over to us a sheaf of papers, bills of health, manifest, store lists and what not, most of which meant little to me, except the top one which read as follows: "These are to certify all whom it doth concern. That Charles Larkin II, Master or Commander of the American Yacht *Wanderlure II*, burden 6 net tons or thereabouts, mounted with no guns, navigated with three men, wooden built and bound for Ensenada, Mexico."

This sounded big and centuries old, so it was with a feeling of great importance and a determination to carry out whatever the papers said that, on January 13th at 3.05 P.M., we slipped our mooring at the California Yacht Club with a deck load of gasoline and, unnoticed, put out past San Pedro light — "mounted with no guns, navigated with three men, wooden built and bound for Ensenada."

The wind was light and from the southwest, so we hung all of the light sails on her and put her on a southeast course, which would take us toward the Coronados Islands. "Skip" Warren, our Mate, had talked much of a certain breakfast he had eaten in a quiet little cove on the South Coronado and we hoped to duplicate it, but breakfast was a long way off and my greatest joy came from the immediate fact that I was at sea again with a destination somewhere down below the horizon. The little ship seemed heavier than usual as she rolled along to the light breeze and I found myself wondering, should we go on indefinitely, which would give out first, the water, the grub, or the gas, the West Coast being noted for its lack of wind during the winter months.

As the afternoon wore on the wind lightened and fetched aft and at 4.27 P.M. Manana got his first taste of steering. By 5.30 we had picked up the gambling ship *Malfacon* off to starboard and the Long Beach skyline was beginning to be uncertain in the haze of approaching dusk. The wind died to a zephyr but the light sails kept her moving. All the indications were for a calm night. Breakfast at the South Coronado was for-

gotten and a big supper of veal, potatoes and onions, Mexican beans, cabbage, and pineapple eaten. Luck was with us in one way, for there was little sea to knock the wind out of our sails, and the new moon made it a glorious night on the water. Manana dug up the guitar and relieved himself of "The Red River Valley," a rambling cowpuncher song that haunted us the rest of the trip. Strains of it linger yet and bring back memories of that night — a sail above, a star flecked sky, the warm glow of a binnacle, dark figures strewn about a schooner's cockpit, and a song that cast a spell.

At 8:00 P.M. we started ship's routine, "Skip" Warren and Clip Boutell taking the port watch, Manana and I the starboard. Upon reading the log we found it fouled with kelp. Not knowing how long it had been that way, we cleared it and left it a questionable quantity in our dead reckoning. Then Manana and I rolled in for some sleep. From 8:00 P.M. till 12:00 P.M. the wind was fitful and we made little progress. Our drowsiness wore off after a few minutes on deck in the chill air and I settled down to the wheel, and Manana, whose soul always seemed to crave music, to his guitar in the bottom of the cockpit. After he had been "Buried on the Lone Prairie," and taken a two-year herd up "The Chisholm Trail," he went back to that love affair down in the "Red River Valley" again. I think it made me a bit "loony." It doesn't take much to set a man off in the mid watch. For some reason one's imagination seems to take charge between the hours of twelve to four. Senses and rationality are not to be trusted and one is apt to see or do almost anything — steer weird courses, doubt the compass, or make strange landfalls which vanish with the coming of dawn. I caught myself swearing to the compass rose that I'd sell the little ship, and go see that valley. It frightened me a little, so I put Manana at the wheel. This stopped the music and I got back to a normal state.

At 3:12 A.M. the wind shifted to the east after a period of calm, so we pulled the light stuff off her and held on full and by. The wind gradually headed us until finally we went about on the starboard tack.

During breakfast I broke a little bad news which had come to light during the night — we had left the oars in the yacht club skiff and had none aboard. I thought that after a good meal it would not be so hard to take. We finally decided that to try and buy a pair in Mexico would be too much like, "How much you got?" So we changed our first port of call to San Diego.

The morning passed with variable winds. Soon after noon it freshened again and for a while threatened to blow At 2:20 P.M. the tack of the ballooner let go, so we took it in and set the working jib. Shortly afterward we made a landfall on La Jolla and it was not long then before we picked up Point Loma farther down the coast.

A barkentine off our starboard beam caused considerable excitement until we observed she was traveling "great guns" and was one of Uncle Sam's aeroplane carriers. Romance somehow seemed to leave our part of the ocean after that, for I had entered her in the log and told the boys to take a good look at her, for ten years from now there would be no more of her kind left.

Night dropped about us, the Point Loma flash came on, and we became impatient and turned on the "iron breeze" for the first time. At 7:15 P.M. we had the San Diego Whistler abeam and were heading into the bay. We grazed the mud flats off Ballast Point and later stuck fast off the Quarantine station. A rising tide and the Scripps F-4 took us off and up the bay to the Roseville anchorage of the San Diego Yacht Club, where we dropped our hook at 8:30.

The following morning, January 15th, found the weather overcast and a southeaster threatening. We started up to San Diego for our oars, and at the street car line ran into Clem Stose, of Honolulu Race fame. He heard our tale and offered to give us a pair of oars if we'd go to the uptown yacht club noon dinner, all standing, dressed as we were, "sea boots, oilskin coat, sou'wester hat." We accepted and he took the gang to town in the *Teva*. The dinner was a big success. We sailed the last Honolulu Race over and most of the 1930 race, too, were photographed by the local paper before we knew quite what it was all about, and were exploited by them as winter cruisers.

Getting back aboard at 3:30, we pulled out behind Ballast Point and lay there, intending to leave after dark, but the southeaster continued with a falling glass, so we stood anchor watches all night. The middle of the next morning the wind shifted to the sou'west so we put out for Skip's "quiet little breakfast nook" on the South Coronado. The trip out was eventless except that we sighted our first whale. A lump of sea kicked up by the southeaster made it sloppy and as we neared the islands the swells grew bigger. We did not realize their size, however, until we gazed into Skip's "quiet little breakfast cove." The surge was sluicing into it and breaking twenty feet up the rocky cliffs that formed its sides, while fitful gusts of wind swooped down from the slopes above. We started in, but when we got abreast of the entrance I began to fear we would be pitched up against the cliffs by the surge, so we wheeled and ran out. On the barren cliffs above a man emerged from a shack and seeing us, hastily withdrew, to appear again with a Winchester rifle under his arm. Our welcome to the Coronados was not of the warmest kind. In fact, it was downright hostile — one of those places you dream about and hope to God you never have to anchor in. We were glad to be on the open sea again.

On the way over I had noticed that the lower main shrouds were very slack, and going aloft I found them broken off at the splices except for a few strands. This left us little choice but to put back to San Diego and re-rig, so at 4:30 P.M. we once again headed for Point Loma and at 8:30 dropped our hook behind Ballast Point. San Diego threatened to be the hoodoo end of our cruise. Was it possible that we would never get away? I thought of many things that night as I lay in my bunk. Here we were three days in a port we had not intended to make — all because of a pair of oars. I recalled Conrad's *Youth* and his struggle toward Bankok, and the top sheet of our sheaf of clearance papers, finally falling asleep over its quaint wording, "wooden built and bound for Ensenada."

Early the following morning we went in search of a rigger, and finally found a fisherman who could do the job, but he was a bit temperamental and would not splice aloft. So I ended up pushing a wire spike up on the spreaders, while he made the lower splices. By dinner time I had developed a headache and a feeling of nausea, which, when we put to sea at five o'clock developed into a good old-fashioned case of seasickness.

A light S.S.W. wind enabled us just to clear Descanso Point. As we worked out it hauled into a reach and we began to foot, faster than we had planned, for we did not want to get into poorly lighted Todos Santos Bay until dawn. At 11:30 the log showed 36.9 knots run, so we flattened everything down amidships and hauled the jib aback, thus heaving her to till morning. We found this way that she was very comfortable —

Wanderlure II, a 38-foot schooner, was built on the Great Lakes and taken to the West Coast.

to all but myself — and that she made very little leeway and sailed only about one mile an hour.

At 5:10 on the morning of January 18th, with the first streaks of dawn, we put her on her way again, and at 7:20 we made a landfall which turned out to be San Miguel Point. As we worked inshore, the fog lifted, disclosing Todos Santos Bay and Todos Santos Islands. The coast is high here, very rough and forbidding, though the table lands above the cliffs are for the most part rolling country. The islands, viewed from the northeast, look like a huge dragon half submerged in the water, slyly waiting for whatever prey might come out of Ensenada.

The sun came out as we entered the bay, signal flags went up as we passed Ensenada Point, and at 11:30 we let our hook go a quarter mile offshore in six fathoms of water, and ran up our quarantine flag. The port authorities boarded us from a skiff with a huge faded Mexican flag at the stern and took half of our sheaf of papers, warning us as they left that if it started to blow to anchor farther out, as the waves sometimes broke where we were. I assured them that we would be nowhere in the vicinity of Ensenada, clearance papers or none, when that happened.

A quarter of a mile inshore Ensenada slept behind a crescent beach of white sand. Slept, and dreamed, not as San Blas dreams, "of a past," but of *una Manana* (a tomorrow). We rowed ashore and set the calendar back some 50 years. Looking seaward, the *Wanderlure II* was very small anchored on the edge of a nine-mile bay. Out beyond her a gun boat rolled beside a British rum ship, or rather the rum ship lay near a rolling gun boat, for the latter is a fixture, anchored years ago. A bit depressed, we turned and walked up the muddy street where burros nibbled at the greenery about a statue of "Hidalgo holding the broken chain of bondage."

Never go to sea with a cowpuncher.

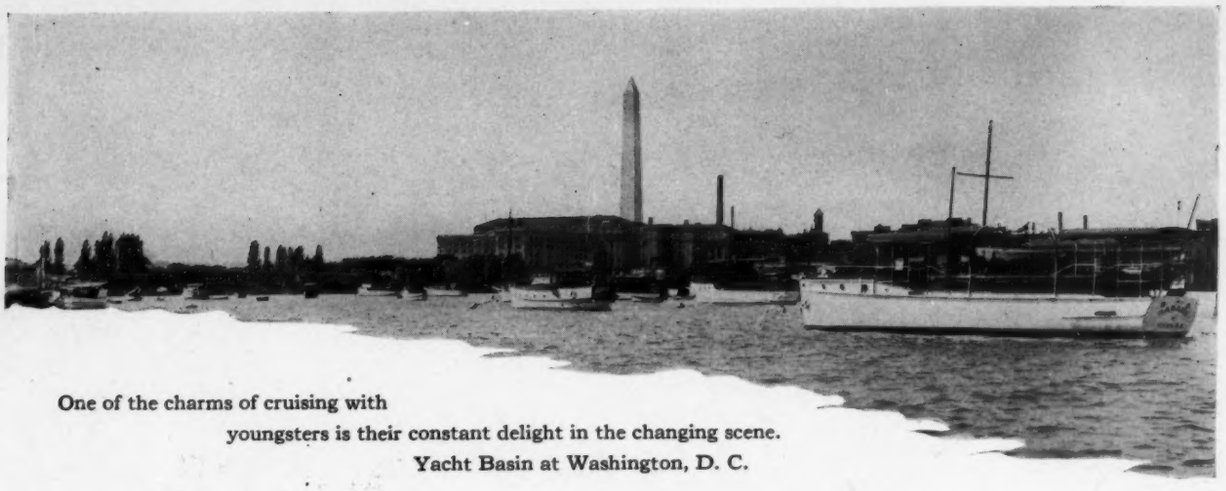
We lunched in a café. The three-day-old San Diego papers had just arrived and the waiter bustled with service when he recognized us from our photographs in it. After lunch the drowsiness of the town began to grow upon us until we finally wandered down to the beach where some naked children were playing, and went to sleep in the white sand.

The next morning Skip had to leave us, so we bundled him and his suitcase ashore and up to the American consul where he was duly discharged with the best of sea oaths for bringing a suitcase aboard. We then put him on a mud-caked stage beside a Yaqui Indian driver and they roared out of town in the wake of the rival stage.

Having cleared, at 3:15 P.M. we took our anchor aboard and put out of Todos Santos Bay. We had intended running down to San Tomas, but a southwester was making up with a low glass, so we headed back toward San Diego. As we left the bay we saw our second whale spout off the Todos Santos Islands. At 4:30 the wind freshened until we were rolling along at about seven knots. At 6:30 she began to lug the fisherman staysail, so we took it in, which eased her considerably.

I had just gone below for supper and was squaring off to baked ham, potatoes, beets, cabbage, carrots and stewed apricots, when Clip called down that the Coast Guard *Montgomery* was following us close astern. It was rainy and squally, with the sea fast making. They followed us for about five minutes, playing a spotlight on us so that we were

(*Continued on page 110*)



One of the charms of cruising with youngsters is their constant delight in the changing scene. Yacht Basin at Washington, D. C.

Take the Boys Along

By Joseph L. Kochka

"WELL, Cap'n, how's Chesapeake Bay this summer?" He was a tall, muscular young man, and he smiled reminiscently as he familiarly called me, "Cap'n." I had been his high school teacher and we had cruised the Chesapeake in an old leaking skipjack. The formal "Mr." was too stiff, and his breeding did not brook unseeming familiarity, so we agreed upon the "Cap'n."

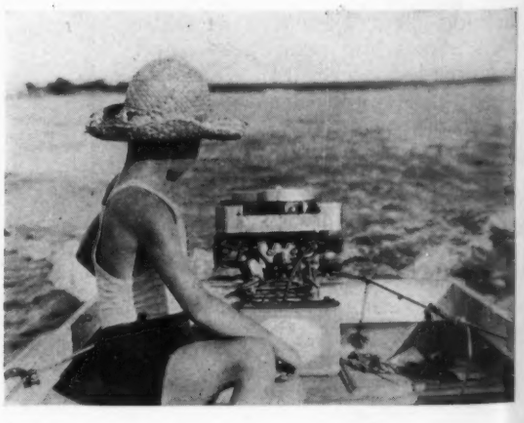
He is a mature man now; his experiences have been wide and varied, yet that 300-mile cruise to Cape May, New Jersey, from Annapolis and return has never faded from his memory. It had opened a new field to him. It had given him an acquaintance with the way men live, work, and play, not through the medium of a schoolroom, but through the rather novel and unusual method of handling an old sail boat through three weeks of calms, spells of shifting winds, and days when we carried an old rotting mainsail reefed down.

He happened to be one of a family of children where wealth had been inherited. Class consciousness had insidiously crept into his make-up, although his family had purposely educated him in one of the great city high schools; yet until he had actually handled that boat, had mingled with the watermen on the bay, had hobnobbed with bargemen, with the roustabouts, with the farming classes that we met as we roamed along the shore; until he had spent 36 hours within sight of Miah Maull light while our food supply dwindled because we had been careless, did he even begin to develop a sympathetic point of view toward the other fellow, his way of life, and his attitudes. Three weeks in a rotting, ancient old skipjack — a veritable ship of toil that had carried its tons of fish, oysters, crabs, and tomatoes — accomplished what years of schooling had failed to do. Intolerance was no longer an acceptable attitude, just because he did not understand. His sense of values changed as he actually saw and lived the life of other men.

He learned other things from this cruise. One was coolness in emergency. We had been beating all afternoon down the bay, against a stiff southwest wind, attempting to get into the mouth of the Patapsco. The tall cumulus clouds and the wind were indications enough of a coming squall; but night caught us as we were rounding North Point. The lightning was flashing vividly in the west and the only landmarks were the intermittent glare from the blast furnaces at Sparrows Point to the west and the silhouetted outline of the water tank at Fort Howard, just east of us. We were hard pressed for a harbor. Where the Patapsco joins the bay is no place to be caught unsheltered in a small boat.

Left: Watching the "wheel go 'round."

Right: An outboard doubles the pleasure of the cruise for children.



In the light wind that had followed the weakening southwester, we were cautiously feeling our way into Jones Creek. Crunch! The old skipjack had poked her nose on a gravelly bar. We were aground and on a lee shore. Immediately the youngster jumped up. The boom swung over, caught him in the back, and over the side into the black water he disappeared. In an instant, he was standing on his feet, the water was so shallow, and to my amazement, he caught hold of the rail of the old skipjack. Instinctively sensing where deep water lay, he threw all his strength into a shove that forced her clear of the bar, and leaped aboard, dripping wet. It had all happened so quickly that I had hardly time to catch my breath. His dynamic rising to the emergency had not been predicted by his attitude of nonchalance. It was probably one of those shocks that all of us need to take us out of our lethargy.

He often smiles over this incident on the rare occasions when we now meet, and between us there is a communion of interests and a sympathy of understanding that few things in this world could have created. We had cooked for one another; had eaten out of the same mess; had sailed that engineless sail boat over three hundred miles up and down the Chesapeake and across Delaware Bay; had spent dreary hours in the stuffy little cabin together, no longer teacher and student, but comrades in a common venture.

We who cruise in the summer very often forget, but perhaps more often do not realize, what an effective means our boats and our simple wanderings may be in bringing vital experiences to our boys and girls. Boats are really floating homes that no bungalow along the shore or in the mountains, no automobile, can fully match in the infinite charm, the continual variety, and the endless fascination that a boat, and more or less the open waters of the bay and the sea, have for youngsters. Nothing appeals more to the normal boy than a boat. Down deep in his being lies the nomadic urge that has sent man wandering throughout the universe. It is only economic necessity that really ever kills and deadens it when the young emerge from adolescence; but in adolescent youth it is very strongly present. Properly directed, it can be a very effective weapon in satisfying the instinctive curiosity of the young.

The engine room becomes a science laboratory that has moved out of confining brick walls into the limitless stretches of the sea. The principles of physics behind the operations of a 4-cycle engine take on a new significance when they are used to propel the boy's home across tumbling and broken seas, against head winds that tear at the hard pressed little ship, through seas that swirl in the cross-rip of a racing tide. Deviation and variation, dull meaningless terms when written on a blackboard, teem with interest when their effect in the action of a compass are demonstrated in guiding the cruiser over long stretches of open water to pick up an unseen buoy, or bell, or point that marks the destination. A map that once was only a means of torture used by teachers to inflict misery upon young minds becomes a living, vibrant story when it is a chart on which one traces the track of his ship, learns the depth of the water beneath him, the kind of bottom, whether it is sandy, hard, or muddy; where the sheltered and protected harbors lie into which he steers his vessel to seek food and an anchorage for the night.

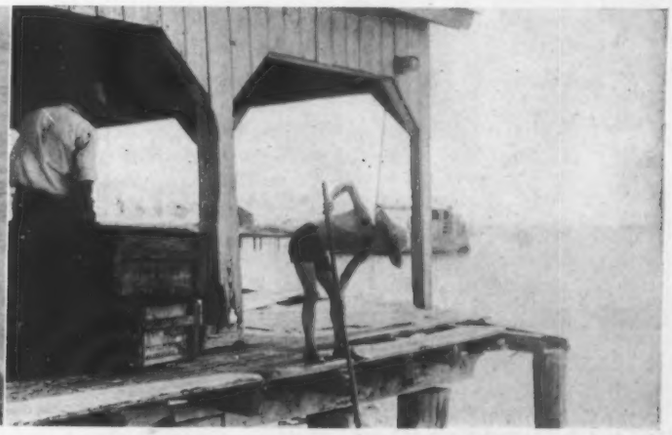
Most of my cruising had been with boys of high school age until two summers ago, when my two nephews, aged nine and seven, came cruising with me on the *June Bug*, a little 26-foot deadrise cruiser. It was my first experience with real youngsters, but little more than children, for I had been somewhat apprehensive about handling them, should they get sick. While there is always that risk, it really is negligible with hard common sense, a cool head, plus never-ending care in the kind of water drunk and intelligence in the matter of eating.

On the first cruise my wife, the children's aunt, went along. The younger one wanted just the "men" to go. His nine years scorned the presence of women. The "men," of course, were I, he, and his older brother. They were typical city youngsters. As babies they had come to live on a street in the northwest section of Washington and had never moved from it. Their only knowledge of the countryside, of the bay, and of the Potomac was a fragmentary one, gained from an occasional drive on Sunday, outside of the District. The waterfront along Washington channel fascinated them. They had only seen it previously from the driveway that runs around East Potomac Park.

It was late afternoon on a day in mid-July when we boarded the little deadrise. Our plan was to spend the night aboard, adjust ourselves to what would be somewhat crowded quarters, and start down the river the next morning. As soon as they had changed from shore dress to their "play" clothes, they insisted that I give them a lesson in rowing. I suspected from the moment we had planned the cruise that I was in for a series of lessons; but, when that is a part of one's business, one does not mind.

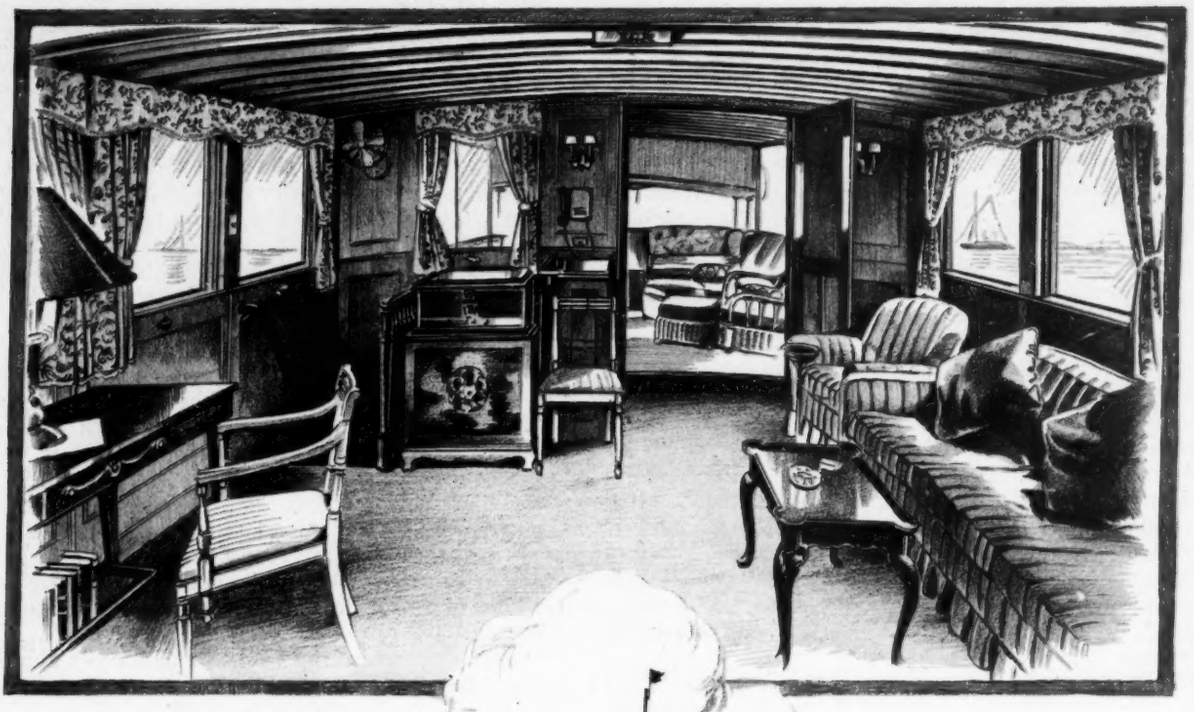
(*Continued on page 106*)

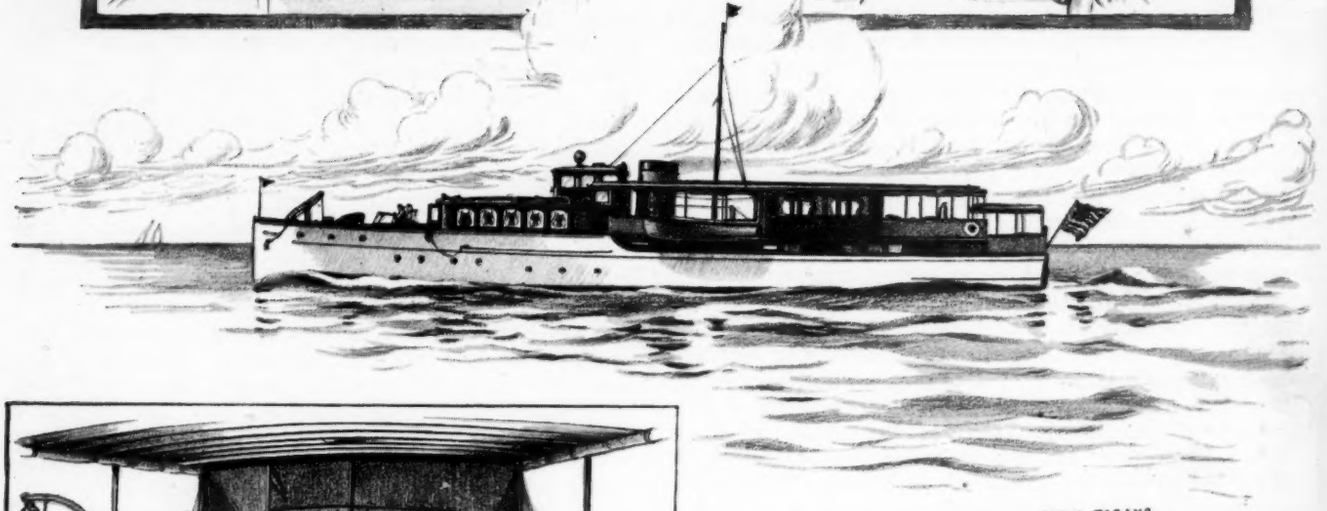
"Life preservers first" is an excellent rule when cruising with children.

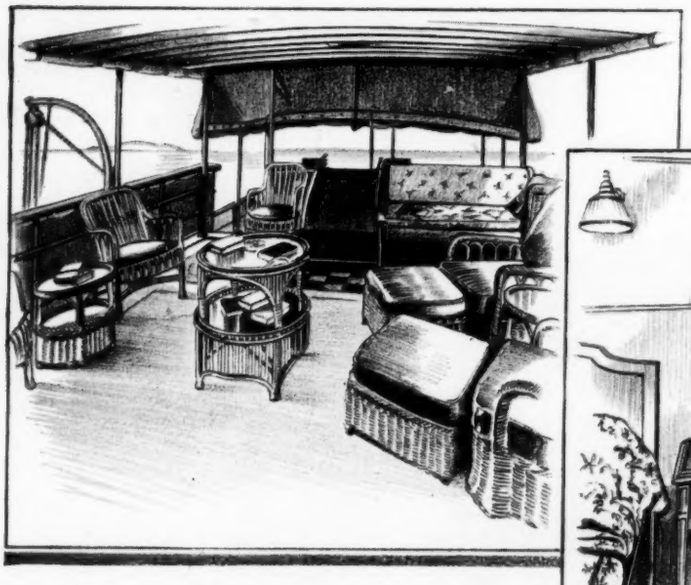


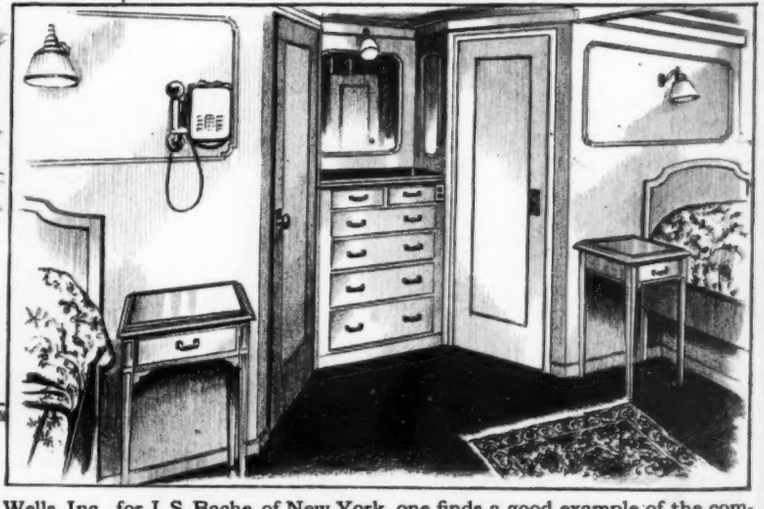
Trying to catch a "doubler" clinging to the piling of an old wharf.

Colmena, A Modern Diesel Cruiser of Moderate Size









In the *Colmena*, a new Diesel yacht designed by John H. Wells, Inc., for J. S. Bache, of New York, one finds a good example of the comfort and spaciousness possible on a modern power yacht. On a length of only 112 feet, the designers have worked out unusual accommodations and an exterior that is extremely pleasing. A cruising speed of 15 miles is had with two 350 h.p. Winton Diesel motors. Robert Jacob, City Island, was the builder.

A Small Square-Rigger

A Deep Water Sailor's Ideas on Rigging and Handling Square Sails on a Small Yacht

By CONOR O'BRIEN

Author of "Across Three Oceans"

A GOOD many cruising yachts on this side of the Atlantic carry square sails of one sort or another. They are, I imagine, put on board as an insurance in case of having to run before heavy weather, and their owners devoutly pray that they will never have to set them or take them in — and they seldom do. Many years ago I made a square sail to be used thus in an emergency, rigged in the primitive manner common to its kind. The sail was bent to the yard, which hoisted on a wire jackstay without any lifts or braces. To take it in one simply let the yard run down across the fore deck, and in theory it spilled the wind out of the sail as it came down. In practise it spilled half the sail into the sea, and before it came down low enough for us to muzzle it we rolled the yard-arm into the water and nearly lost the whole thing. Then I fitted clew-garnets and leach-lines, in the hope that we could keep the sail hauled up while the yard was being lowered and dipped under the rigging so as to lie fore and aft along the deck; but that required more strong men than I could command to hold on to the gear. I dismissed the idea of going aloft and putting a couple of gaskets on the sail — enough to secure it till we got it on deck. In fact, I dismissed the idea of a squaresail altogether, and it did not crop up again till there was a question of taking my yacht *Saoirse* [pronounced Sheer-she] round the world in the Southern Ocean, where there would be real need for such a sail, but one rigged n a practical and storm-proof manner.

Saoirse [which is Gaelic for Freedom] is 42 feet over all and 12 feet beam, and displaces about 23 tons. She was then ketch-rigged, and we did not take the square-sail seriously enough at the start; though we started on the right lines, and comparatively small alterations made the rig quite efficient before the end of a two years' voyage.

The yard could be braced up to a certain extent, for I had no topmast shrouds and the backstays were on swinging spreaders, but I had made no provision for the foretacks, so the sail had to be taken in if the wind came anywhere near abeam — which was pretty often. It was bent to hoops which hauled out to either yard-arm. At first it had no brails; we trusted the inhauls to keep the head of the sail together while the yard was being lowered, and hoped the rest of it would behave discreetly. But it soon became apparent that this was more than one man could manage in a breeze, and an accident to one of the crew of three during the first week of the voyage showed that we could not permit any operation which required a second hand. Moreover, hoisting the yard and the wet and tangled sail was a very heavy job; and after we had been caught without it and had to run under fore-and-afters before a gale and

The yacht *Saoirse* started her career as a ketch but was converted into a square-rigger.

a very high sea we decided that the proper place for the yard was *permanently* aloft, and for the sail furled with brails up and down the mast. After that, whatever alterations were made were with a view to getting as much use as possible out of the sail, though it did no good with the wind much before the beam if the mainsail was also set.

Now if one has a yard permanently crossed half-way up one's mast there is a great empty space above it simply asking to be filled with topsails. We used here two little triangles of aeroplane linen. The tacks were hanked to, and slid up and down the forestay, so they couldn't get into trouble on the darkest night; and they were so unsubstantial that they would be sure to go before the topmast, so we risked them in squally weather, even off the Horn. That was the amount of square canvas *Saoirse* carried as a ketch — only about 500 square feet in all, but I did not see how I could set more to advantage. I was so lucky in my winds that I rarely had to take in the fore-and-afters. But next I made a voyage to South America in a 56-foot ketch, and had equally bad luck — even the N.E. trade failed me — and I broke two main booms and tore up my mainsail badly, so I vowed that if I went to sea again I'd have enough canvas to drag me through light airs on yards which would stay put, however much the ship rolled.

When I got home I altered *Saoirse* as much as I could without reconstructing the deck and the cabin accommodation. I was able to get the foremast a foot further aft, and to put a mainmast 4 feet forward of where the mizzenmast of the ketch rig used to be. She makes a poor staysail schooner, and an indifferent brigantine; the masts are still too far apart, but it was the best I could afford, and anyway it's better than her ketch rig. I won't, however, say anything about the fortuitous sail plan, only about the mechanical details of the rig, which have been worked out so thoroughly, and have proved so satisfactory, that I do not see room for any further alterations. So when people ask me for advice about square sails I can say, "This is the way to rig

them — if you have a yacht like mine, and a crew like mine, and sail in my waters." And one and all they thank me, and go away and do nothing; for, as I have said, we don't take square sails seriously for yachts in this country, though the topsail schooner is the most popular rig among coasters.

But I have lately seen several drawings and photographs of American yachts rigged as topsail schooners, and in experimental ways to which I cannot put a name, so I hope my experiments will evoke more interest on your side of the water, where it is an easy and almost necessary thing to fit some sort of square canvas to the popular staysail schooner. I do not think that any of the American examples are as small as *Saoirse* (37½ feet on the water), but her rig would enable one man to hand the foresail or to hand or reef the topsail of a vessel double her size — if anyone is thinking of deep-sea cruising with a crew of only two or three. In my case it is more likely to be two; and I had to design my gear so that the ship could be handled by my wife and myself, and that with the minimum of labor.

Other considerations were that the foresail should stand as close to the wind as I cared to sail in a seaway, because without it, as you can see from the photograph, she is under-canvassed; and that the topsail should be useful when working in narrow channels, because without it, on account of her wrong masting, she handles badly.

The foresail was the simpler problem, because it doesn't reef. It is 26 feet on the head, and 17 on the leach. It hauls out to the yard-arms like the old one, but on a trackway under the spar — the hoops jammed and got broken against the rigging when the yard was braced up. There is a strong roping sewn down the centre of the sail, with two bull's-eyes worked in it and through the canvas at equal intervals, and a becket at the foot of it. Two brails are made fast to the centre of the sail on the after side, pass through cringles on the leaches, and then through the bull's-eyes from forward aft. It is very easy to furl the sail. A tackle is hooked to the becket on the roping, and bowsed well down; then the weather outhaul is let go and the tack eased up, and that half of the sail almost runs in of itself, and is secured by the inhaul and brails. Then only half the area is left to deal with — it is still a perfectly sound and well-setting sail and you can leave it like that if you want to reduce canvas, not to stow it altogether; that is why there's no need for a reef. The second half is, of course, more trouble than the first, but not more than one man can manage. Then you have your sail reasonably well furled without having to send a hand aloft, though you have to put on a lashing to make a harbor stow.

There seem to be rather a lot of ropes about till you get used to them; four parts to the brails, and they're pretty long; but the inhauls and outhauls can be worked on bights, so they are quite short.

I resisted the temptation to cut a gap in the centre of the trackway so that the sail could be unbent easily, because it's by no means so easy to bend it again after it has got disorganized by being dragged about the deck; I believe in keeping things in their proper places, though however snugly the sail is stopped up it makes a frightful wind-draft, hanging up and down the mast; so to unbend it I have to cock-bill the yard and run the hanks off one end of it, and that doesn't happen often. The yard can be lowered, and dipped under the rigging so as to lie fore and aft; that brings the yard-arm just over the companion, so the sail would go down into the cabin if we were hove to in a strong gale. But, unless I have some extra help, I don't unbend it merely to put in some fancy windward work as a topsail schooner; unless I have to make a lot of short tacks I keep it set and work as a brigantine. She does as well like that as when she was a ketch.

The yard will, of course, brace up sharp enough for any practical purposes; that is a matter of not setting up the backstays too taut. The sail is cut rather high on the foot — I could do with a bonnet 4 feet deep for use in a fair wind — so it clears the forward shroud. The tack is got down to a bumkin, which comes nearly as far forward as the stem-head, and about 3 feet outboard, for close-hauled work; the bumkin is pivoted on the cathead, so that it can be slewed out to spread the sail when off the wind. It is somewhat, but not too laborious to make tacks with this sail; the tacks and sheets are raised by hauling in on the lower brail. If necessary, the tack can be brought to the windlass, but generally we can get it down by hand. I find it a great advantage, in so short a vessel, to be able to lower the yard 4 or 5 feet, because if she is running before a strong wind she trims badly by the head with the sail at its usual height; also it saves chafe on the forestay.

For handy working I wanted an efficient fore-topsail. At first I tried a triangular sail, without a yard, which

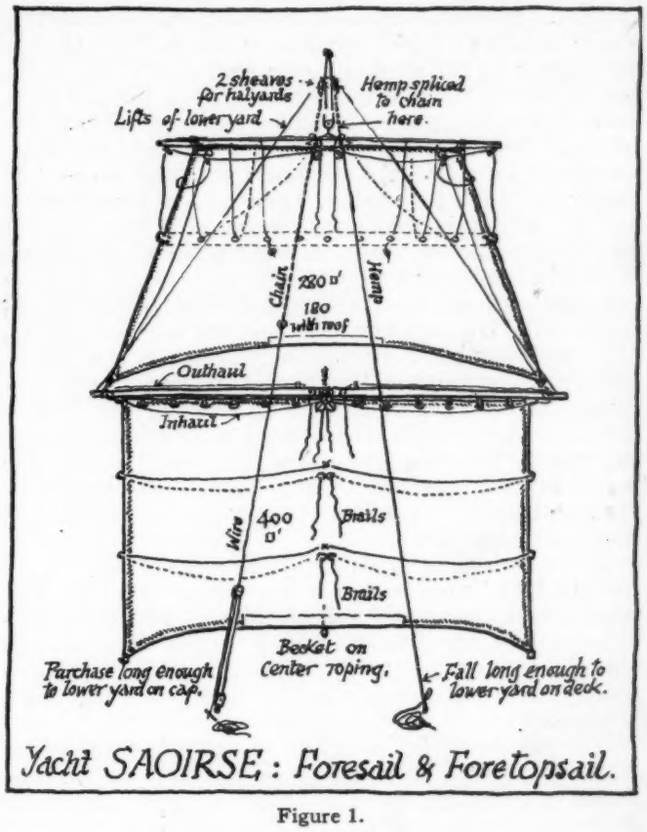


Figure 1.

in theory could be set or taken in from the deck — and so it could, if the gear was to leeward; otherwise one had to pass it over the jib-stay, and that meant going aloft or out on the jibboom. But that sail, with leaches 21 feet long, did not set well on a wind, and there was no way of reefing it, so I made a proper topsail, 16½ feet on the head, with a reef 6 feet deep in it.

I made a number of experiments before I got it suitably rigged. I wanted to be able to hand or reef it without laying out on the yard; that is to say, everything had to be within reach when standing on the cross-trees. I had to haul out the reef pendants from the deck, and

then go aloft and tie up the reef properly in such a way that when I went down everything was clear for hoisting, for I could not depend on having a second hand to slack away or make fast, and I did not want a second journey aloft; and of course I wanted to do it with as few ropes as possible.

Eventually, I arrived at the arrangement shown in the drawing. It's not ideal; any seaman will tell you that is not the way to reef a topsail; but it's economical in labor and in rope — and that's a consideration if you contemplate having to send the yard down on deck pretty often.

Only one rope on each side is needed to haul up the sail for reefing or furling. The clew-lines are rove through bull's-eyes to which are attached short leach-lines and the ends of the reef-pendants; as the clews are raised they bring in towards the centre of the yard these bull's-eyes (the weight of which is taken by a wire jackstay under the yard) and thereby haul out the reef-pendants and fold the leach into its proper place. When the clew-lines are made fast the sail is fairly well secured, and there is no hurry about going aloft for the next operation.

If I want to reef, I tie up the centre reef-point, to take the weight of the reef-band; then I pass three or four turns of a lashing between a ring on the end of the reef-pendant and another fixed to the yard, and haul them taut; this draws the cringle well up to the yard-arm. (See drawing, Fig. 2). There are two reef-lacings, the outer one rove through one eyelet — I just pull this taut and make it fast to the slings — the other rove through the next two, and just long enough to tie a knot on the end when it is through the second, which is only 4 feet from the centre of the yard, so one can easily get hold of it. One more eyelet, right under your hand, and the job is done. You can go down on deck, let go the clew-lines, sheet home and hoist away.

To furl the sail I use the outer reef-lacing as a yard-arm gasket, winding it five or six times round sail and yard, and the ends of the lashings referred to above as bunt gaskets. One can make quite a snug stow of my narrow topsail in this way, but I don't know on how much larger a scale it would be possible; I saw a little brigantine at Rio de Janeiro with a sail furled thus on a yard which I guessed to be about 25 feet; and it had no foot-ropes on it.

I have been asked about the possibilities of self-reefing and self-furling topsails. The latter are very common in French coasting schooners, working on a roller attached to the yard; but it is rather a clumsy arrangement, and necessitates the topsail yard being longer than the lower yard, which is ugly. I should not carry a square topsail at all if I thought I should often have to stow it, except in harbor, when I don't grudge the few minutes it takes to do the job shipshape and Bristol fashion. But reefing is a very different matter; if one is going to carry a topsail all the time it will be (unless it is a very small one) close-reefed much of the time. I have been thinking a good deal about a self-reefing arrangement, which, for my needs, could be relatively simple. But it would mean one or more extra halliards, and some trouble in sending down the yard, an amusement in which I have been indulging rather freely on account of anchor panics; so I want to be certain how often I shall find the operation really necessary before I start complicating the gear.

As it is, to send down the yard is a very easy matter. There are two ends to the halliards, the yard being slung on the bight between them; on one is a purchase long enough to mast-head the yard from the cap, and the other is long enough to lower the yard on deck —

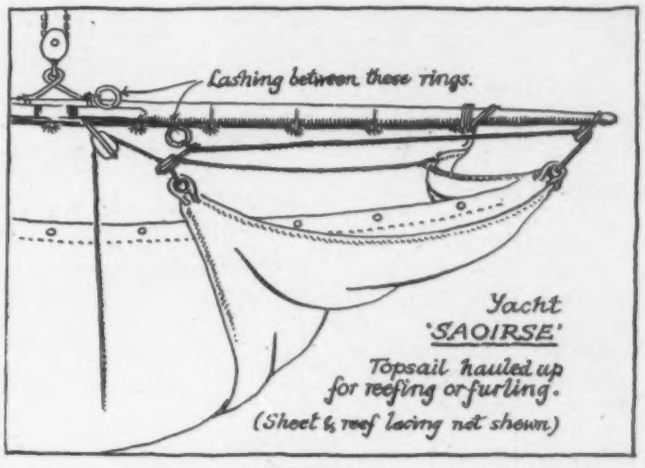


Figure 2.

this latter is 2″ hemp, spliced into the chain which extends over the middle part to take the nip in all the sheaves. There are no lifts, and the braces lead to the deck. (See Figure 1.)

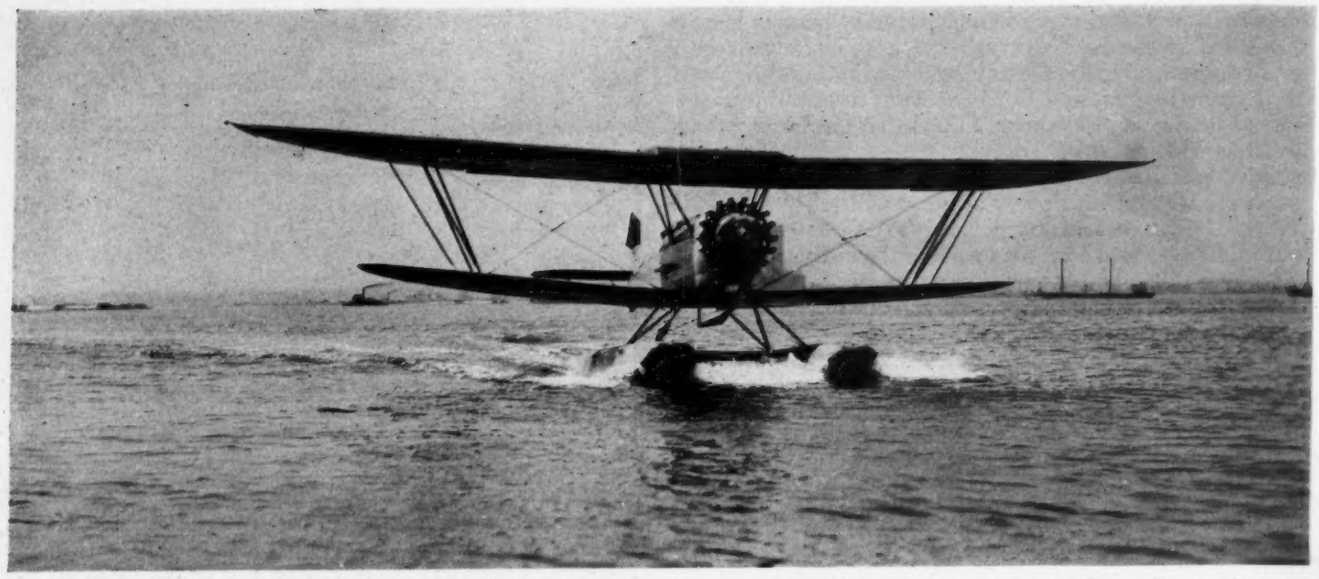
Critics will say that the lee brace must lead nearly vertically, and is therefore of no use. I found that, in fact, it need never be used; the suction on the weather leach of the sail so greatly exceeds the pressure on the lee one that the yard would run right fore and aft if it were not prevented by the weather brace. When the sail is furled both braces are brought to the fore rigging, and thus act like inverted lifts; the lifts of the lower yard lead to the topmast head, and so keep the topsail yard square with the lower one.

The lower braces also lead to the deck, and are a single part. Here one does want a good pull to leeward, because of the backstays; and originally I had a whip on the brace with the standing part on the main mast-head, but that meant having an awful lot of rope to pull through when making tacks, and, besides, I was afraid of the temptation to brace up the yard too hard against the backstays. With the indifferent lead I have at present I can't be dangerously strong.

Here, then, are two sails of a kind which look rather terrifying and laborious, so rigged that, on the scale of my experiment, they can be handled by a crew of two. I think the same crew could tackle double the area in the foresail, and half as much again in the topsail. As far as working the ship goes, even that is not the limit, if the foresail is well brailed in before trying to make tacks, for one man can tend the helm and the braces — if there's a nice breeze and the water is smooth we can swing the yards as she comes head to wind, like a ship's main yards, though I don't try that game if there's anything near that we could hit.

With a bigger crew in a bigger ship I should do things somewhat differently — I don't like that single-part reef-pendant on the topsail, for instance, though that's probably because no sail ever was reefed that way — but I should make no radical change unless the ship were big enough to tempt me to lay out on the yards to furl the sails. The object of this article was to show that a yacht may be substantially square-rigged without the necessity of anyone leaving the deck to hand the foresail, or the security of the cross-trees to hand or reef the topsail; and I hope that knowledge will lead to a multiplication of small brigantines, which is, in my experience, the pleasantest of all rigs for off-shore cruising.

In the August issue of YACHTING, Conor O'Brien will give his ideas of the best rig for a long ocean passage, in an article entitled, *A Little Ship for the Ocean.*



In flying over water in a seaplane one is not bothered by the restricted area of a flying field, and there is always plenty of space for landings and take-offs. A five-passenger Standard plane equipped with Edo floats for water use.

Over-Water Flying

The Plane Which is at Home on the Water Offers Infinite Possibilities in the Way of Speed and Range, and Makes a Great Appeal to the Yachtsman

By Earl D. Osborn

EVEN before the first primitive man put forth on his crude raft he must have watched the flying water birds with wonder and envy. From the soaring seagull to the projectile-like duck they are among the most interesting and fascinating of creatures. There is a fascination in seeing them leave the water, and the eye watches mesmerized as they splash back to the surface. They skim the waves, or soar high above some cliff; every movement is an endless delight. In the beauty and accuracy of his maneuvering man may never excel the birds, but for speed and altitude his motor-driven craft have already surpassed them.

Over-water flying not only requires the skill of sailing, but has the thrill of motor boating at high speed as well, and, in addition, much greater range than is possible in a boat. As compared to overland flying, it has the advantage, to the amateur, of being easier, more interesting and handier. Easier, because it takes less skill to land on a large body of water than on a small field; more interesting, because one can fly lower with safety; and handier, because one can go where one wishes and does not have to find an airport.

One wonders, then, why the seaplane has not advanced more rapidly in popular favor, and why so little attention has been paid to it by manufacturers and fliers. The reasons are largely technical, and that the difficulties are being overcome and the value of the seaplane appreciated is proved by the fact that last year sales of seaplanes more than tripled those of the previous year. It might be well, then, to study some of the difficulties and see how they have been conquered.

The first difficulty is that of hull. To a large extent the high speed motor boat of today is made possible by the light weight engines developed for aeronautical use. It would be only natural to think that the motor boat field would have reciprocated by contributing to the development of seaplane hulls, but this has not been the case. The hull or float problem of the seaplane is different from that of the motor boat. It is easier, inasmuch as the wings of a seaplane add to the lift; and it is harder inasmuch as the floats must absorb much greater shocks and must be extremely light. The seaplane cannot use a displacement type of hull because the air propeller could not deliver the power necessary to give sufficient speed for the airplane to leave the water. The comparatively flat planing bottom found at present on hydroplane boats was used in the early seaplanes but proved to transmit too much shock to the plane in rough water or in bad landings. A steep "V" planing bottom with a minimum angle of from 15 to 35 degrees is now in use. Longitudinal steps and corrugated bottoms are used to increase efficiency, and most American floats have but one planing step located about at the center of gravity (c.g.). Trim is maintained partly by the stern, but mostly by use of the airplane's elevators. Light weight has been achieved by the use of strong aluminum alloys. Corrosion, the bugaboo of light alloys, has apparently been laid low by the development of "Alclad," which so far has shown little deterioration even in tropical waters. Production costs are still high, but are being reduced, and it probably will not be many years before motor boats derive as much benefit from the development of seaplane hulls as they have from airplane engines.

Broadly speaking, there are two types of aircraft which operate from the water. One is a boat with attached wings, — the flying boat. The other is an airplane with attached floats, — the float seaplane. Wheels for landing can be attached to either and they then become amphibians. The flying boat requires the complete design of both hull and wings, and as far fewer flying boats than airplanes have been built the cost is nat-

Although sometimes preferable, it is not necessary to keep a seaplane in a hangar. A six-passenger on a perfect "airport." Beaching on a sandy stretch offers no problems.

urally high. The fact that the engines of this type must be perched up out of the way of water and spray makes the problem of balance more difficult. The flying boat is somewhat handier on the water and in the larger sizes it undoubtedly offers advantages.

The floats which convert an airplane into a seaplane add about ten to fifteen per cent to the gross weight of the airplane. Float seaplanes were used in the first round-the-world flight; they hold the world's speed record and are fitted to most of the U. S. Navy's water aircraft. It is only in the last two years, however, that floats have become available for all types of land planes.

Due to the added weight of the hull and the difficulties of take-off, seaplanes require more power than land planes. The small war-surplus motors which did service in the early commercial airplanes were not suitable for seaplanes. When small, lightweight commercial engines were first produced, the aircraft industry was so busy making airplanes that water flying possibilities were ignored. The tide turned, however, in 1929 and the engines and hulls being now available, there should be a great development of water flying in 1930.

The cost of seaplanes runs from about $5,000 for a two-seater to $500,000 for a plane like the *Dox* which will carry 150 passengers. A three-passenger seaplane will range from $6,000 to $9,000, a five-passenger cabin plane, from $12,000 to $15,000. Roughly speaking, a float seaplane costs 25 per cent more than a land plane; a flying boat costs a little more, and an amphibian is the most expensive.

Commercial operators figure that if they can keep it busy, a two-seater plane will cost about 25 cents per mile, and a six-seater about 80 cents a mile to operate. This includes pilot's salary, depreciation, insurance, etc. The private owner's expenses are what he makes them. His engine will run from 10 to 20 thousand miles between overhauls, and under proper circumstances will last for 100,000 miles. Seaplanes five and six years old are not uncommon. The plane should go through the season without more work than a mechanically minded man enjoys doing.

It is, of course, preferable to keep a seaplane inside a hangar, but this is not necessary. Provided that really sheltered water is available, it is perfectly good practice to leave a seaplane moored for long periods. It should be remembered, though, that the machines are meant to fly, and that every so often a thunder squall or a gale will come along and the machine will go up like a kite and come down like a ton of brick. A suitable slipway for a plane may consist of anything from a few planks laid on a beach to an elaborate wide runway on piles, or even a marine railway. Where a sandy beach with little tide is available, the problem is easy; it is only where the shore is rocky and the tide high that it becomes difficult.

As a rule, it takes a person from two to three hours to get the knack of controlling a plane in the air. Three to four hours is spent in practicing landings and after a total of from seven to twelve hours the instructor usually considers that the pupil is ready to fly alone. In case of a land plane, much greater proficiency must be acquired before a pilot can fly cross-country or operate from any point except a large field. Provided that there is not a very high wind (that is, not over twenty miles per hour), and that the air is not too turbulent, due to thunderstorms or extreme heat, there is little difficulty or danger in the actual flying in fair weather. The difficulty lies in bringing a plane down or taking it out of a restricted area, such as a flying field. This requires accurate gauging of gliding angles and flying speed. The pilot is often distracted and in his attempts to stretch or shorten his glide he may misuse his controls. In flying over water there is always plenty of space for both landing and take-offs and the pilot can concentrate on the control of the plane. Such maneuvers as side-slipping, fish-tailing and vertical banks are not necessary in seaplane flying. Also, there is always a

A seaplane "taking off" from Flushing Bay for a "hop" down Long Island Sound.

place to land in case of engine trouble, fog, or high wind. As a result, the seaplane is easier to fly for an inexperienced pilot, or for a pilot who does not keep in constant practice.

Sailing and motor boating experience help tremendously in the handling of seaplanes. A seaplane must be landed into the wind and one familiar with sailing can tell the direction of the wind by looking at the waves. In coming up to a mooring, somewhat the same principles must be applied as in sailing. The seaplane naturally tends to head into the wind while on the water, and all moorings must be approached from the lee side. Coming up to a dock is easy provided one is going against the wind, but with the wind from the stern the seaplane, whose only steering apparatus is its air rudder, is difficult to control. The anchoring and mooring problems are much the same in a boat and in a seaplane except that even a large seaplane draws only a couple of feet of water, and running aground, except on rocks, is not dangerous. Due to the great air-resisting area that the wings offer, a seaplane needs a much heavier mooring than a boat of equal weight.

Wind and fog conditions are of as much interest to the seaplane pilot as they are to the sail boat captain. Fog is to be avoided and if it gets really thick the plane must come down or turn back. A flat calm does not affect a seaplane as it does a sail boat but it brings up problems of its own. With no wind to head into, it is harder to take off, and if the water is calm and glassy there is some difficulty in gauging the height of the plane when landing. In rough water the seaplane is probably as seaworthy as a fast motor boat. Enclosed bodies of water, such as Long Island Sound, seldom get too rough for seaplanes, but when the water is rough an experienced pilot picks out some place under a lee shore for his landing where the waves are not high. Except for large flying boats, landing in the open ocean is not considered good practice. It can be done, but trouble may result.

Nearly as much could be written about seaplanes as about yachting. There is much to be learned, but there is much of interest in the learning. There are annoyances, as there are in cruising, but they are compensated for by new sensations and pleasures. To the world of the water is added the world of the sky and the clouds. Over-water flying gives a new outlook, literally and figuratively. It is a sport which every yachtsman should enjoy.

(Left) An eight-passenger cabin seaplane. (Below) A little two-seater which makes a handy outfit for those who fly for pleasure only.

An Ocean Race in the Antipodes

A Hard Thrash Through Bass Strait Which Took its Toll of the Fleet

By G. A. Soilleux

TWENTY-TWO years ago, in 1907, several enthusiastic Victorian yachtsmen conceived the idea of an ocean race across the 250 odd miles of turbulent water which separates Tasmania from Australia, and which goes by the name of Bass Strait — after its first navigator, Bass.

This particular stretch of water is probably the most ill-omened and stormy area of sea on the entire Australian coast. Countless fine ships have gone to their doom somewhere between Cape Otway and Wilsons Promontory on the Victorian coast, and along the stormy coast of North Tasmania. It is subject to sudden and violent wind changes, and its conflicting and constantly changing currents invariably set up nasty cross seas. Even in summertime Old Man Bass Strait is never reliable for 24 consecutive hours, and on the occasion of the first race in 1907 it fully lived up to its reputation and gave the four entrants a hiding that has not been forgotten all these years.

The little auxiliary cutter *Maysie* was hardly suited for the heavy weather she encountered and lost her boom, gaff, and topmast.

After this long lapse of time the race was revived last year by an enthusiastic yachtsman, Mr. F. Bennell of the Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club. Five starters defied superstition and the bad omen of the race, crossing the starting line at Queenscliff a few miles inside Port Phillip Heads on Friday, December 27th.

All that was left of the jib after the topmast went out of her.

These were:

Maysie, Royal Yacht Club of Victoria; auxiliary cutter 10 tons; owner, Mr. Arthur Peck.

Phyllis, Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club; auxiliary yawl; owner, Mr. W. Oxley.

Oimira, Royal St. Kilda Yacht Club; auxiliary yawl; owner, Mr. F. Bennell.

Shamrock, Royal Geelong Yacht Club; auxiliary yawl; owner, Mr. E. Slater.

Wanderer, Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, Sydney; auxiliary schooner; owner, Mr. W. Wallace.

Wanderer made the 600-mile ocean trip from Sydney to take part in the race, but struck such stormy weather on the passage that she was ten days out from Sydney before she made Port Phillip Heads, arriving with foresail, staysail and two jibs blown to ribbons. In order to give *Wanderer* and her crew a chance to refit, and recover from their dusting, the start of the race was delayed for a day and most of the hands on the competing boats turned to with a will to help the *Wanderer's* crew put their ship in order.

The race, therefore, started at 9:30 A.M. on Friday, December 27th, 1929 — consequently, the superstitious predicted a rough passage. Their expectations were more than realized for, though the weather forecast told of a southwesterly gale due from Western Australia in about 48 hours, as events turned out it arrived before it was due and all five yachts caught it hot and strong well within the 24 hours.

The *Maysie*, on which the writer sailed as mate and engineer, was first across the line at Queenscliff, a few seconds after the starting gun and headed for The Rip, closely followed by *Phyllis*. Then came *Oimira*, and *Wanderer*, with *Shamrock* last across. *Wanderer* sent up all her kites, including a big fisherman's staysail and began to travel fast, but could not keep up to windward with the cutter and yawls, so sagged down towards the west.

Getting out through the Rip into the ocean swell, the yachts began to jump about uncomfortably. The crew of *Oimira* later told us that they had seen all of *Maysie's* keel as she tumbled off a big wave. *Oimira* was carrying a press reporter, and with a short wave wireless set kept in touch with the papers reporting the progress of the race until late on Friday night when a huge sea swamped her cabin, flooding her engine room and wrecking the wireless set. *Oimira* and *Phyllis* carried straight on, holding a course about south, using their engines to work up to windward. *Maysie* and *Shamrock*, without using their engines, were going more slowly through the water and dropped back, though *Maysie* continued to keep well to weather of *Shamrock*.

A word of explanation is perhaps necessary here with regard to the use of the engines, for the race was a contest for auxiliary cruisers. Under the rules, each yacht was allowed a ration of petrol, calculated sufficient for 50 miles, which could be used at discretion, an arrangement which, in different weather conditions, would have given the skippers a headache wondering whether "to use or not to use."

This account of the race must necessarily, from now on, switch to a description of our own particular set of troubles rather than a general description of the race itself, for by one o'clock on Friday, with visibility poor, *Wanderer* was out of sight of *Maysie*, way down to leeward and ahead. *Shamrock* was abeam and about a mile and a half to leeward. *Phyllis* and *Oimira* seemed to hang together some five miles ahead, approximately making the same course as we. These two worked out of sight and the last we saw of any of the other yachts was of *Shamrock*, about 4 o'clock on Friday afternoon. We could just make her out some four miles to leeward and two miles ahead of our position. All light sails were by this time out of the question, and all yachts had long before been snugged down to lower canvas only.

The weather grew steadily dirtier, and about 7 o'clock the skipper decided to put down a couple of reefs in the main and take a tuck in the staysail. I might add here that the *Maysie* carried the smallest crew, four only, the Skipper, Arthur Peck, a veteran of over 70 summers, myself, as mate and engineer, "Jock" Chalmers, and I. D. Carr. We were taking watch and watch — Skipper and Carr, Jock and myself. After dark, dirty rain squalls kept blowing up, getting stronger and stronger. About midnight a worse one than usual blew out our working jib at the clew, and after we had got it off we had a council of war and decided to drop main and staysail, put out our sea anchor, and hang on till daylight. Troubles were by then coming thick and fast; the sea anchor overboard, it proved too small to keep her head to wind, and we drifted down to leeward like a crab, broadside on to the seas, rolling horribly. Up to midnight we had logged about 52 miles, so had a fairly accurate check on our position till then, but while we were drifting, of course, we could only guess at the rate we were sagging off to the west.

Day broke — a miserable morning with the wind chopping from southeast to south, but we got the sea anchor inboard again and after a struggle got sail up once more and put her nose towards Tassie. We were all pretty weak; *mal-de-mer* had had a smack at most of us and food was distinctly "off." We carried on for a couple of hours, but as we had no real check on our position and the weather was not improving we decided that it would be a wise move to make back to Port Phillip. Accordingly, we put her about and set a course about N.E. for home. With our position approximately 30 miles north of King Island, a course of N.E. should have landed us about at Port Phillip heads.

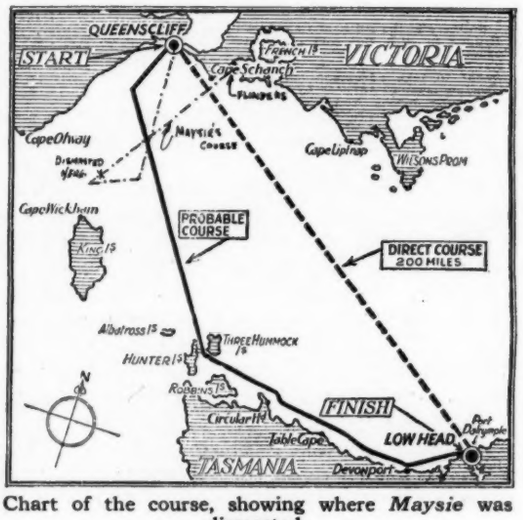


Chart of the course, showing where *Maysie* was dismasted.

***Oimira* took a beating but arrived at Georgetown in 42 hours and won the race.**

About 11:30 Jock and I were on deck, and we could see a black squall coming up from the southwest, driving a white line of foam before it. When it hit us we went off like a shot for a few hundred yards, and were then forced to jibe. Jock put her over and I was getting in the sheet when the sail came over with a bang; away went the main block shackle and "whack" went the boom against the runner. Finish boom; the broken half swung forward and at the same minute away went our No. 3 jib, literally shredded to ribbons. We were then in trouble with our peak halliards, the gaff holding up the broken boom, which was swinging about dangerously. We yelled below for an axe to cut loose, but the gaff solved the question by parting against the crosstrees, bringing down the topmast, which went overside, with all its wire shrouds, and completely tangled around the propeller, tearing the tail shaft out of the clutch, making a thorough job of our mess.

A complete wreck, we were scudding before a 60-mile southwest gale with only a few shreds of mainsail tangled round the starboard rigging; a mess of wreckage trailing overside; engine *hors-de-combat*. The sea was making up dangerously, and the ship threatened to broach to and shoot straight to the bottom any minute. From then on it was simply a case of trying to keep her from shooting down a wave, broaching to, and being overwhelmed by the next. In addition to all our other miseries, she was now leaking so badly that almost

(*Continued on page 108*)

A Sail for *Trinket*

By CARROL KLOTZBACH

NOW don't get the idea from the *name* of the boat that she is a toy. *Trinket* is anything *but* a toy boat, being all of eighteen feet long and seven feet beam, and needing four feet of water to do her floating in, now that she is full of sashweights and such.

Cap'n Bob Pagan of Beltsville, Maryland, is her proud owner and builder, and Rabl of Baltimore — "Bugeye" Rabl as he is better known to readers of YACHTING — is her designer. About the design part of it. We ab-so-lute-ly refuse to send in her plans for reproduction — if you want them, write to Rabl, for no one has ever been able to decipher those reproduced in the magazines. Another thing: they are in such a disreputable condition from being thumbed over that fumigation would be required before sending them through the mails. So buttock lines, diagonals, sections and such will have to go by the board as far as this narrative is concerned.

Cap'n Bob started to build *Trinket* away back when but a boy — that is to say, he began practicing for her. In those long gone days, he, as many another small boy has done, whittled innumerable ships of all descriptions and tried them out in the family washtub, thus acquiring a first-hand knowledge that would-be naval architects nowadays spend years around a model basin to attain, so that by the time *Trinket* arrived at the sawing and nail-driving stage Cap'n Bob was pretty well versed in the art of shipbuilding.

This early training and experience is apparent in the new ship, for one's first impression of her is strength. Those earlier craft were sturdy ships, being built of odd bits of two by four or four by eight, and all, no matter what the model, were of the headroomless variety, for being solid there could be no headroom. Now *Trinket* is hollow inside all right, and still there is no headroom. But when you crawl inside and find out what a capacious little ship she is for all her outward appearance of tininess you are agreeably surprised. Within one finds a six-horse Universal motor well offset, two berths, a folding table, a stove and a collection of tools that would make many envious.

There's a chain locker forward and a capacious place about the mast step that is suitable for storage, and in the lazarette under the cockpit, stores for a six months' cruise might be carried. Underneath the cockpit seats are gas tanks for twenty gallons — enough for a cruise of one hundred and fifty miles under normal conditions. Speed about six miles per hour. Like all of her ilk she squats tremendously when driven hard with the motor and presents quite a sight with her bow aimed skyward and the skipper peering over her trunk.

But I digress. What I started to tell about was the sail, and I've done little but tell about the boat.

Hereabouts there are no sailmakers — that is, there have been none up to now. Since the *Trinket's* sails have been made we feel that at least two should be listed in the directory, and if you can't guess who they are after reading this tale you must remain forever in ignorance.

Came a day when the mast was stepped and the wire rigging all finished, the boom band put on and the boom made ready. Strolling down the wharf I came upon the skipper sitting upon the dock and sadly contemplating his handiwork. For a man so nearly ready to take his first sail his expression was entirely out of place. Naturally, I inquired, "Why the gloom?" Dolefully, he explained that finishing up had cost so much more than he had figured (usually it happens that way) — that there was not much prospect of having the sails made for at least another month, which isn't so very long as time goes, but awfully long under the circumstances. And search as he might, he could not find a sailmaker in town.

Trinket and her sail. Cut out at an iceplant and sewed on a boat.

So I expressed my sympathy and was about to turn away when he called me below to inspect a roll of canvas that he had purchased while on a trip to Baltimore the week preceding. I looked over the big roll of fine six-ounce that he unwrapped and immediately asked why he did not make the sails himself, for fifty cents' worth of thread and a sewing machine that he might borrow would turn the trick nicely. I further boldly informed him that if the boat were mine I'd make the sails or bust, upon which a hopeful gleam came into his eye and he asked: "Do *you* know how to make sails?"

"Never made any, but I'll bet there's nothing to it," said I.

"Will you help me make mine?"

"Sure!" I answered and so involved myself.

"When?"

"Well, Sunday morning, if it doesn't rain." And so the time was set.

Sunday morning dawned bright and clear. During the four days intervening between my rash promise and this fateful dawn I had read everything that I or any of my friends had on the subject of sailmaking, and had spent a fruitless evening at the library gnawing my finger and perusing works of various sorts. I found books galore that were full of all sorts of information about how to bend on sails, how to sail, names of sails, care of sails, treatment of sails, origin, shape and the why of sails, but nothing regarding the making of them. It did not help matters when I realized that I had never even *seen* a sail made. So we started from scratch.

First, we placed the boom in the position we hoped it would be in when sailing. Then, with the aid of a tape and the halliards, we managed to measure for the leach and luff, and a moment later had the boom measured

Bending the sail for the first time.

before any advisory committees from the various other craft in the yard could be organized.

Then we loaded ourselves and the canvas into the flivver, taking with us tapeline, chalk, and chalkline, and away we went, stopping here and there to pick up sundry bricks and pebbles to serve as weights. At our destination, the nearby iceplant, we secured permission to use a large, little used cemented yard that was clean and big enough for our purpose. With the chalkline, we laid down a base line, the luff, and from there proceeded to lay out the boom end or foot, and the leach. So far, fine! But none of the books had said anything about how we might allow the sailmaker's "roach" so often mentioned in them. We knew what the roach was, but not how to cut it. We finally wound up by increasing the leach one full foot just halfway of its length, and obtained our curve by drawing an arc of a 57-foot circle. We gave the foot the same treatment except that, being shorter, the depth of the arc was less. Finally, we had on the concrete a picture of our sail.

Over this we laid the canvas, starting at the leach and at right angles to it. About this time the wind began to blow and Bob spent the next fifteen minutes collecting bricks to augment the supply already on hand. Then the canvas laying job proceeded without further interruption. The first piece was laid so that the seam came at the junction of mast and boom, and cut. This is the "diagonal" method, I believe. Then the next was laid and weighted and marked and cut. Finally, we had the whole sail laid out and the corner pieces cut. The same procedure we followed with the jib. Then we carefully folded up our sails and scooted for home, "home" in this case meaning my boat.

After swearing two or three solemn oaths and making large promises, we managed to borrow my wife's sewing machine — a portable electric — and hooking it up to the dock current set to work. Each seam was lapped three quarters of an inch and sewed four times with number eight cotton. (Next time I'll use linen thread.) A couple of hours of sewing, and all the diagonal seams were finished. Back we went to our picture on the concrete. The sail was again spread and all wrinkles carefully smoothed out. Then, using our picture as a guide, we trimmed off all rough edges and marked off the hem or fold around the edges. Again we folded her up and raced back. In half an hour the "hem" was sewed in, and as the day had almost passed, Skipper Bob folded up the sails and took them home for roping. In this job I instructed him, though my own knowledge consisted entirely of the experience of watching Captain Ericcsen, of the *Carnegie*, sew a rope on an awning!

The following Wednesday Bob came down with the roped sails, and a flock of thimbles, slides and grommets. A ball of marline was procured from the chandlery and we set to work. The grommets were put in, and the thimbles installed at head, tack, and clew. The job of thimble-rigging — I suppose you could call it that — was also a new one, but we knew what the job should *look* like and kept at it until it was so. The slides were sewed on with sail twine and a head block placed in the sail. All was ready! Then the breeze that had held steady all day dropped entirely and after another half hour a steady rain began to fall. So sailing *that* day was out of the question. And two and one half days must elapse before Cap'n Bob could come down to the yard, so we stowed the sails with many a muttered curse at the weather and went off home to grumble and anticipate.

On Saturday afternoon we bent on the sails. A fair, steady breeze blew from the northwest. All the boat yard assembled as we hoisted the mainsail for the first time, this being done at the dock to make sure that everything worked smoothly. I, particularly, was in a sweat of apprehension! Suppose they did not fit! What if they were to hang in ugly loops and folds! What if the leach flapped all over the place due to that "roach" we had so scientifically doped out! What IF!

But none of these *if's* materialized! The sail hoisted smoothly and when all the slack was taken out of the luff, hung, as Bob said, "like that of a cup defender."

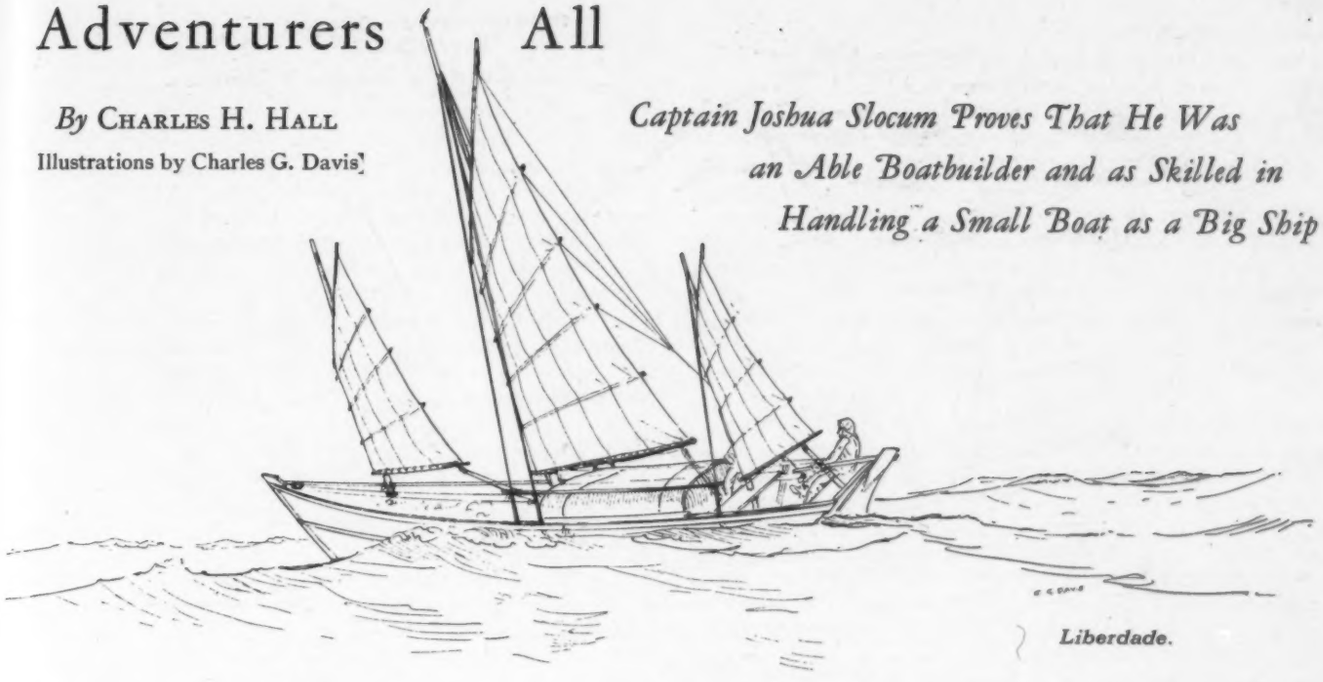
So off came the dock lines. *Trinket* was pushed clear of the obstructing pilings. Once clear, the main sheet was taken in, the jib was hoisted and after hanging with her head to the wind for a moment she slowly fell off and the sails filled. A cheer from the crowd on the dock, a tootling of whistles from other craft nearby, an increasing wind as we moved away from the lee of the dock buildings, and *Trinket* was under full sail for the first time. Sail, Ho!

Adventurers All

By CHARLES H. HALL

Illustrations by Charles G. Davis

Captain Joshua Slocum Proves That He Was an Able Boatbuilder and as Skilled in Handling a Small Boat as a Big Ship



Liberdade.

ASK any American yachtsman to name the best known deep water sailorman, the one who has had the greatest influence in promoting long ocean voyages in small craft, and he will tell you of the famous Joshua Slocum and his circumnavigation of the globe in the sloop *Spray*. This is, no doubt, a feat of single-handed daring whose renown will endure as long as English speaking people have to do with salt water. But how many remember that this iron-willed old salt made a voyage of thousands of miles in a home-made craft several years before he sailed from Fairhaven in the *Spray?* Few, perhaps, for the once famous voyage of the *Liberdade* is now well nigh forgotten and the captain's slim little book describing his experiences on the run from Paranagua to Cape Romain has long been out of print. Now and then a copy turns up in a second-hand bookstore, to be snatched up by some discriminating sea lover and added to his treasures.

In February, 1886, the American bark *Aquidneck*, 326 tons register, hailing from Baltimore, sailed from New York for Montevideo, loaded with case oil. For the next twenty-two months she traded up and down the east coast of South America, the master contending with mutiny, smallpox and the stupidity of pilots and shore officials in out of the way ports, to say nothing of the vicissitudes of wind and weather. Christmas of 1887 was spent near Paranagua, Brazil, where the bark was loaded soon after. Getting under way, she proceeded across the bay when, as the captain describes it, "Currents and wind caught her foul, near a dangerous sand bar, she misstayed and went on the ground. The anchor was let go to club her. It wouldn't hold in the treacherous sands; so she dragged and stranded broadside on, where open to the sea, a strong swell came in that raked her fore and aft, for three days, the waves dashing over her groaning hull the while till at last her back was broke and — why not add 'heart' as well — for she lay now undone. After twenty-five years of good service the *Aquidneck* here ended her days!"

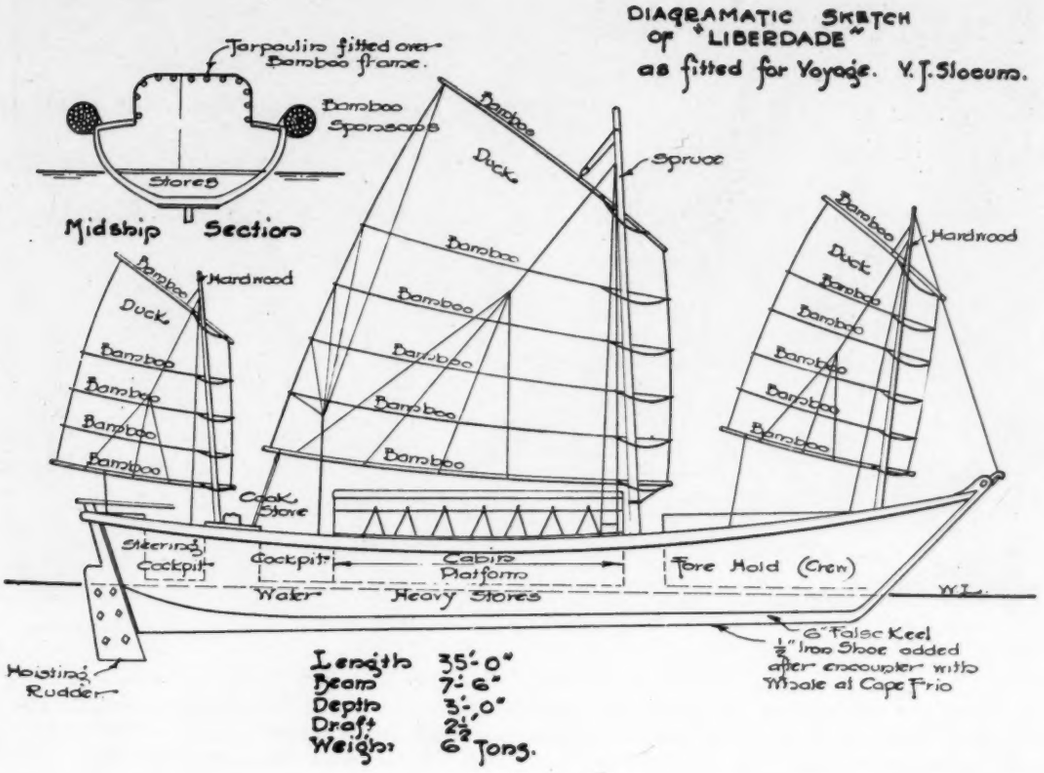
Though the bark was a total loss the lives of all on board were saved. The wreck was sold and finally floated off some time after the blow ended. There was no insurance, the vessel being carried as "Owner's risk," always the worst form, as any underwriter will testify.

The crew shipped for Montevideo but Slocum had to get himself and his family home — and few vessels came to the little Brazilian port. According to his book, he then proceeded to build a boat for the voyage home. But Victor Slocum, his son, who was mate of the *Aquidneck*, says that the *Liberdade* had been under construction for some time on the main deck of the *Aquidneck*, as a tender to be used in loading the lumber, Chips and the captain both having worked on her. She was unfinished at the time of the wreck and had to be hoisted out, transferred to shore and completed. The outfit of tools was meager, consisting of an axe, an adze, two saws, a file and three augers. A square was made and a couple of bamboo splints served as a compass. Charcoal was substituted for chalk for laying out the work. For holes larger than three-fourths of an inch, a piece of jackstay iron was heated and the holes burned to the size wanted.

Native woods were used, many of them with jaw breaking names such as *arregebah*, *guanandee* and *batetenandinglastampai*, but ironwood, cedar and mahogany were more familiar. The fastenings were gathered in various places, some from the bulwarks of the bark, some from the hinges of doors and skylights, while some were cast from the metal sheathing. Pure copper nails were also procured from the natives. These were paid for with copper coins, and coins, with holes punched in them, were used for burrs. Eyebolts from the spanker boom served in the new boat and a few carriage bolts, bought ashore, were used for long fastenings.

The new boat was 35 feet over all, 7 feet 6 inches beam and 3 feet deep. Her model was somewhat like that of the Cape Ann dory with a touch of the Japanese sampan, and her rig was that of the Chinese sampan, three masts with batten lugs. She was planked on the bottom with 1¼ inch by 10 inch ironwood and her sides were cedar. Besides the metal fastenings, treenails were used to secure the planking, while bark lashings were used in framing the cabin which was built over a bamboo skeleton.

Mrs. Slocum made the sails, her sewing machine having been saved, while seven-year-old Garfield held the



'dolly" for clinching fastenings and gave endless advice about the coming voyage. Ground tackle was a problem. An anchor was made of heavy wood, and then a rancher turned up with a boat anchor. This his slaves had utilized as a pot hook and Slocum traded the sewing machine for it. Ninety fathoms of native cable, twisted up from vines, was bought for five dollars.

Then came the delicate process of getting papers for the new boat. No Brazilian would believe that she could make the long voyage to the United States, but at last she was granted a fishing license and was fitted out ostensibly as a fisherman. The document gave permission "To catch fish inside and outside of the bar." When asked how far outside of the bar this paper might serve, a shrug of the shoulders was the answer.

Sea stores were now taken in and stowed, the heavy goods amidships and the lighter ones outboard and in the ends. Over the top of the midships stores a floor was laid which gave four feet headroom under the cabin top. The supplies included 120 lbs. of sea biscuit, 25 lbs. flour, 30 lbs. sugar, 9 lbs. coffee, 3 lbs. tea, 20 lbs. of pork, 100 lbs. dried beef, 20 lbs. of dried codfish, 2 bottles of honey, 200 oranges, 6 bunches of bananas, a small basket of yams, a dozen sticks of sugar cane and 120 gallons of water. The medicine chest contained brazil nuts, pepper, cinnamon and salt and the outfit of arms comprised a musket, a carbine (which had done good service in the mutiny on the *Aquidneck*) with ammunition, and three cutlasses. The most important of the stores, particularly the flour, bread and coffee, were in sealed tins.

Turning a deaf ear to the hints of the local administrator that a boat be built, or at least an old wreck repaired, for him Slocum, after sailing about the bay for a few days on a "shaking down cruise," crossed the bar on the twenty-fourth of June and headed out to sea. Six vessels lay inside the bar, their pilots thinking it too rough to venture out. These same pilots stood on the point as the *Liberdade* passed, crossing themselves piously and shouting that the bar was *crudo*. But the little craft stood on out into a sou'wester that was the remains of a *pampero* which brought a heavy sea rolling in to break thundering on the bar. Once outside, an offing was gained, as it was breaking in ten fathoms, and the *Liberdade* headed up the coast. In twenty-four hours after crossing Paranagua bar, she was up with Santos Heads, 150 miles along her course. As she rounded the Heads, a terrific squall burst down through a gully in the rugged coast lines, tearing the little boat's sails, and she went into Santos under bare poles.

Here the steamer *Finance*, of the old Brazil Mail Line, was at anchor and her master, Baker, was an old friend. Mrs. Slocum and Garfield shifted to the steamer and a towline was passed to the *Liberdade*. At the end of 90 fathoms of heavy line, the passage to Rio was made at the speed of 13 knots. For 20 hours the iron old man stood at the helm, Victor being forward with an axe to cut the line if she should take a dangerous sheer. From time to time oil was poured overboard from the *Finance*. While this cut down the spray and eased the motion, Slocum and the boat were covered with it. It was a wild trip. Slocum was bound not to cut the line that towed him so well and he knew that Baker would not let go for it was the steamer's line.

After a month or so at Rio, the fishing license was exchanged for a *Passe Especial* "with a seal as big as a soup plate" and, with a clean bill of health, the *Liberdade* put out again on July 23rd. Meeting light head winds, she made little progress and that night anchored some 20 miles east of Rio Heads, near shore. She was under way again at daylight and found once more that the wind was ahead and light. Next day she anchored off Cape Frio, 70 miles from Rio. Here a landing was made and an anchor lost, and all hands were startled by the visit of a huge whale that circled the boat several times and rubbed his back on her keel.

Cape Frio was left on the thirtieth with a fresh wind that hurried the boat on her way under shortened sail.

Cape St. Thome was weathered, and sheets were eased for the run to the northward. The day's run was 180 miles, tremendous going for a 35-footer! The next day the southeast Trades were found and the *Liberdade* slipped ahead rapidly. And so she coasted along, once anchoring in black darkness under the lee of extensive reefs, at another time carrying sail to get off a lee shore and suddenly finding smooth water, her astonished crew discovering at daylight that she was in a maze of reefs with high seas breaking over them as far as the eye could see. A call was made at the village of Caravellas and another at St. Paulo, 30 miles south of Bahia.

Early on August 12th Bahia was entered, where many friends were met and here the *Liberdade* was refitted, her bottom was sheathed to keep out the teredo and an iron shoe was added to her keel. Necessary provisions were secured and the crew refreshed by a run ashore.

The next leg of the voyage took the ship to Pernambuco and was along a stretch of coast that lay in the Trades. The Captain and Victor stood watch and watch, four hours on and four off. The watch below turned in with a line fast around an arm or a leg, the other end leading aft so that the man at the wheel could give a pull in case of need. (One night the captain pulled on the line and brought out only a sea boot.) A code of signals was arranged: "Three pulls, for instance, meant 'Turn out,' one in response, 'Aye, aye, I am awake, and what is wanted?' One pull in return signified that it was eight bells, and so on. But three quick jerks meant 'Tumble out and shorten sail.'" There was also a signal for flying fish on board to be gathered in whenever they landed on deck.

The captain mentions what other small boat navigators have observed, the difficulty of keeping awake at night in fine weather. Watching the swinging compass seems to have a hypnotic effect, which warm air and a steady breeze apparently augment. Even in daylight they would have to fight against drowsiness when at the helm. And, standing watch and watch, they were probably always a little behind on their sleep. Slocum says of himself: "I had never to be called, having thoughts of the voyage and its safe completion on my mind to keep me always on the alert. I can truly say that I never, on the voyage, slept so sound as to forget where I was, but whenever I fell into a doze at all it would be to dream of the boat and the voyage."

A few days out from Bahia the *Finance* was spoken and Captain Baker passed aboard a bag of fresh potatoes, some other fresh provisions, as well as late papers and some books. Good wishes were exchanged and the contact made a pleasant break in the routine of the passage. The potatoes, fresh from home, were much appreciated by the seafarers.

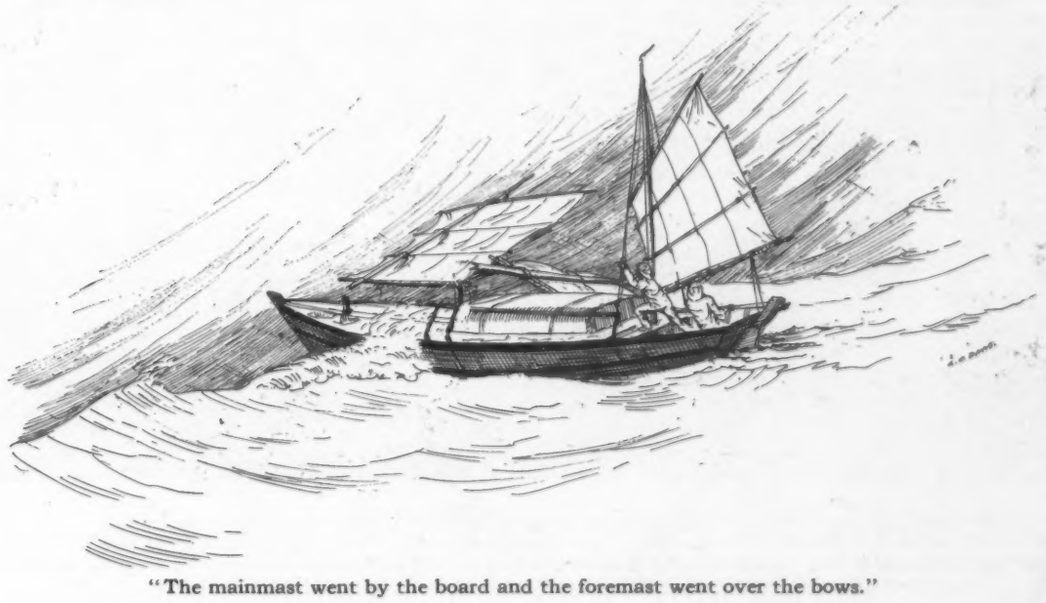
Pernambuco was reached on the seventh day after leaving Bahia and the *Liberdade* tore along in the lee of the coral wall which makes the harbor. Slocum had often visited it and the little ship raced into port before the Trades, making fast in a snug berth at 8.00 P.M. Next morning came the official visit from the port officers. The distance from Bahia was 390 miles and the time was seven days.

Here again old friends were met, among them being a merchant who had shipped more than one valuable cargo in Slocum's vessel. The *Liberdade* could not carry his goods but fruits from his orchard were as welcome as was his hospitality.

From Pernambuco the next jump was a long one, round Cape San Roque, the eastern tip of South America, and thence in a more or less direct line for Barbados, a run of 2,150 miles. A strong current favored the ship for the first part of the passage, as it hinders vessels bound to the southward which happen to "fall to leeward of the Cape" by entering the Trades too far to the westward. But this current was joined with a confused cross sea at times which kept the crew of the *Liberdade* wet and uncomfortable. The weather was none too good, either, for if one day was fine, three stormy ones would follow. But the gales were fair and the boat traveled along at a good pace, her average day's run being 113 miles for the entire distance to Barbados.

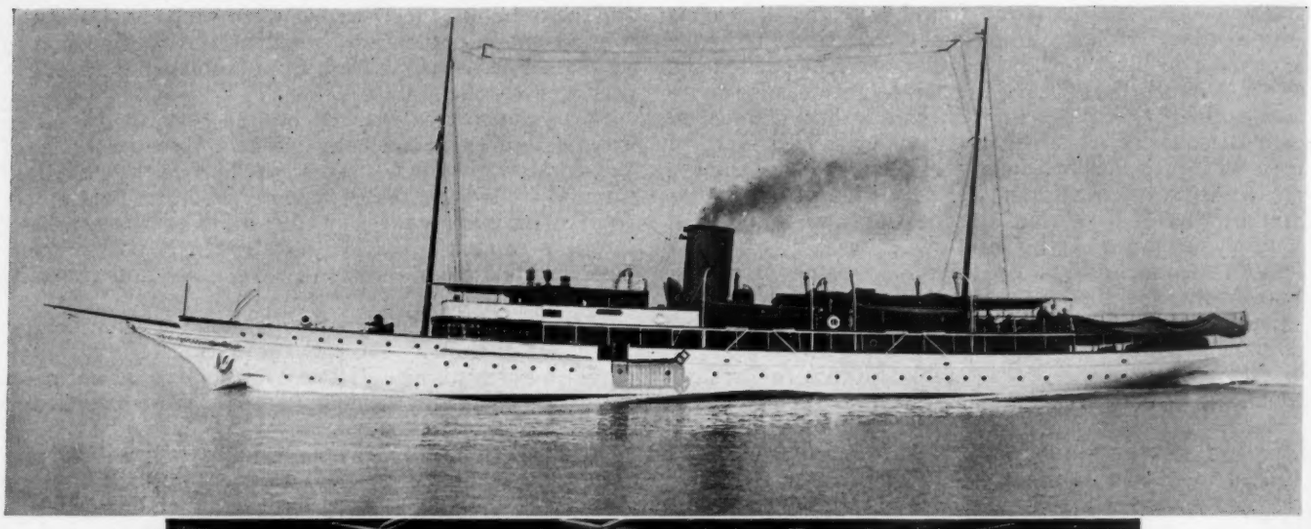
But it was not all plain sailing. One night, when coasting along about half-way between Cape St. Roque and the mouth of the Amazon, the voyagers had an exciting time. Let the captain tell it: "The wind, which had been blowing hard for two days, from E.S.E., and raising lively waves all about, increased to a gale that knocked up seas, washing over the little craft more than ever. The thing was becoming monotonous and tiresome; for a change, therefore, I ran in toward the land, so as to avoid the ugly cross seas further out in the current. This course was a mistaken one; we had not sailed

(*Continued on page 120*)



"The mainmast went by the board and the foremast went over the bows."

Nakhoda, A Large Modern Diesel Yacht

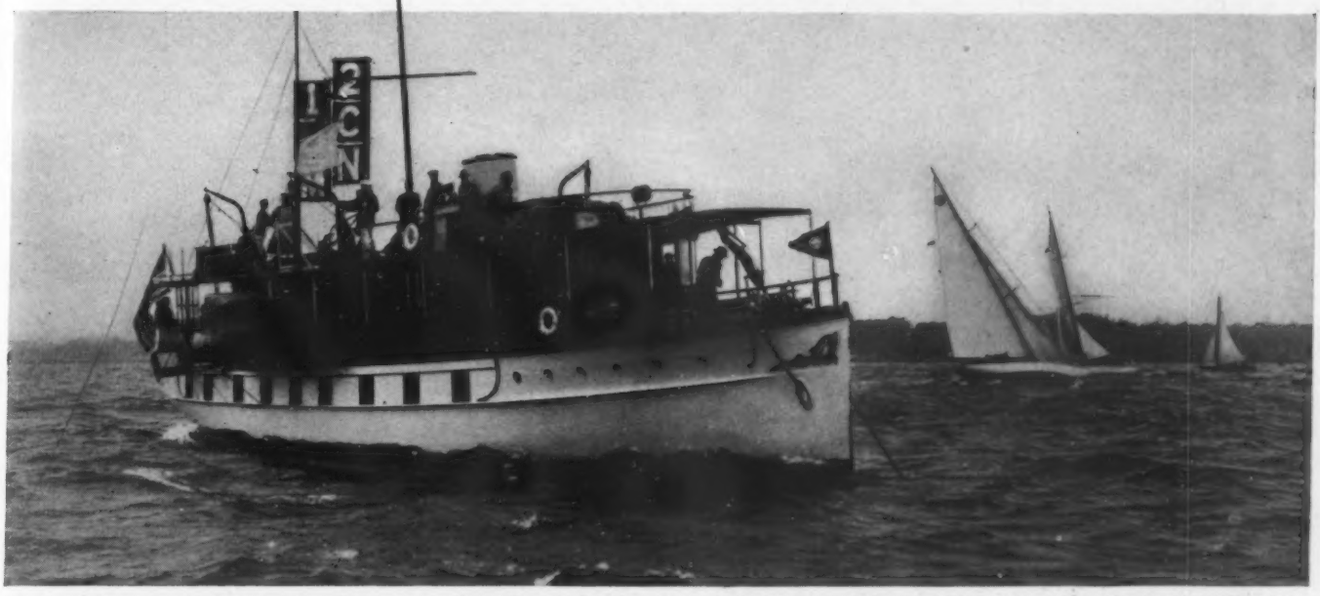


Photos by E. Levick

With graceful clipper bow, delicate transom stern and pleasing sweep of sheer, *Nakhoda* is a fine example of a large American Diesel yacht. Owned by Frederick J. Fisher, of Detroit, *Nakhoda* is from designs by Cox & Stevens and F. J. Wells, Inc. In her 234 feet of length, the spacious deckhouse is long enough to accommodate the living and owner's personal quarters, as the reproductions show. Two Winton Diesel motors furnish the power and drive the yacht at 16 knots.

A New System of Starting Yacht Races

By E. A. Hodge



Trying out a new system for signaling courses from Frank C. Munson's committee boat *Ranora II*, at American Yacht Club Regatta. A loud speaker for recalling early starters was also tried.

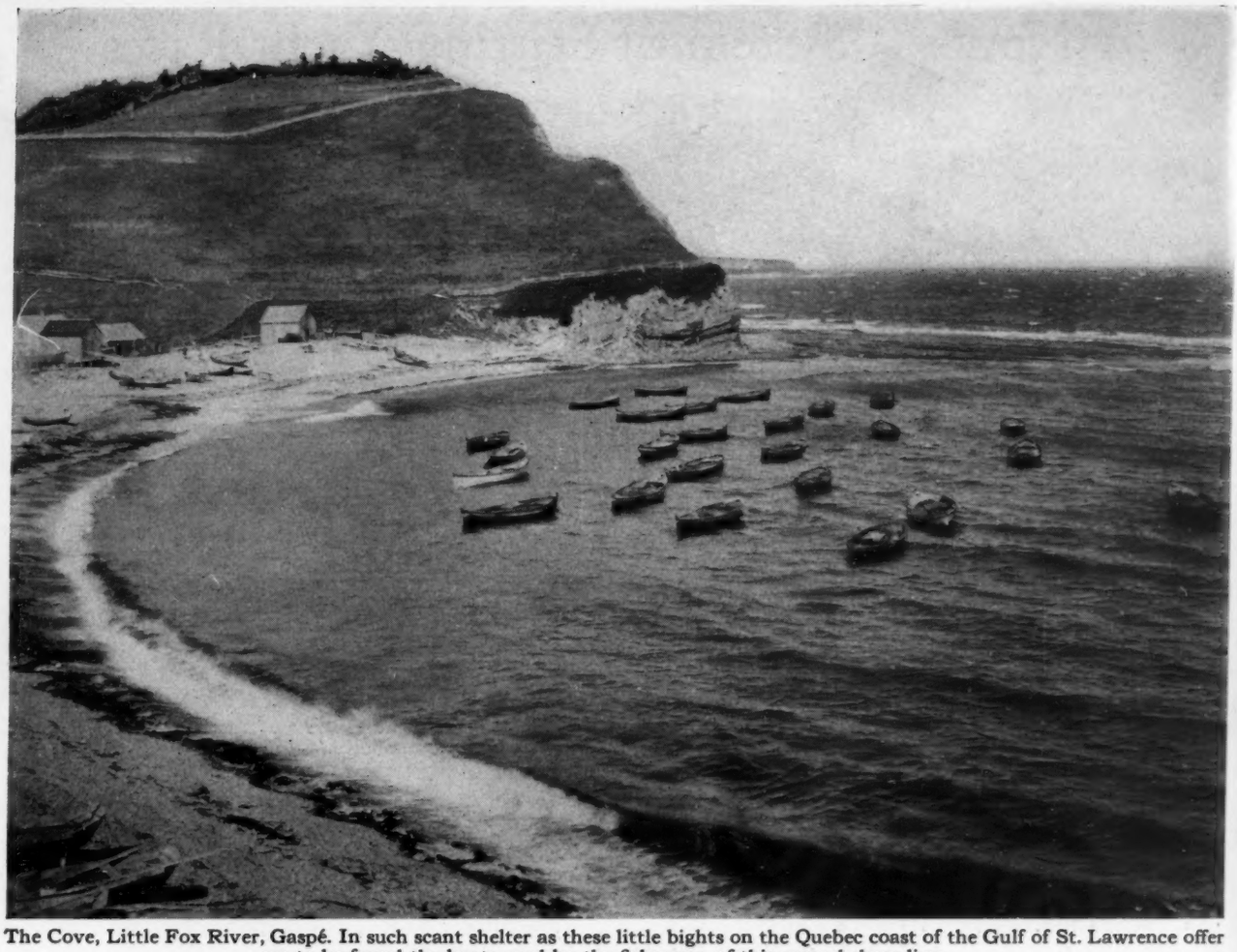
THE monotony of racing over the same courses from certain starting points during a season has for some time been irksome to many of the skippers and crews at the western end of Long Island Sound. In the opening regatta of May 24th, the American Yacht Club, through its Race Committee, demonstrated that there is little need to continue the time-honored tradition of determining a set of courses a week or ten days in advance of a regatta and then compelling the contestants to sail courses thus laid out, regardless of the direction of the wind. In working out its plan the Race Committee had as its primary object, of course, the optional selection of such courses as could be sailed to the best advantage with the wind prevailing immediately before the start of each division, or group of racing classes.

However, it was found that this objective was dependent on presenting the whole system to the racing yachtsman in such form that it could not possibly be misunderstood. To this end, the Race Committee started from scratch and made up a completely new type of circular, even to the quality of paper and the manner in which it was folded. This was done to prevent the possibility of tearing in handling the circular and to lend rigidity so that when folded lengthwise all of the time signals, classes and divisions could be seen at a glance. By opening out the folder to its full size a government chart could be used without reducing its dimensions. Before the charts were printed a set of courses was plotted for each wind; and several weeks before the opening regatta every buoy that was to be used as a mark of the course was inspected to make sure that there had been no changes as to location, number, type and color. At the same time, the offshore wind variations at these marks were noted and consideration given to them in plotting the 60-odd triangles which are available for racing when using the buoys east of Parsonage Point. The circular was printed in three colors with the object of making it simpler to understand.

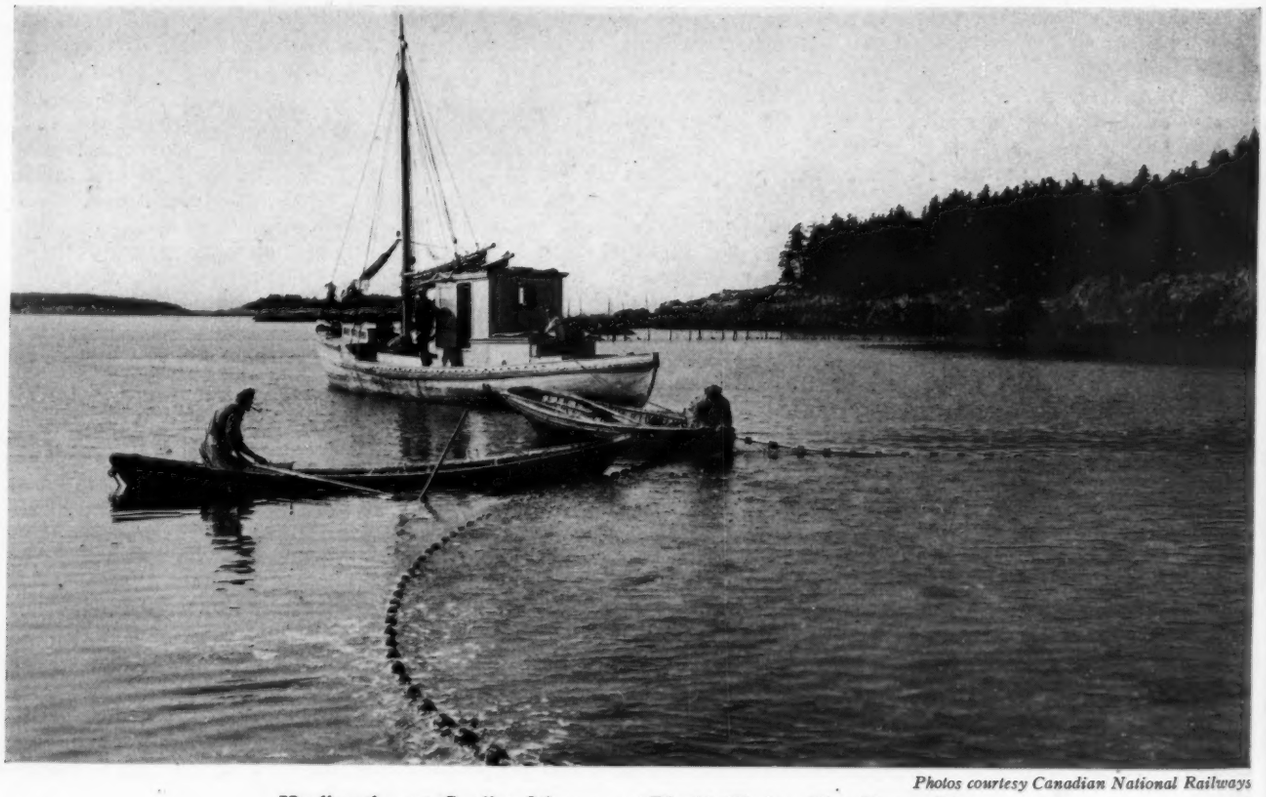
Early in its plans the Race Committee was aware of a certain skepticism on the part of some skippers, particularly in the larger classes, who felt that the committee boat might hoist small signals which would require a close approach in order to be distinguished. The Race Committee, however, had constructed a vertical frame 9 feet in height, having an equal-sided triangular section built up of laminated board and spruce rods fastened together. Secured on these frames were signal banners of black canvas 10 feet long and 3 feet high, each having three duplicate letters 30 inches in height and 26 inches in width. These banners, when wrapped around the frames and hoisted aloft, were visible from any approach to the committee boat. The top banner indicated the division number, the middle banner the first mark, and the lower banner the second mark. The design of these frames and fittings was such that one set of banners could be removed and another set replaced in 37 seconds, giving ample time within which to set signals.

As the race in which this system was tried turned out, each class reported an excellent beat to windward. And it is interesting to note that only 38 minutes elapsed between the first and last boat which crossed the finish line, 84 yachts taking part.

For recalling yachts that might cross before the starting gun, a Western Electric public address system was installed on Frank C. Munson's yacht *Ranora III*, which served as committee boat. Two loud speakers with the necessary amplifying apparatus were furnished through the courtesy of that company and were pointed directly across the starting line. In starting the first division, a New York Yacht Club 40-footer was recalled by the loud speaker without the use of the usual recall signal and whistle, yet when the Six-Metre Class started at the windward end of the line, about 100 yards from the committee boat, three of them got away ahead of the gun and could not be recalled. There are few devices that will penetrate the sound of a dozen flapping leaches as they crack and snap in a 30-knot easterly.



The Cove, Little Fox River, Gaspé. In such scant shelter as these little bights on the Quebec coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence offer are to be found the boats used by the fishermen of this rugged shore line.



Photos courtesy Canadian National Railways

Hauling the net. Sardine fishermen at Black's Harbor, New Brunswick.

The 46-foot ketch *Carlsark* which has recently completed a passage that took her from Ithaca, New York, to Ithaca, Greece.

Carlsark Returns

ON May 30th, the 46-foot ketch *Carlsark* sailed into her home port on Little Neck Bay and dropped her hook off the Bayside Yacht Club, successfully completing a voyage of nearly a year, which took her from Ithaca, New York, to Ithaca, Greece, and back to New York, in charge of her owner, Carl Weagant, and with a crew made up during most of the voyage of Cornell students or graduates.

The first stages of this long voyage and the outward Atlantic passage were described in YACHTING some months ago (December, 1929, and January, 1930), but until *Carlsark* poked her nose in past Sandy Hook on the return voyage the wanderings of the little boat were unheralded save for some brief press reference to her arrival at some foreign port.

Carlsark, it will be remembered, first arrived in this country from Germany in 1923, when she was sailed across the Atlantic by four Austrians, who had built her on the shores of Lake Constance, after the war, and shipped her to Hamburg, whence they sailed for the United States. She was then named *Sowitasgoht*, which, translated, means "As far as she'll go." And she has gone quite a distance, we'll say. She is 46 feet in length over all, 32½ feet on the water, with 10 feet 3 inches beam, 5 feet 3 inches draft, and has 718 sq. ft. of sail.

On June 20, 1929, *Carlsark* sailed from Ithaca, on Lake Cayuga, and proceeded by canal under power, with her Fay & Bowen engine, to Lake Ontario, and then down the St. Lawrence River, across the Gulf of that name to Sydney, Cape Breton Island. It took a month to complete this portion of the voyage. Leaving Sydney July 22nd, the run to the Azores was made in the fast time of twelve days. Between the Azores and the coast of Spain stray head winds made the passage a slow one, and it took sixteen days for *Carlsark* to make Cadiz. After passing through the Straits of Gibraltar several months were spent in the Mediterranean, touching at many of the French and Italian ports and going as far east as Ithaca, Greece, the objective.

On the return voyage, made during the winter and early spring, *Carlsark's* skipper took the southern route. From Gibraltar he headed southeast for Teneriffe, Canary Islands, and from there set a course through the northeast Trades for San Salvador, in the Bahamas, where Columbus is supposed to have made his landfall on his first voyage. This was the largest single leg of the voyage, the passage to Nassau taking fifty-one days, though the landfall at San Salvador was made on the forty-ninth day. On this long passage the mizzenmast carried away some distance below the masthead due to dry rot which developed during the long stay in the Mediterranean. On the part still standing a jury rig was fitted and under this *Carlsark* came into Nassau, where a new mizzen was fitted and the boat was hauled out and had her bottom cleaned. This, in part, accounted for her long passage.

From Nassau, *Carlsark* sailed for Beaufort, N. C., came through Ocracoke Inlet into Pamlico Sound and proceeded inside to Norfolk. From here, with a fine nor'wester abaft the beam, she made a fast run up to reach New York, arriving in time for the opening day ceremonies at the Bayside Yacht Club, which had been her skipper's objective, and hope, since the beginning of her voyage, thus completing a noteworthy voyage which was not only well planned but exceedingly well executed by her 21-year-old owner and youthful crew.

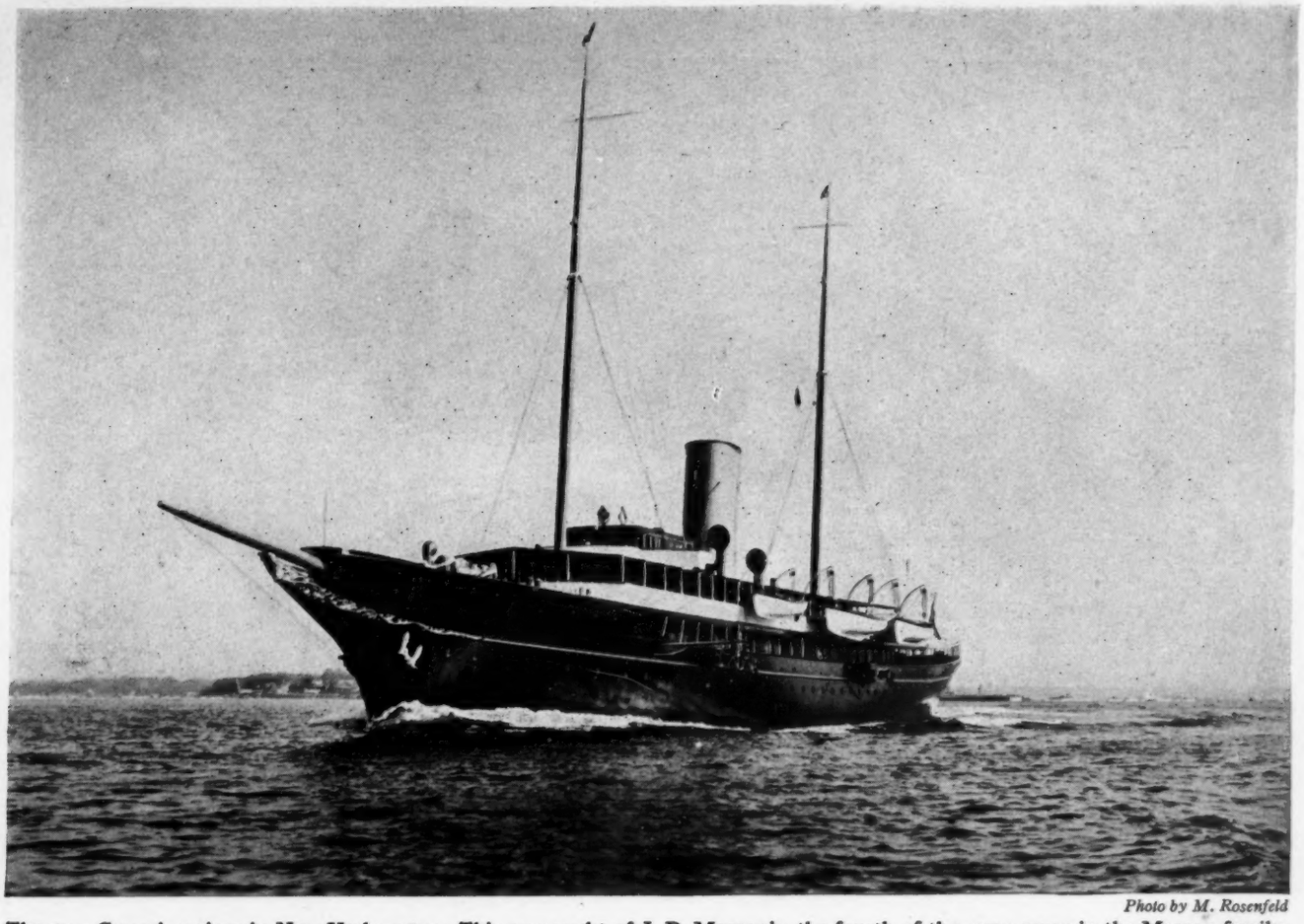


Photo by M. Rosenfeld

The new *Corsair* arrives in New York waters. This new yacht of J. P. Morgan's, the fourth of the same name in the Morgan family, replaces her famous namesake built in 1899. Designed by H. J. Gielow, Inc., and built at the Bath Iron Works, *Corsair* is 343 feet in length, making her one of the largest American-built yachts. She has two steam turbines and electric drive.

The Month in Yachting

Chicago's Racing Fleet Gets Under Way

WITH the firing of the gun at noon on May 30th by Judge Charles E. Kremer, the sailing season was officially opened at the Chicago Yacht Club anchorage in Belmont Harbor, on Lake Michigan. This is the thirtieth consecutive year that Judge Kremer has pulled the lanyard signaling the mast-heading of colors and the start of another sailing season, and before another year has rolled around it is expected that he will give the same signal from the new clubhouse at the foot of Monroe Street.

The "R's" are going strong this season and closely contested racing is looked for all summer. Most of the fleet have been making changes in rig which each owner expects will give him a few seconds' edge on the others, the alterations all making for a higher rig. There are a number of forestays replaced by a rig aloft which seems to be working well, and permanent backstays are in evidence. *Menace IV*, ex-*Gypsy*, of Marblehead, has been brought to Chicago by Colvin and is skippered by Bill Faurot. Every "R" boat skipper in the fleet is looking forward to trying to work to weather of her. Clark Wright has chartered Faurot's *Fantome* and expects to have a lot of fun trying to put her in first place — once in a while.

The Eagle fleet is out to demonstrate the superiority of the particular notion which each has featured — one a special brand of pot-lead bottom paint, another a larger cockpit, etc. — and closely contested racing is already under way. The Pup class has been pulled together by Doc Wakefield and is staging fine races, not only on the course as scheduled, but also during informal brushes when any two or three get out. The two-stickers are being tuned up for the longer races such as the Mackinac event, and cruises, and are breaking out canvas that is apparently intended to give them a chance to admire the other fellow's bows while reading their own logs.

The first two races of the season were sailed in light, fluky winds with the three classes — "R's," Eagles, and Pups — well represented considering the disagreeable weather which has been the rule over week-ends this spring.

In preparation for the first sailing season after the new clubhouse is opened a lot of quiet work is being done toward a class — or maybe two — of big sloops.

The Outboard Invades the Collegiate Field

IF the success of the first Eastern Championship Regatta held at Lake Skaneateles in Central New York on May 16th and 17th is a criterion, then outboard motorboat racing as an intercollegiate sport has come to stay. Twenty-six drivers representing thirteen colleges and universities competed in the two-day program which closed with Colgate, whose Outing Club sponsored the experiment, taking first honors with 8,290 points.

Syracuse was second with 7,109 and Dartmouth, with only one boat and driver, took third place with 4,934. The Welt brothers, James and Howard, took fourth for St. Lawrence with 3,688. The other scores were: Cornell, 2,355; Toledo, 2,125; Hobart, 1,946; Princeton, 1,622; Brown, 1,450; St. John's (Brooklyn), 1,158; Rensselaer, 1,034; New York U., 995; Cortland Normal, 0.

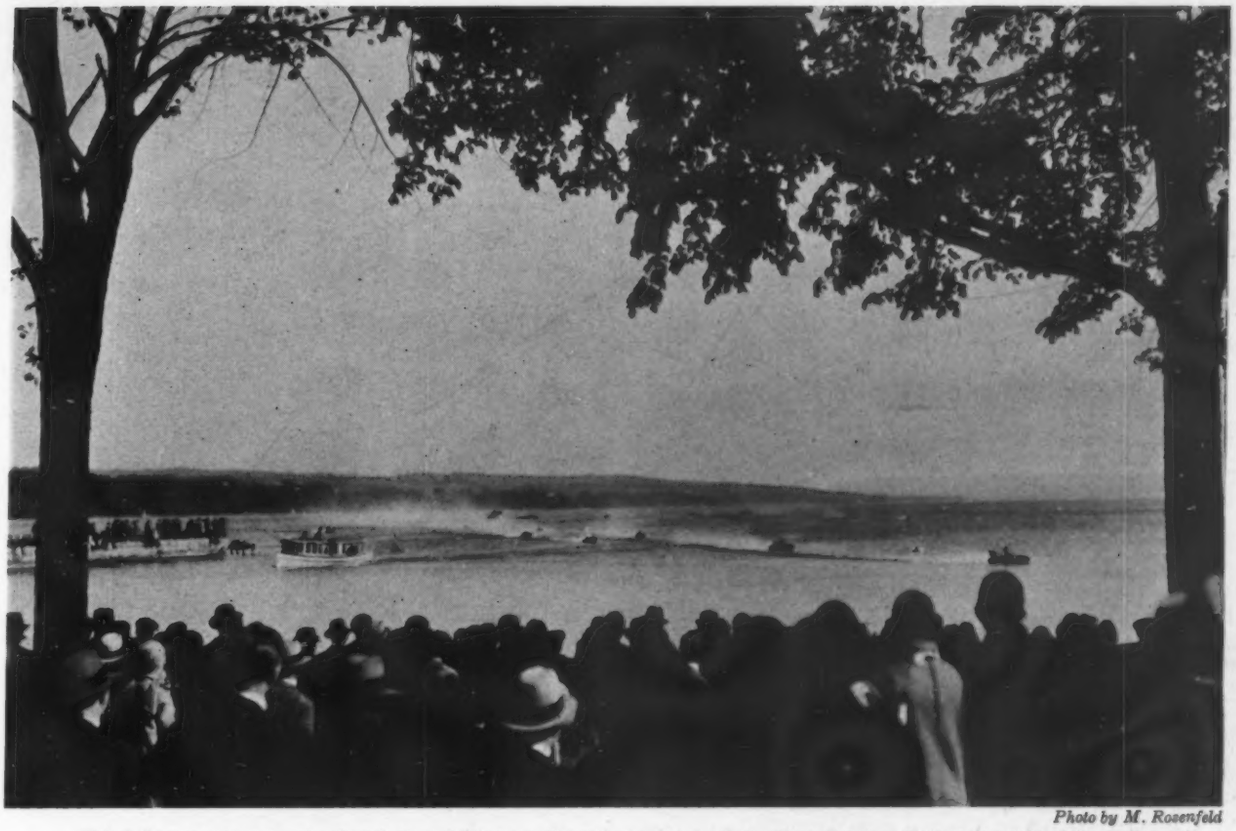


Photo by M. Rosenfeld

Rounding the turn in the first intercollegiate outboard regatta on Lake Skaneateles. Colgate took first honors.

Bill Crawford, of New York City, a freshman at Colgate, won the Chris-Craft trophy for high individual score with 5,368 points. He was closely pressed by Stuart Nunnelly, of Syracuse, who had 5,085. Jack Hamel, Dartmouth's one-man team, was third. Races in which these three youthful fliers figured provided the high spots of the regatta and Nunnelly added lustre to his brilliant performances by establishing a new American record for novice drivers in Class D. In the first heat of this event, Nunnelly, son of the Detroit Outboard Club commodore, traveled two laps of the 2½-mile course at a speed of 41.63 miles per hour, shattering the mark of 39.82 m.p.h. made by Francis Wilber at Oakland, Calif., on January 1st.

Officials of the National Outboard Association and American Power Boat Association who handled the racing, were lavish in their praise of the skill and sportsmanship of the college outboard drivers. The magazine "College Humor" gave gold cups for first prizes, the Johnson Motor Company silver trophies for second and the Colgate Outing Club provided silver plaques for third.

The summaries:

Class B, Division 1 — won by James Doran, of Brown, driving a Baby Whale.

Class B, Division 2 — won by William Crawford, of Colgate, driving a Ludington.

Class C, Division 1 — won by Stuart Nunnelly, of Syracuse, driving a Brobeil.

Class C, Division 2 — won by William Crawford, of Colgate, driving a Penn Yan.

Class D, Division 1 — won by Spaulding Fontaine, of Hobart, driving a Faybow.

Class D, Division 2 — won by Jack Hamel, of Dartmouth, driving a Boyd-Martin.

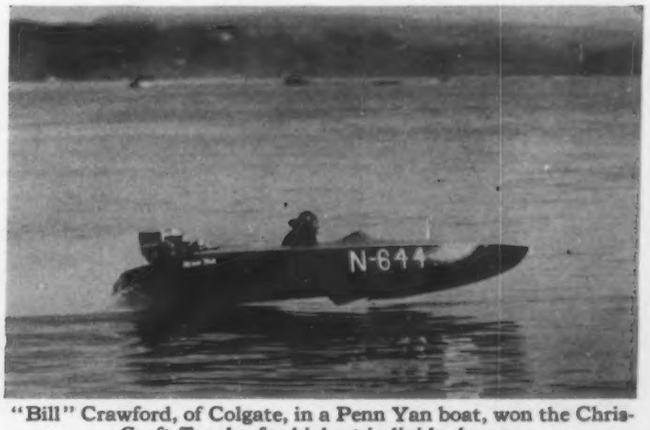
Free-for-all, Division 1 — won by Stuart Nunnelly, of Syracuse, driving a Brobeil.

Free-for-all, Division 2 — won by Jack Hamel, of Dartmouth, driving a Boyd-Martin.

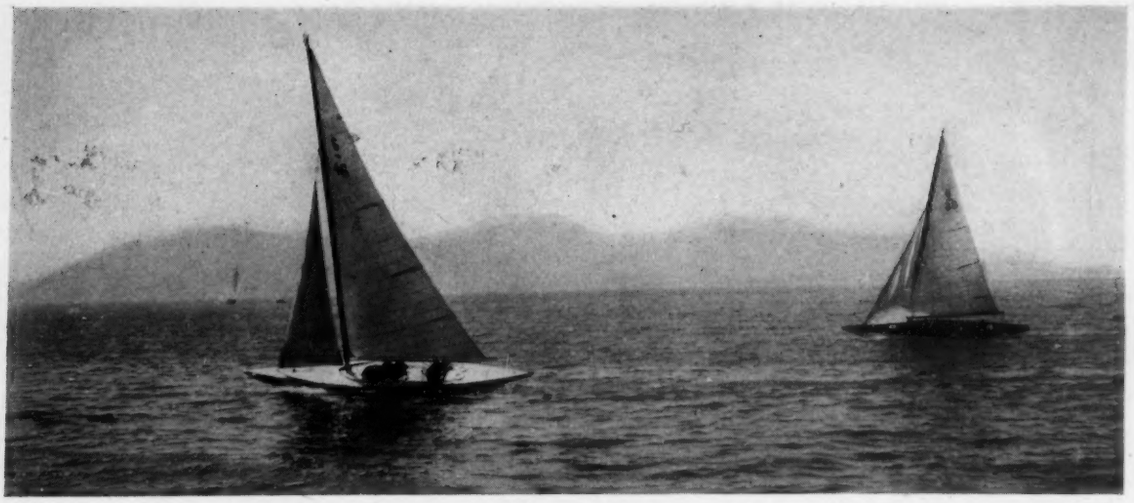
West Coast "Sixes" Battle For Perpetual Trophy

ONE of the premier sailing classics of the West Coast is the annual tussle for possession of the San Francisco Perpetual Challenge Trophy. Since 1922 this trophy has remained in the possession of the Corinthian Yacht Club of San Francisco. This

Stuart Nunnelly, of Syracuse, driving *Deke,* took second honors for his college and second on individual points.



"Bill" Crawford, of Colgate, in a Penn Yan boat, won the Chris-Craft Trophy for highest individual score.



Getting away to a good start in the Perpetual Challenge Trophy race on San Francisco Bay. Arthur Rousseau's *Maybe* (at right) beat the Los Angeles entry *Caprice* by 49 seconds.

year's event was sailed over the channel course, with Commodore Arthur F. Rousseau at the helm of his fleet Six-Metre *Maybe*, the defender, the challenger — also a Six-Metre boat — being the newly-built *Caprice*, flying the colors of the California Yacht Club of Los Angles and skippered by Tommy Lee.

From the outset it looked like anybody's race, and although *Maybe* was never headed nor was her position seriously in danger at any time, *Caprice* was a constant threat. Never were the two sloops separated by more than one minute, 15 seconds, the average margin being considerably under one minute. Romping down the home stretch on the run from Presidio Shoal buoy, Rousseau brought *Maybe* over the line 49 seconds ahead of the challenger. Racing conditions were ideal, with a 15-mile breeze fanning up the channel, at times freshening to 18 or 20 miles.

This year's event was more closely contested than any since *Rascal* defeated *Francesca* in 1922. The first Perpetual Challenge Trophy race was sailed in 1895 when *El Sueno* of the Encinal Y. C. outran *Queen* of the San Francisco club.

Caprice is a new boat, being especially designed for San Francisco Bay weather conditions. Her lines were laid down by Nicholas Potter of Los Angeles. Rousseau has sailed *Maybe* to victory many times, the more recent notches on his gun having been accummulated when he annexed the Lipton Trophy at Santa Barbara last August, and again in March of this year when she won initial honors in her class at the National Mid-winter Regatta at San Pedro.

TOM WHITE.

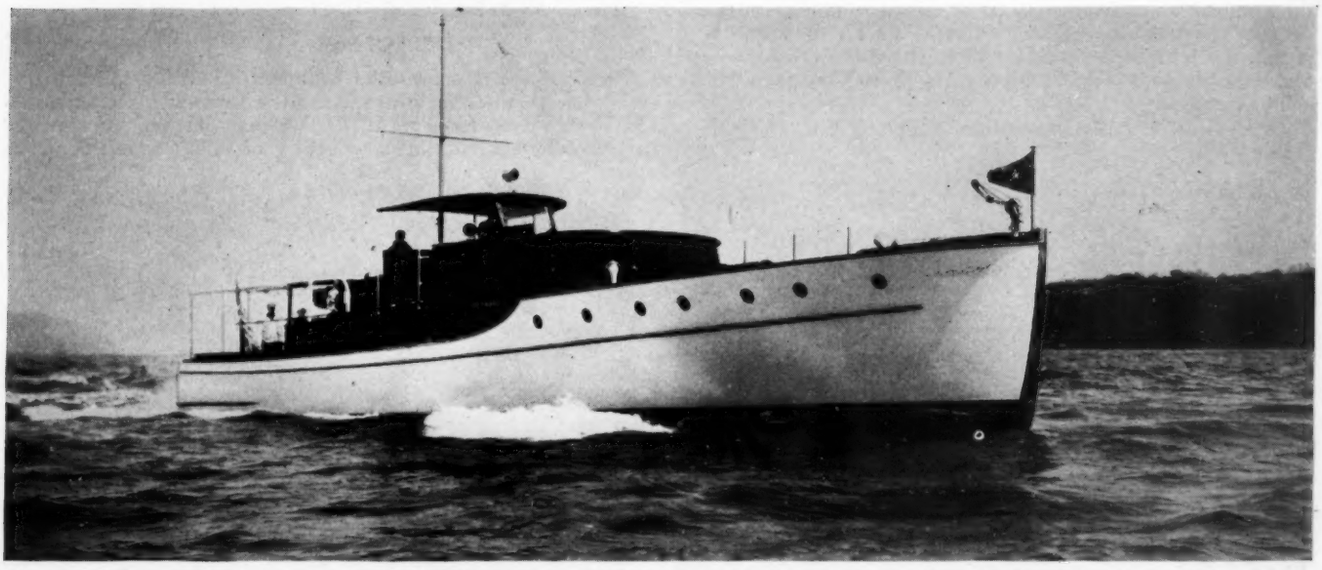
Ten Outboard Records at Worcester

TEN outboard speed records for 1930 were established at the sanctioned regatta at Worcester, Mass., May 29th–31st. The meet was held under the outboard rules as just changed, permitting national records in the new non-trade Division 3. The new marks follow:

Class & Div.	*Driver*	*Motor*	*Hull*	*M.P.H.*
	ONE-MILE TIME TRIALS			
A-1	Bertram Steacie	Lockwood	Century	27.622
A-2	Norman Kalat	Lockwood	Whale	27.135
B-1	E. A. Spencer	Johnson	Home made	39.217
C-1	Hilda Mueller	Evinrude	Century	38.528
C-2	Mildred Hickey	Johnson	Whale	42.200
D-1	Theodore Thompson	Johnson	Penn Yan	42.947
D-3	Ross Maddocks	Johnson	Whale	45.973
F-3	Ross Maddocks	Evinrude	Ludington	47.876
	FIVE-MILE RACES			
A-2	Norman Kalat	Lockwood	Whale	25.824
B-1	E. A. Spencer	Johnson	Home made	37.627

The five-mile record for the Class A motor (14 cubic inches displacement) is fractionally better than the best last year, when there was no minimum requirement of hull weight and strength.

THURBER CUSHING.



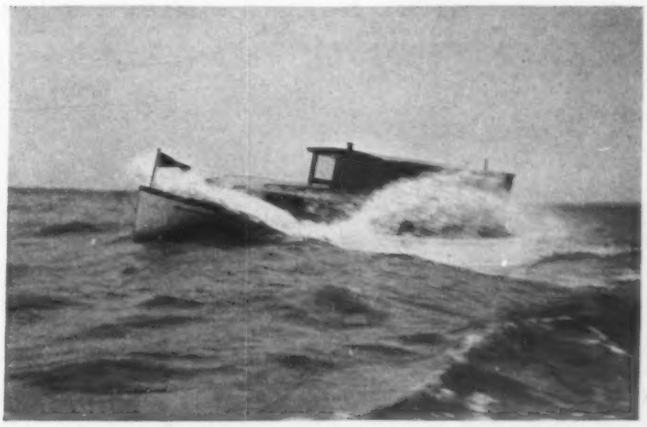
***Reynard*, a new 75-foot commuter owned by Thomas Lamont. Designed and built by the Consolidated Shipbuilding Corp., *Reynard* did nearly 27 m.p.h. on her trials. She has two 300 h.p. Speedways for power.**

Finish of the long run from North Tonawanda, N. Y., to New York City, in which eleven Richardson Cruisabouts of the same model participated. This is the longest cruise ever made by as large a fleet of boats of identical design.

The Cruise of the Cruisabouts

SOMETHING out of the ordinary in cruises was successfully completed in May, when eleven little 29-foot motor cruisers of exactly the same model, each in charge of her owner, shoved off from the builders' yard, the Richardson Boat Company, North Tonawanda, bound for their home ports in New York and New Jersey waters. Not the least unusual feature of the undertaking was the fact that the whole eleven were ready at the same time, for all of them were new craft but recently completed.

The course took the fleet through the Erie Canal to Three Rivers, where the Oswego Canal branches off to Lake Ontario. Here one of the boats, which was bound for the Thousand Islands, parted company with the fleet. Thence the remainder crossed Lake Oneida in a hard breeze and very rough sea, where the little boats took a good dusting, but came through in fine style. From there the canal and the canalized Mohawk River were followed to the Hudson at Troy, and thence down to Albany where the night was spent at the Albany Yacht Club. A run of a day and a half down the Hudson from Albany brought the fleet to the Colonial Yacht Club, New York City, where the cruise was officially disbanded, the various boats proceeding to their home ports. The entire run took six days, with a layover each night. All the boats came through without any trouble and were able to keep together throughout at the standard speed set by the flagship, M. F. Cunningham's *Hermit II*.

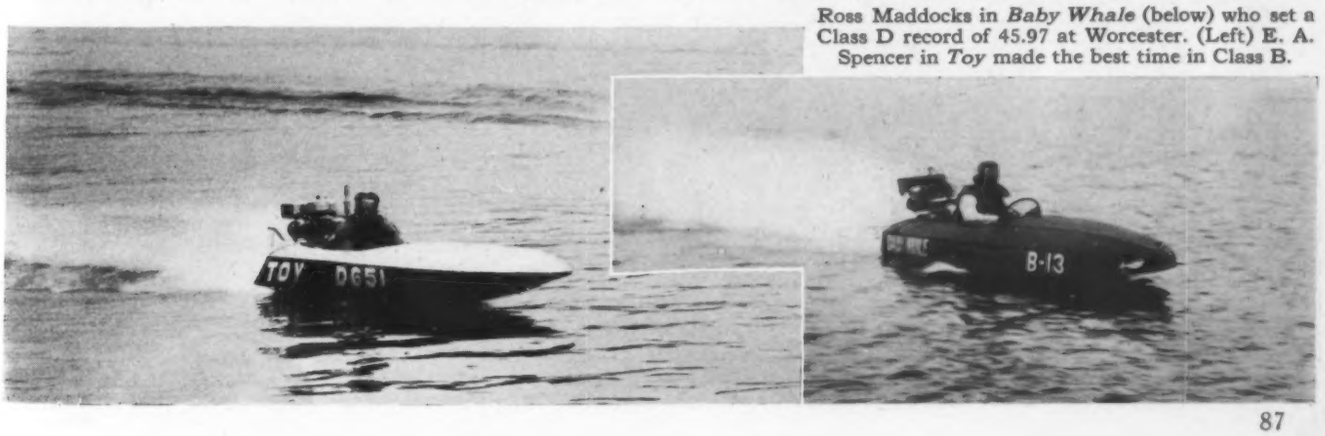


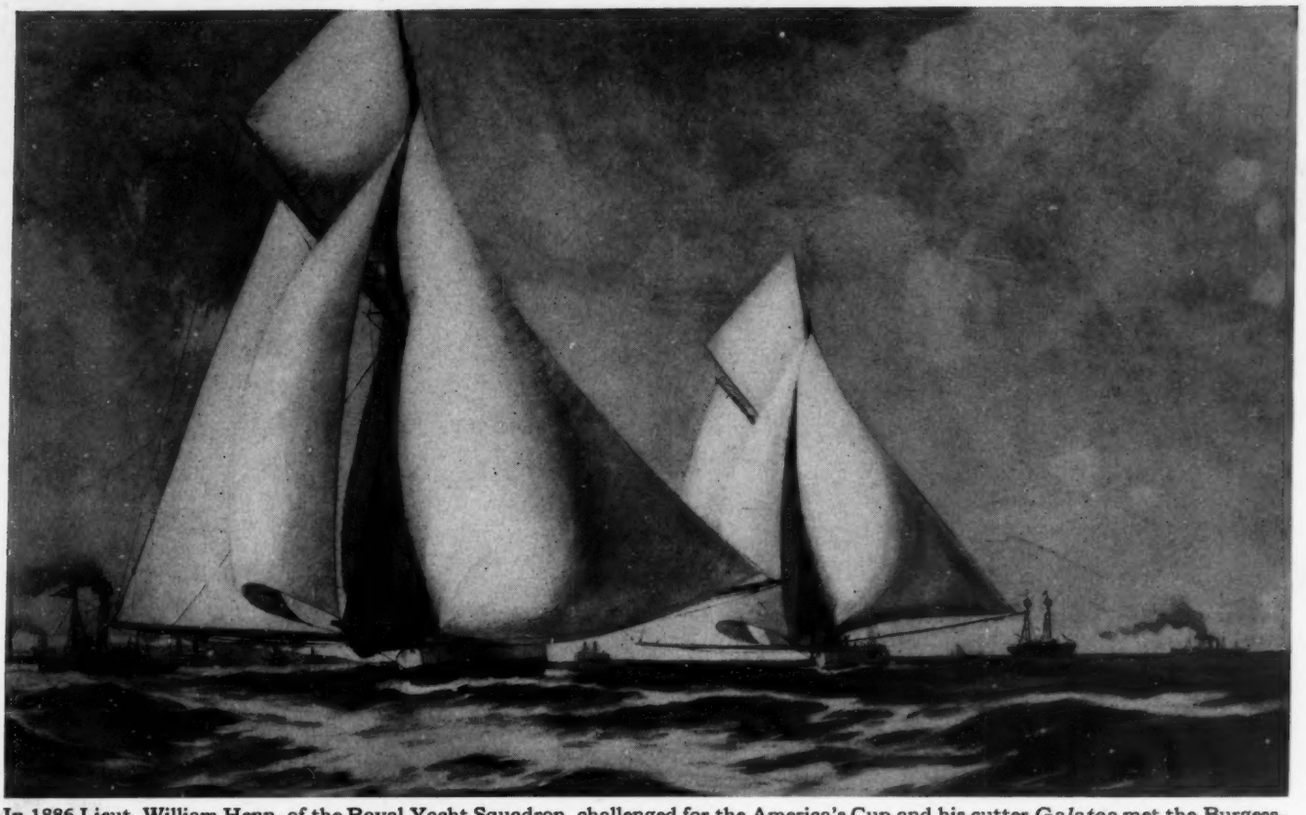
Crossing Lake Oneida the Cruisabouts found the going decidedly dusty, but they all came through without accident.

The other boats participating were *Lady Luck*, R. K. Smith; *Yamrah II*, Harold Wilson; *Joy-Maddren*, Dr. W. H. Maddren; "*Rebe H*," J. C. Howe; *North Wind II*, W. L. Sandall; *Martha*, W. H. Truitt; *Helga*, B. H. Pisow; *Nancy Lee*, Dr. M. P. Bates; *Finisterre II*, A. B. Chalfant; and *Carefree*, Judge E. Von Siefart.

The length of the cruise figured out at 492 miles, and the boats finished in tiptop shape. There were no accidents, no collisions in spite of the confined waters of locks and canals, and general regret was felt when the voyage came to an end.

Ross Maddocks in *Baby Whale* (below) who set a Class D record of 45.97 at Worcester. (Left) E. A. Spencer in *Toy* made the best time in Class B.





In 1886 Lieut. William Henn, of the Royal Yacht Squadron, challenged for the America's Cup and his cutter *Galatea* met the Burgess-designed *Mayflower* in the sixth contest for the famous piece of silverware. The latter won both races of the series handily. The picture shows the start of the second race, 20 miles to leeward and return from Sandy Hook Lightship.

In 1893 Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie II* met the Herreshoff sloop *Vigilant* and a close series resulted, *Vigilant* winning all three races. On the run home in the last race *Valkyrie* blew out two spinnakers and *Vigilant* passed her to win by only 40 seconds.

We Build *Cresset*

A Shapely Cutter is Evolved by the Designers of "Nonsuch" and "Coggette"

By Douglas P. and F. Wavell Urry

THE decision to build *Cresset* came after it had been conclusively proved that she would cost two or three thousand dollars less than *Coggette*. It would have been worth while to spend the odd thousands to get *Coggette* if they had been in sight; but they were not, and we had to have something to go on with.

After turning over a lot of sketch plans and making a few more, the choice settled between a yawl or a cutter about 37 feet over all. Shorter than that seems to overcramp space; longer gets expensive. Our last ship had been a yawl, so this time we would have a cutter. As our particular joy seems to be sail handling, she would be a full-rigged cutter with fidded topmast and topsails.

Cresset crossing the finish line third day of the International Regatta in July of last year.

An argument in favor of the fidded topmast as against the pole mast, which has probably occurred to many, although we have not seen it expressed, is that the fidded topmast might carry away, and if the details of rig were properly worked out, leave the vessel with a perfectly sound and intact lower rig, which could be trusted. If the upper part of a pole mast were to carry away, one could not feel sure that the lower part of the mast would not be sprung or suffer damage, or that the break would not occur at the worst possible place, i.e., right in the eyes of the lower rigging, or that the peak halliard blocks would still be up there. This would appear to give a greater margin of safety to the fidded topmast rig, or conversely, would permit a vessel to be driven to a greater limit with equal justification.

But to come back to *Cresset*. For her interior she would have a good galley, a fireplace in the cabin, full head room and as much foot room as possible. Around this we would put a hull as fast and as beautiful as we could make it.

The final design took about a year of odd hours before it was worked out to our satisfaction; it also stretched out from 37 to 40 feet. At this stage we approached George F. Askew and discussed building. There are not many better yacht builders than George. The arrangement agreed upon was that we buy the material and that he build the hull; we were also to work on it when time allowed, the spirit moved, and the nature of the proceedings were such that we could not spoil anything. We also planned to do all the rigging and most of the interior work ourselves. This was in August, 1927, and timber had been ordered and delivered when personal affairs entailing a trip to the East made a postponement of several months necessary.

In the spring of 1928 timber for spars was ordered. George being busy at that time on other work, we started to rough them out. We began on the spinnaker boom. Now, this may seem an unusual place to start building a yacht, but it at least ensures the possession of that spar and obviates the necessity of borrowing or improvising one for the trial trip.

It was not until August again that the ship was scratched down on the mold loft floor. At the beginning of September the keel, stem and sternpost were shaped and scarfed, but before they could be set up George had to leave for a few weeks on an urgent salvage job. George gave us to understand that a river steamer on the McKenzie had fouled the Arctic Circle and foundered. We began to think we should never get started, but to make a fair wind out of a foul one we took possession of George's shop and built a dinghy. The dinghy was designed on Friday night and was started on Saturday afternoon. It is 9 feet long and 3 feet 8 inches wide, and light enough to get on deck easily. On Christmas Day the dinghy was completed and tried out. It held five people — all that could be collected for the occasion — still showed eight inches freeboard, and seemed otherwise satisfactory.

By this time *Cresset* was well under way, the planking being finished and the deck beams going in.

Cresset is built of British Columbia yellow cedar or cypress throughout, except the frames, which are oak, and the stem and sternposts which are Australian gum. Rails and companionway are teak. The construction is moderately heavy. The wood keel is 10 inches by 20 inches amidships. The frames are 1½ inches molded by 2¼ inches sided, spaced 9 inches; spaced 4½ inches for four feet in way of the mast. Floors are 2½ inches sided and 10 inches deep. The tops of the floors are cut to a curve sweeping fair to the sides of the hull, and on each alternate pair of frames a reverse frame of oak the same size as the frames is worked, continuous across the ship from bilge stringer to

Bronze tiller end designed by Douglas Urry for *Cresset*.

Sail plan of *Cresset*.

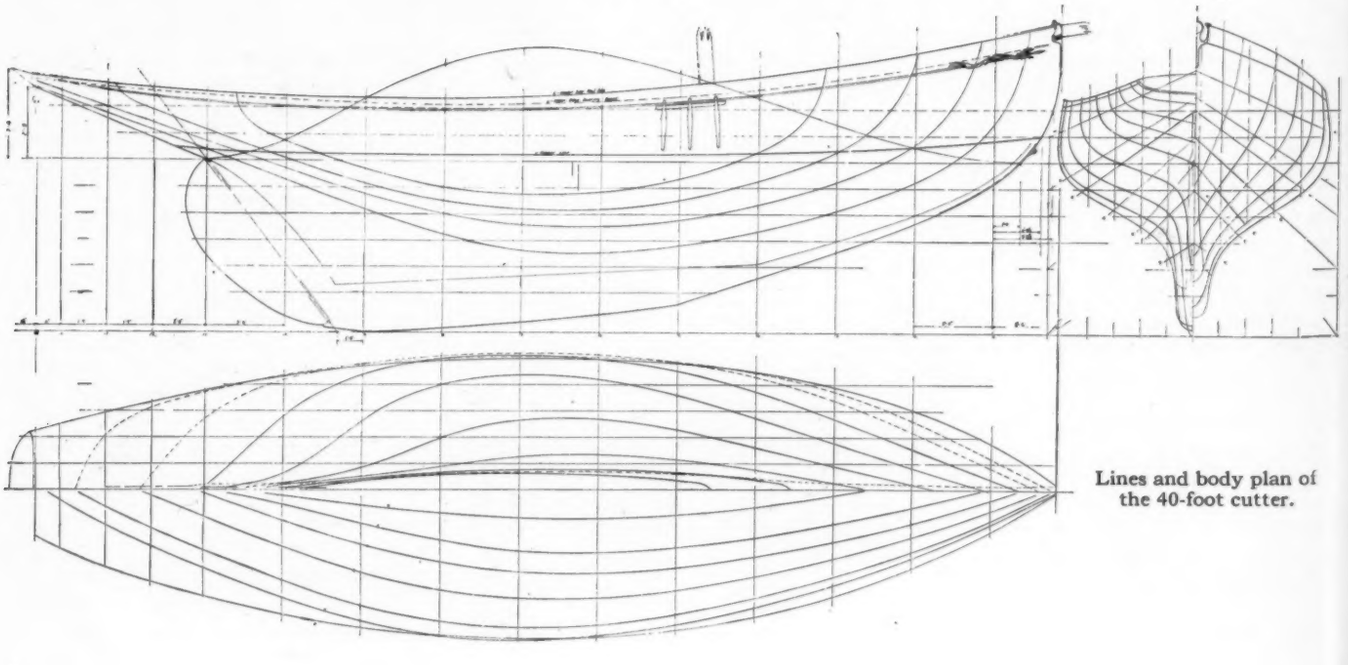
bilge stringer, side bolted to the frames and bent down and bolted across the curved top of the floor. This method of framing is borrowed from that used in steel framed ships without tank tops. The principle is well adapted to wood construction, and the transverse strength given across the floor of the ship where the heavy ballast keel tends to wring the garboards is very great. Incidentally, the effect is to double every other frame below the bilge stringer. Planking is 1⅜ inches finished, and decking 1½ inches.

About April we turned our attention to interior matters. The plans give a good idea of the arrangements, so there is not much to be said. The house is kept narrow to give good deck space in the waist, but four feet of the after end of it is made wide to allow heads to circulate in the galley. The companionway is on the starboard side of this part of the house and a large skylight on the port side. This arrangement makes the galley almost an open air affair as far as ventilation is concerned. To paraphrase a well known saying, some skylights leak all the time and all skylights leak some of the time, so the placing of the sink directly under the skylight is the crowning master stroke of this design. In this part of a ship there is a lot of room but it cannot be used to the best advantage because the floor narrows down. To meet this condition, the floor in *Cresset* is stepped up to give good wide space in the galley and the house top is stepped up to correspond. The appearance is unusual, but quite shipshape.

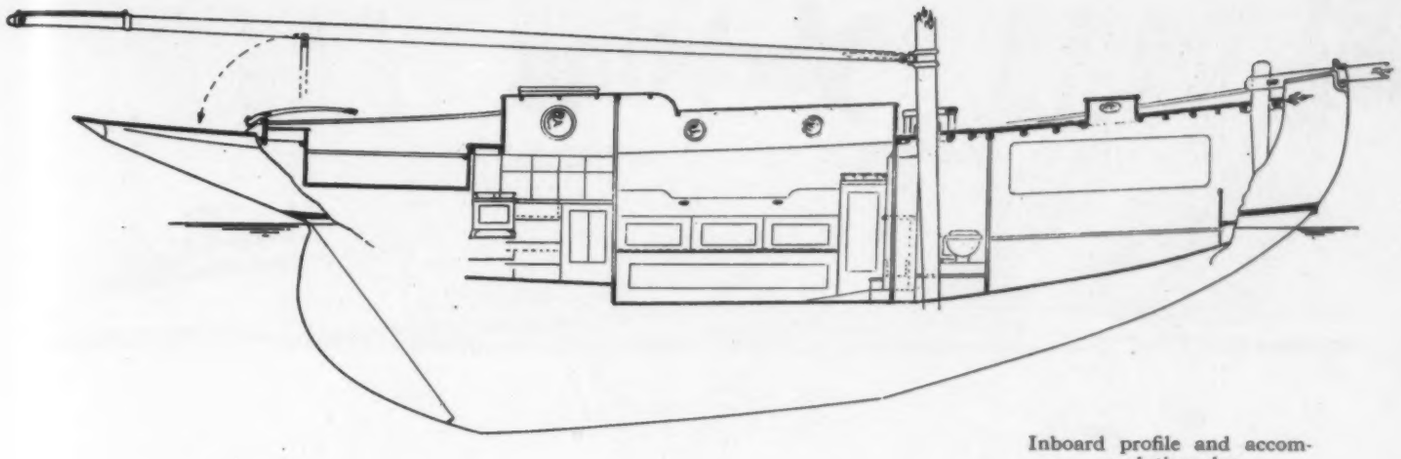
The fireplace offered some difficulties; most of the open front stoves on the market were too expensive or inappropriate. Finally, a very neat fireplace built of steel plate and angle, with asbestos insulated air casing and cast iron top and base, was made for us by the steel fabricating company that built the Quebec Bridge, and it has worked very satisfactorily.

All hull and deck fittings and metal work for spars and rigging were specially made of bronze. We found that these could be made for a little less cost than stock pattern galvanized fittings, provided we made the patterns ourselves. This meant a lot of work, but it was well worth while as all fittings could be tailored to suit the hull, spars and rigging details; there is no comparison between galvanized iron and bronze, and stock pattern fittings are generally a size too large or too small, and many of them are of bad design and worse appearance. Of course, we did not go to the expense of polished finish on our bronze work. We made careful patterns, got good clean castings, drilled the necessary holes, and no more. About the only metal work that can be seen about *Cresset* that is not bronze are the anchors and cables, knives and forks. We conceded galvanized iron for the anchors and cables.

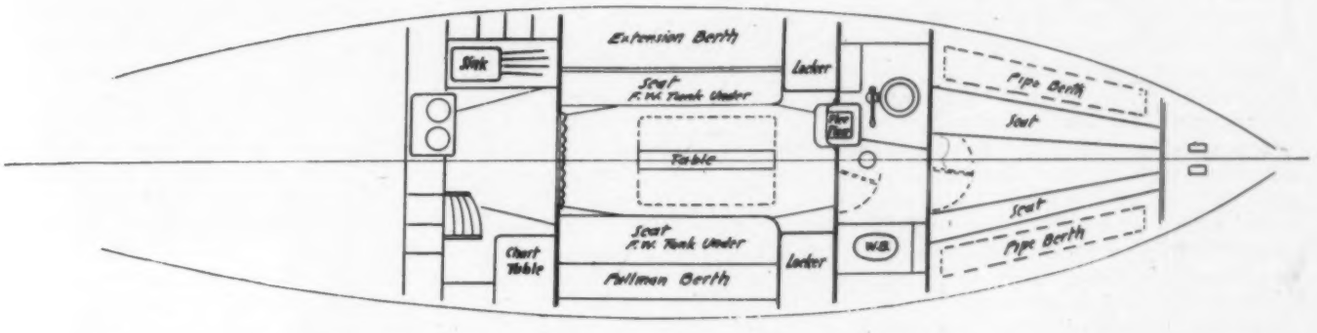
We wanted to be in commission for the Pacific International Yachting Association Regatta held in Vancouver, July 1st to 4th, of last year. Towards the end of May we were getting anxious and scrambling furiously. About this time the bunch at the office volunteered their services to help fit out, so for two or three weekends and several evenings we had a gang of from ten to eighteen enthusiastic amateurs sandpapering and paint-



Lines and body plan of the 40-foot cutter.



Inboard profile and accommodation plan.



ing, varnishing spars, and drinking beer between times.

Cresset was launched on June 20th, and an outboard engine on the dinghy pushed her to the club anchorage. She is bored for an auxiliary engine but we have not yet put one in and hope to do without it. An outboard on the dinghy lashed alongside will push her at about three knots; a more efficient mounting for the outboard might better this a little. If the outboard manufacturers would turn out an engine especially for the purpose, with a large low pitch propeller geared well down, it might be better yet. We approached one or two outboard manufacturers about this, but they did not seem to be interested.

The topmast was run up and rigged and the sails bent that night. Two short trials and a deal of detail work about the rigging was all the preparation that could be made for the regatta, but we pronounced the ship ready.

The boys who had helped fit out were very keen and their help had been invaluable; in fact, without them there would have been no regatta for us, and so we wanted them all to see the fun. *Cresset* got underway with a crew of thirteen, all told, eight of whom had never been in a sailing vessel before. Our first race — and the third time we had ever had sail hoisted! During the next three hours the skipper's hair stood on end so often that it has not yet entirely flattened down again. Those of the crew who did not know what to do cheerfully allowed themselves to be trampled on by those who did, and fortunately no one was dismembered.

Cresset won her race, which was a lot more than we expected under the circumstances, and returned to moorings without damage, which was about all we had hoped. This was fairly satisfactory, but somewhat disappointing in that our most dangerous opponent started late and did not finish.

The several races this day were for Star yachts, nine-metre raters, cruising sloops under 25 feet water line; over 25 feet water line; yawls and schooners under 30 feet; over 30 feet. These six classes started five minutes apart; the weather was moderately light and steady.

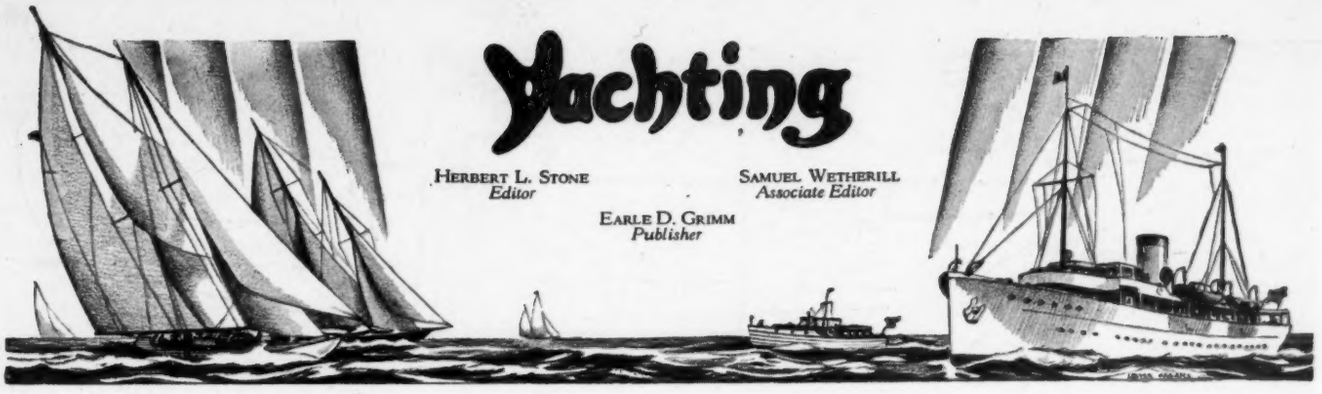
About two hours after the last boat had finished, the regatta committee boarded us and informed us that, except for the nine-metres, *Cresset* had beaten the elapsed time of every yacht present by some eight minutes on the 12-mile course.

On the second day of the regatta we finished third after several minutes' delay at the start owing to some gear getting mixed up. On the third day we got another first, winning the series in our class.

Curiously enough, we have not since performed quite so convincingly as in that first race, although we took a fair share of the results in a mixed lot of racing during the rest of the season.

We had no opportunity for extended cruising during 1929, making only week-end trips, but these showed *Cresset* to be a very comfortable cruiser with the ability to get somewhere in the limited time and in light summer weather. Although we experienced no really bad weather, she showed herself a very easy sea boat. She points and foots well, and in light weather will carry her light canvas to windward — even the spinnaker, set as a jib.

The most severe criticism we have received has come from the Marconi-rigged all-inboard coterie who make remarks about climbing halfway across the Pacific to hand a jibtopsail. This is, of course, a personal viewpoint. A bowsprit with its shrouds and bobstay enables a man to jam himself into place and give both arms and his whole attention to the job in hand. The lean snout of a Marconi all-inboard sloop is too narrow to balance on and too big to wrap your legs around. It is certain that the end of *Cresset's* bowsprit is a much drier place than the fore deck of many a Marconi-rigged sloop of her size or ten feet longer.



Editorial

Major Sir Henry Segrave

IT is with deep regret that yachtsmen the world over received the news of the untimely death on June 13th of that fine sportsman, Major Sir Henry Segrave. He was killed in the overturning of the new speed boat *Miss England II* with which he had hoped to capture the Harmsworth Trophy at Detroit next September.

It seems almost like the irony of fate that the accident occurred just a few minutes after Sir Henry had achieved one of his great ambitions by exceeding the speed record on the water, as he had previously done on land. He had great expectations of this new craft, the most powerful ever built, and that these were in a measure justified is indicated by the fact that in these first official trials of *Miss England II*, which had been completed only a short time before, she had attained a speed of 101.11 m.p.h. over a measured mile. On the first run over the measured course *Miss England II* did 96.41 m.p.h., and on the return run the speed was 101.11, the average, 98.76 m.p.h., being the fastest time ever recorded. This beats the record of *Miss America VII* of 93.123 miles, made last year, by over 5 m.p.h. On the next run, when the new boat was apparently being driven at even greater speed, something let go (what it is we may never know, as *Miss England II* sank in over 180 feet of water), and the gallant sportsman who was driving her received injuries from which he died a few hours later. One of his mechanics was also killed.

Sir Henry, it is said, had abandoned automobile racing last year after setting a world's record for speed on land, because of the danger which such efforts entail. But his restless spirit could not be content with inactivity, and he turned his energies and his wide knowledge of engineering to speed boats as somewhat less hazardous, only to meet death in his efforts to win back for his country speed supremacy afloat. His death in this manner fulfills his prophecy of last year, when he said, after his record breaking run at Daytona Beach, "Man's precarious ventures in terrific speed are nearing the point where the laws of nature will say finally 'Thus far may you go, and no farther'."

Shamrock V's Chances

ALL reports from the other side of the Atlantic agree that in *Shamrock V* Sir Thomas Lipton has a remarkably fast boat. Her performance in races in her home waters has been a surprise to British yachtsmen generally, for she has beaten consistently, and boat for boat, all of the yachts of the "big class" against which she was pitted, many of them larger boats than *Shamrock V*, and with greater sail area.

We have, of course, heard reports in previous years of the phenomenal speed of the challenger for the America's Cup, but this year there is no doubt that the challenger is meeting and defeating a high class fleet, the units of which are being well sailed. So it is apparent that Nicholson has turned out a boat that will be exceedingly difficult to beat. From the reports of experienced observers, *Shamrock V* seems at her best in light to moderate breezes. She heels more easily in moderate winds than the other boats she has raced against, and yet when she once gets down to her bearings she sticks there, and has given a good account of herself in stiff winds as well as in light. We hope that her designer has not gambled too much on a light weather boat for the Block Island course in September. That fickle month may see light winds, but it may also bring a breeze of wind, and if Nicholson has a boat that is good in moderate weather and yet can go in a breeze, *Shamrock's* chances will be good.

There is, however, one handicap, which every challenger has to face, that is a very real one. For after getting his boat in racing trim through several months of hard sailing, he must strip her of her rig, send her across the Atlantic under jury rig, and put back her racing spars on this side, to begin all over again the tuning up process, and this time without a fleet of good boats to race against. What *Shamrock V* will have for a "trial horse" in this country is not yet apparent. It would be a graceful act to offer *Shamrock's* owner one of the 1920 Cup boats to sail against here for the few weeks prior to the international match, if it could be arranged.

Shamrock's last race on the other side will be on July 3rd, at the Royal Gourock Yacht Club Regatta. After this she will be rigged for the Atlantic passage and should arrive here the first week in August.

Racing the Cup Aspirants

AFTER seeing the early races for the America's Cup candidates on Long Island Sound, the wisdom of the America's Cup Committee of the New York Yacht Club in deciding to race the yachts in pairs during the observation and selection races off Newport later in the season is most apparent. To race four boats together is to leave much to chance. For if the boats split, as they invariably do in a long race, shifts of wind, variations in its strength, tidal conditions, and the like, all play such an important part in the result that a fair comparison of the merits of the various aspirants is hard to get. By racing them in pairs, and shuffling the pairs for the different races or heats, a much better line on the comparative abilities of the four candidates can be had.

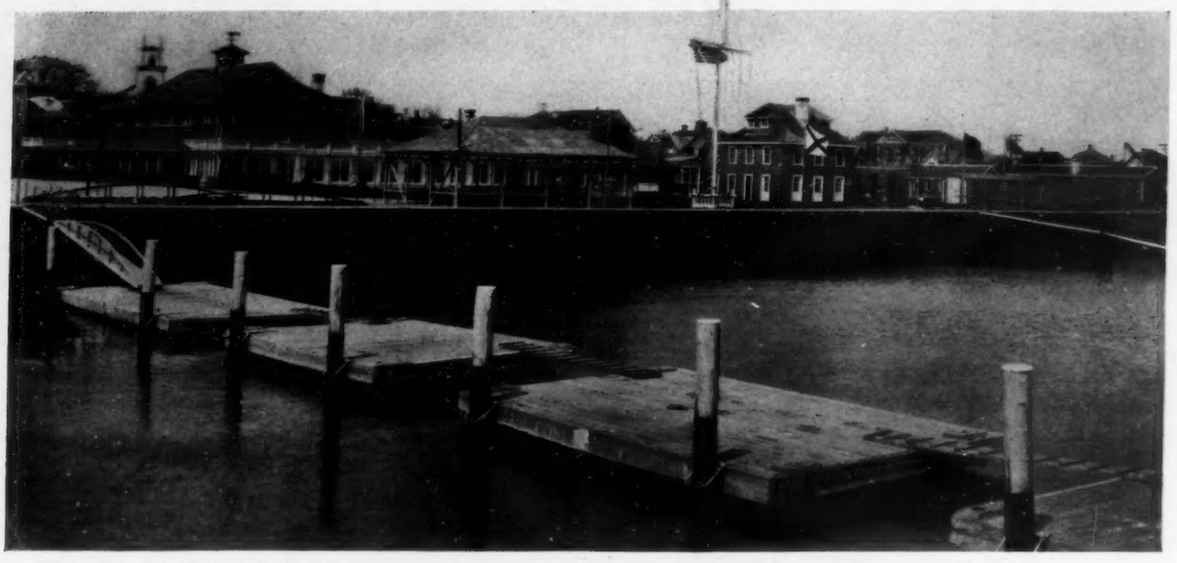
In the World of Yachting

JOHN S. LAWRENCE

MR. LAWRENCE is manager of the Boston syndicate Class J yacht "Yankee," on which all New England pins its hopes for the defence of the America's Cup, and will be on her quarter-deck during her races. He has long been prominent in Massachusetts Bay racing, and is, perhaps, best known to yachtsmen generally through his schooner "Advance" which came out in 1925 and on which he developed the staysail rig, different adaptations of which are now generally used in racing "two-stickers." "Advance" was remarkably successful, and for two years she was the best of the schooners. Mr. Lawrence sailed the cutter "Blackshear" one season and has had wide experience on yachts of various sizes and types. Under his management the "Yankee" should give a good account of herself.

Mr. Lawrence is a member of both the Eastern and the New York Yacht Clubs.

Nantucket Comes Into Its Own



The Nantucket Yacht Club, showing improvements made by a new bulkhead and a string of floats for small boats.

IT is peculiarly fitting that Nantucket, the breeding place of so many fine and daring seamen, and once the greatest whaling port in the United States, whose ships were to be found in every part of the seven seas in their search of blubber, should undertake the task of restoring to its once proud estate the little island lying south of Cape Cod, and jutting far out into the Atlantic.

Time was, not so many years back, when the ability to sail a boat did not count for much among the summer residents of this former home of the whalemen, where every wharf reeked with the smell of oil and most of the homes were built from profits wrung from a hardy calling. Sailing seemed likely to become a lost art among the youth of the island. Even the NantucketYacht Club, formed originally to promote sailing and seamanship, had apparently become becalmed in the doldrums, for it had lapsed into more of a social and recreational center than an organization of yacht sailors.

But now all this is changed. For the last few years the club has been taking a more prominent part in yachting affairs and has done much to make the old port attractive to visiting yachtsmen, while it has fostered several small classes of sail boats intended to get the youngsters out on the water. And this year the organization has inaugurated one of the most comprehensive programs of any yacht club in the country.

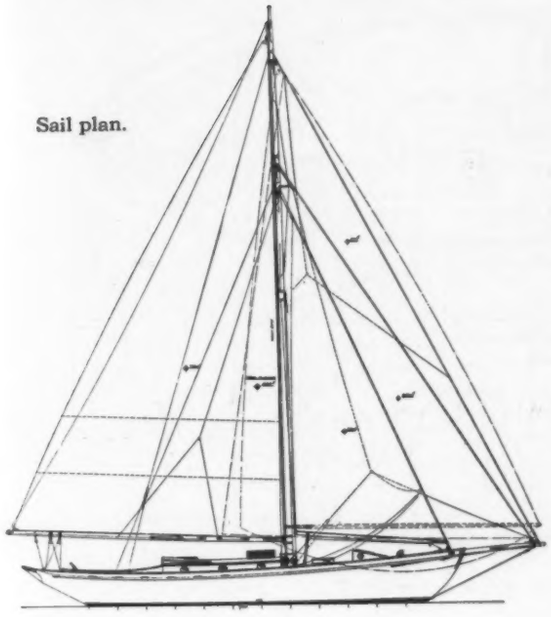
After competing for several summers in the annual regattas of the Edgartown Yacht Club, that hustling organization on Marthas Vineyard, and meeting boats from several of the other yacht clubs located on Nantucket Sound, the officers of the Nantucket Yacht Club came to the conclusion that more vital interest in sailing as a sport could be stimulated by competition outside of its purely home waters, and that by working together with other clubs in the vicinity much more could be accomplished for organized yachting than by letting each club work along purely individual and local lines. Conferences with the officers of some of the other clubs in Southern Massachusetts seemed to indicate that they felt the same way about the matter, with the result that on December 17th representatives of five clubs which sail on Buzzards Bay and Nantucket Sound met in New York and formed the Southern Massachusetts Yacht Racing Association, whose object was, as it should be in all such associations, to "promote yacht racing, good sportsmanship and cooperation among yacht clubs, and to join and become part of the North American Yacht Racing Union."

The Vineyard Sound one-design class will be raced at Nantucket this year. With 17 new boats built, the fleet will now number 24 sail at Edgartown and Nantucket.

The five original clubs that formed the association were the Beverly Yacht Club, the Mattapoisett Yacht Club, both located on Buzzards Bay, and the Nantucket, the Edgartown and the Wianno Yacht Clubs, whose sailing waters are on Nantucket Sound. Since that meeting the New Bedford Yacht Club and the Waquoit Yacht Club have joined, making a strong organization of seven active yacht clubs whose interests are more or less identical.

The officers of the new association are, President,

(*Continued on page 130*)

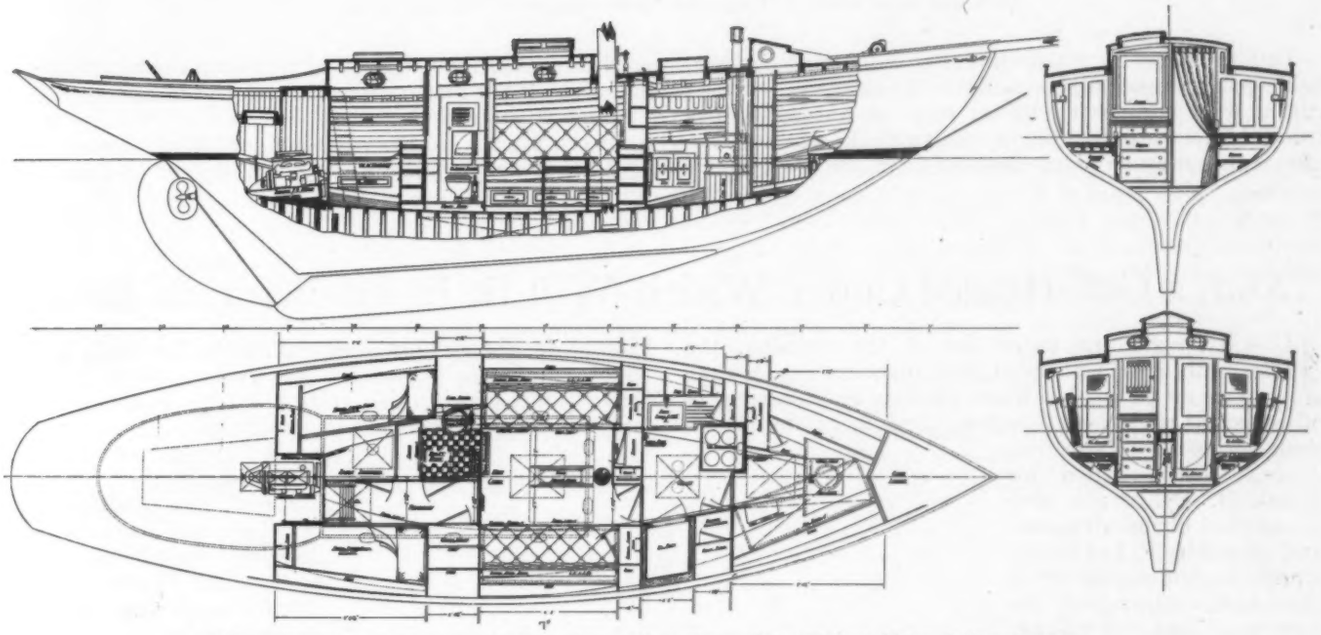


Sail plan.

A Cruising Cutter by Alden

WHEN speaking of designs, one usually associates John Alden's name with the plans of a schooner, despite the fact that he has turned out many other types of boats. So far as we recollect, the accompanying plan of a jib-headed cutter is the first of this type the Boston designer has turned out, and a shippy looking craft she is, of the following dimensions: l.o.a. 45′ 6″; l.w.l. 35′; beam, 12′; draft, 7′ 6″; sail area, lowers, 1200 sq. ft. The hull resembles in a general way the average Alden schooner hull, with lead keel of 14,000 pounds, and some inside trimming ballast, while the rig shows a mainsail of moderate area, large forestaysail and fair sized jib and jib topsail. She should sail well in any weather, and heave to splendidly under forestaysail.

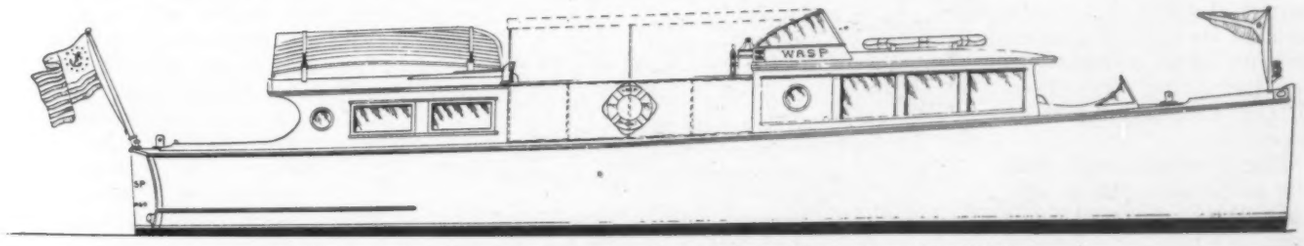
Below decks we find a spacious forepeak with berth for a paid hand, with toilet. Then comes a big galley, with large ice box, sink, dresser, lockers, etc. The main cabin amidships has two fixed and two folding berths, with lockers, buffet, shelves, bookcase, etc. Abreast the companion steps are a single stateroom to port and passageway berth opposite, with toilet room between main cabin and stateroom. A Falcon 40 h.p. motor, with reduction gear, is installed under the bridge deck, and should drive her 8 m.p.h. She will be built in a Maine yard.



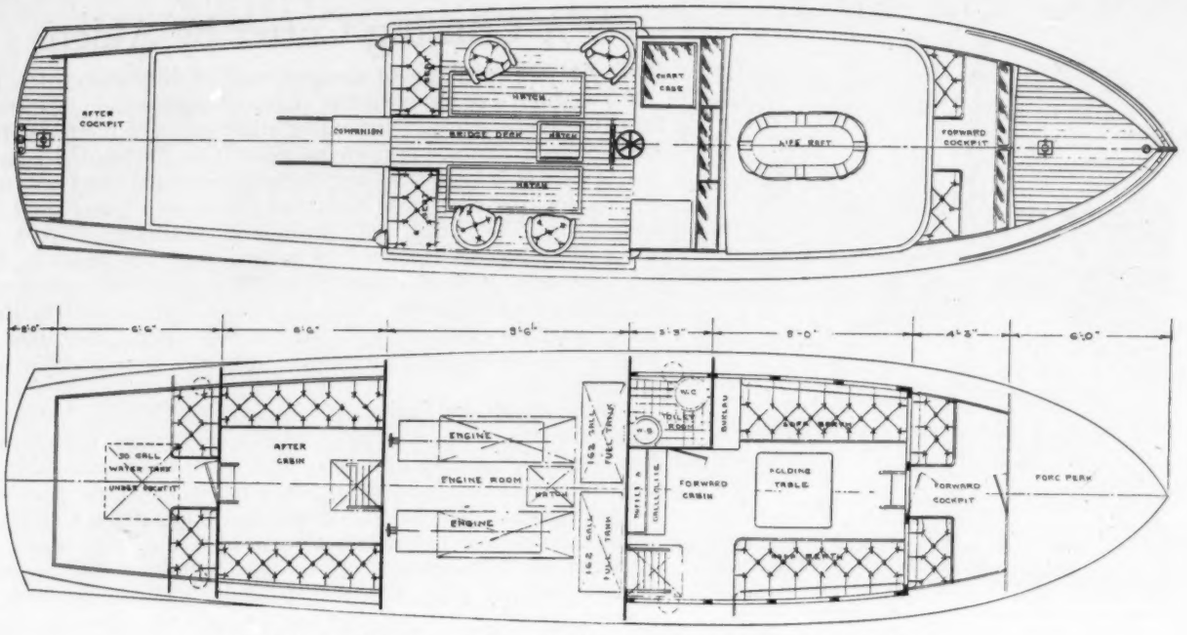
Inboard profile and accommodation plan, and sections of the 45-foot Alden-designed cutter.

Wasp, a Fast Twin Screw Day Cruiser for the Great Lakes

BELOW and on the following page are shown the plans of the fast twin screw day cruiser *Wasp*, designed by Henry C. Grebe & Co., Inc. of Chicago, for P. K. Wrigley, and now nearing completion at the plant of the Great Lakes Boatbuilding Corporation, of Chicago. She is a snappy looking 46-footer with close to 11 feet beam, and 3′ 3″ draft, and powered with a pair of Sterling Petrel motors, is expected to hit up a steady clip around 28 miles an hour. She is staunchly constructed, being designed for fast service in rough water.



Outboard profile of *Wasp*, designed by Henry C. Grebe & Co. for P. K. Wrigley.



Deck and cabin plans of *Wasp*, the Grebe-designed 46-foot day cruiser.

The arrangement on deck shows a forward cockpit, bridge deck, and after cockpit. A spacious forward cabin, with connecting toilet, may be entered either from the forward cockpit or bridge deck, while a nice after cabin may be reached either from the bridge deck or after cockpit. A tender is carried atop the after cabin, and a small life raft on top of the forward cabin.

Wasp is a decidedly attractive looking craft as seen from the plans, and her performance should come fully up to the expectations of designer, builder and owner.

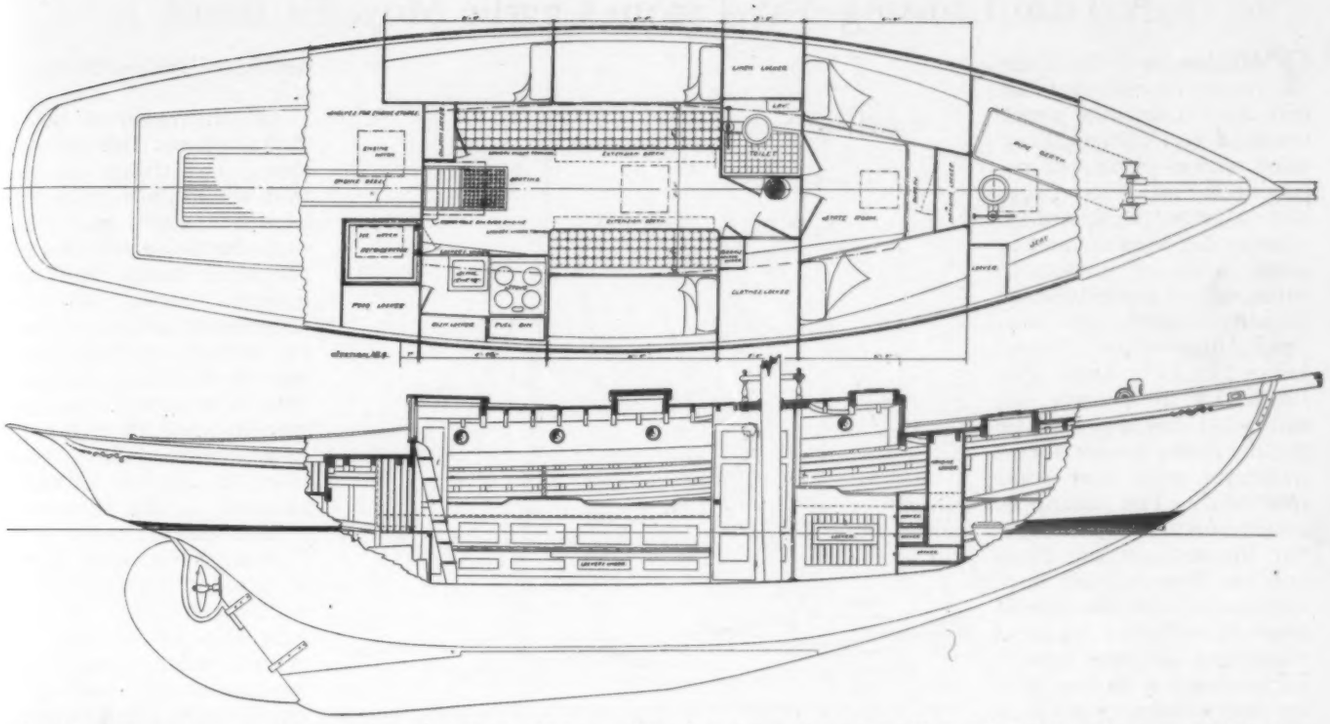
Skäl, a Gaff-Headed Cutter Which Will Be in the Bermuda Race

JUDGING by the entry list at this writing, the Bermuda Race will see at least three cutters face the starter on June 22nd when the fleet gets under way off Sarah's Ledge, New London, these being the Herreshoff-designed, jib-headed *Flying Cloud*, owned by Frank B. Draper; a new jib-headed cutter designed and owned by F. Jay Wells, whose design appeared in the April issue; and the new gaff-headed cutter *Skäl*, whose plans appear on this and the following page. This latter craft, designed by P. L. Rhodes, of New York, was completed the latter part of May by the Casey Boatbuilding Co., of Fairhaven, Mass., and attracted much favorable attention when her owners, George V. Smith *et al*, of Rye, N. Y., sailed her into Lloyd's Harbor to join the spring rendezvous of the Cruising Club of America.

The dimensions of *Skäl* are as follows: l.o.a. 48′; l.w.l. 37′ 6″; beam, 12′ 6″; draft, 7′; sail area, lowers, 1280 sq. ft. She was not designed for the Bermuda Race, nor to any rule whatever, her owners demanding a husky, able, comfortable craft in which to cruise anywhere in any weather, with as much speed thrown in as could be achieved without sacrificing any of her cruising qualities. Judging by her lines and sections, her designer has turned out a boat which should be decidedly successful. She has moderate ends, a nice, springy sheer, good freeboard, a bit more beam than usual, and a decidedly shippy look to her profile. The sections are firm, yet easy, and the easy sweep of water lines, diagonals and buttocks augur well for a fine turn of speed.

Sail plan of *Skäl*, designed by P. L. Rhodes.

Her rig is the out-and-out gaff cutter with mast well aft, moderate sized mainsail, small topsail, and a large proportion of the total rig forward of the mast. Neither the main boom nor the bowsprit are far outboard. A permanent gallows frame is installed to facilitate reefing.

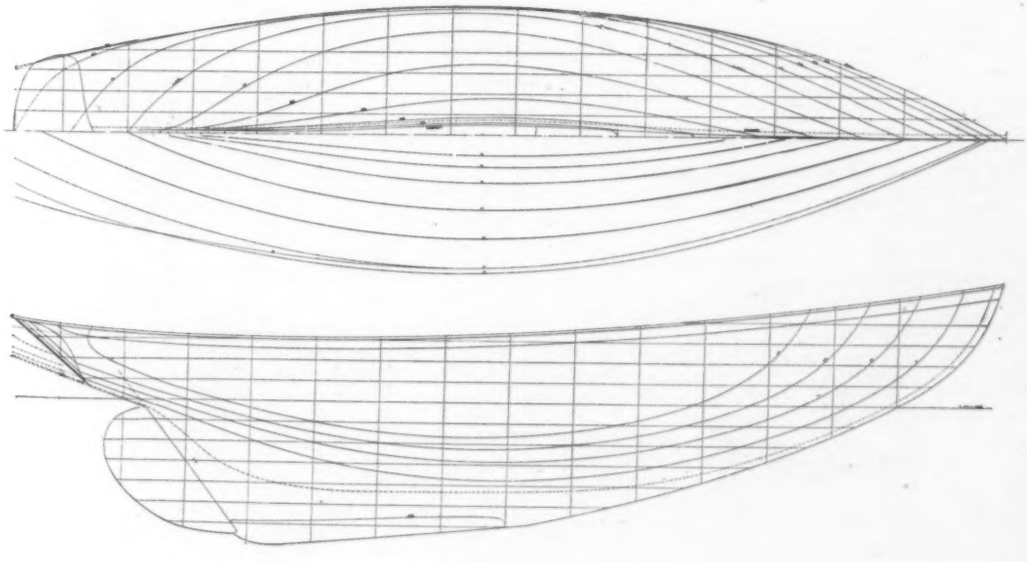


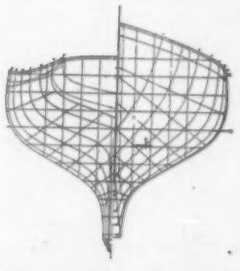
Inboard profile and accommodation plan of *Skäl*, the 48-foot gaff-headed cutter designed by P. L. Rhodes for George V. Smith *et al*, which will be an entrant in the Bermuda Race.

The interior arrangement of *Skäl* shows a large double stateroom forward with an unique arrangement of bureau and hanging locker. The stateroom is separated from the main cabin by the toilet room to port and an extra large wardrobe opposite. A useful shelf for books, etc., is worked into the corner of the wardrobe. The main cabin has three built-in berths and two extension transoms. The galley is located aft on the starboard side, with a large ice box located under, and iced through, the bridge deck.

A Gray 4-50 motor, under the bridge deck, is bulkheaded off from the main cabin, and is reached through a hatch in the bridge deck. There is a pipe berth and toilet forward for a paid hand.

The cutter rig in *Skäl* differs from the usual British cutter rig in that the mainsail is fairly large and the topsail quite small, the opposite being the rule in foreign waters. A difference in our weather conditions doubtless justifies this departure from the usual custom. The topsail sprit may look quite small in the sail plan, but actually is quite a spar to hoist aloft, and it is probable that before they reach Bermuda *Skäl's* crew will be ready to jettison the sprit and rely on the usual working topsail. Although built regardless of any rating rule, with cruising comfort the first consideration, *Skäl* has the earmarks of a lively craft, and with an even break it would not be surprising to see her near the top of her class.

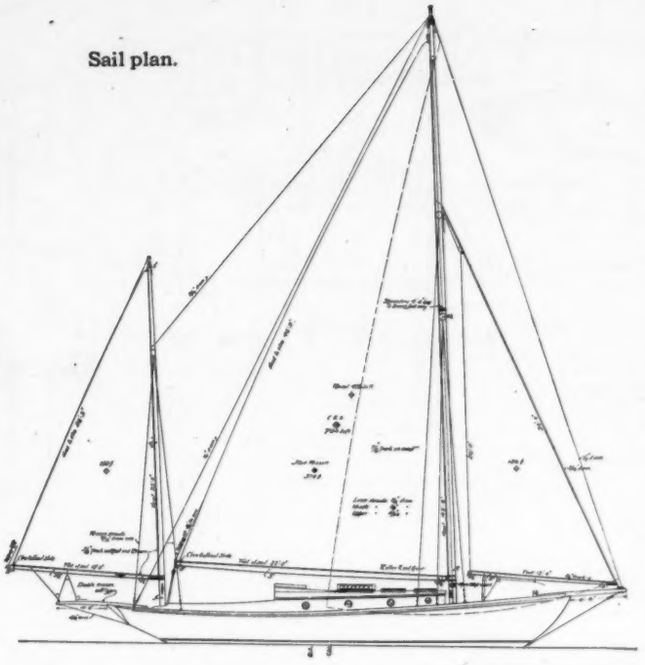




Power, speed and seaworthiness are evident from an inspection of the lines and sections of *Skäl*, which will fly the burgee of the Cruising Club of America.

A Trim Cruising Yawl from Charlie Mower's Board

THE burgee of the Manhasset Bay Yacht Club will float from the main truck of the trim cruising yawl whose plans are reproduced on this page. She is from the board of Charles D. Mower, and is being built of composite construction in Holland for Vivian Burnett, her principal dimensions being: l.o.a. 37′ 11″; l.w.l. 29′; beam, 10′ 10″; draft, 6′; sail area, 784 sq. ft. The profile shows a nice sheer, moderate ends and good freeboard. The beam is ample for fine stability, yet the sections are easy, and the fore and aft lines easy and sweet. The lateral plane is sufficient for good windward ability, though fairly short, with less rake to the rudder post than usual.



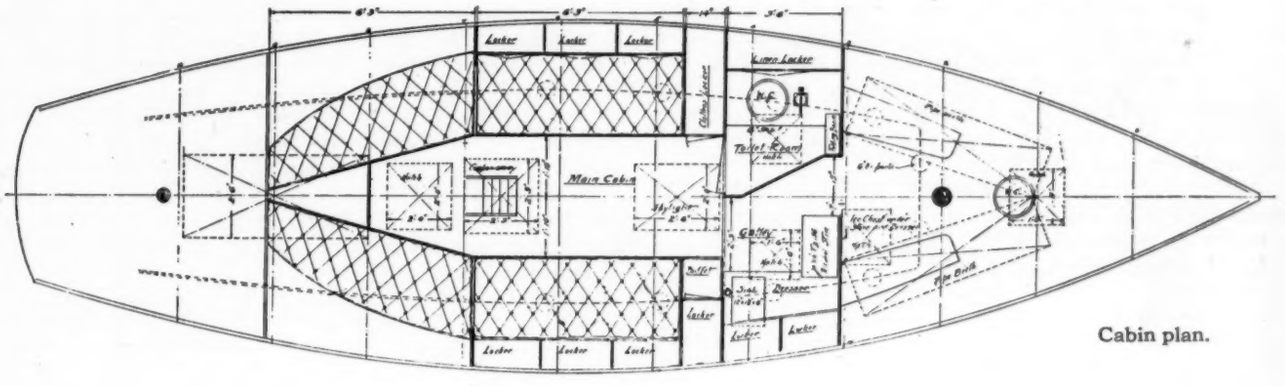
Sail plan.

The jib-headed yawl rig has shown its efficiency and ease of handling too often to need further comment. It is so designed that the boat will sail and balance well under mainsail alone or jib and mizzen, so that reefing will seldom be necessary.

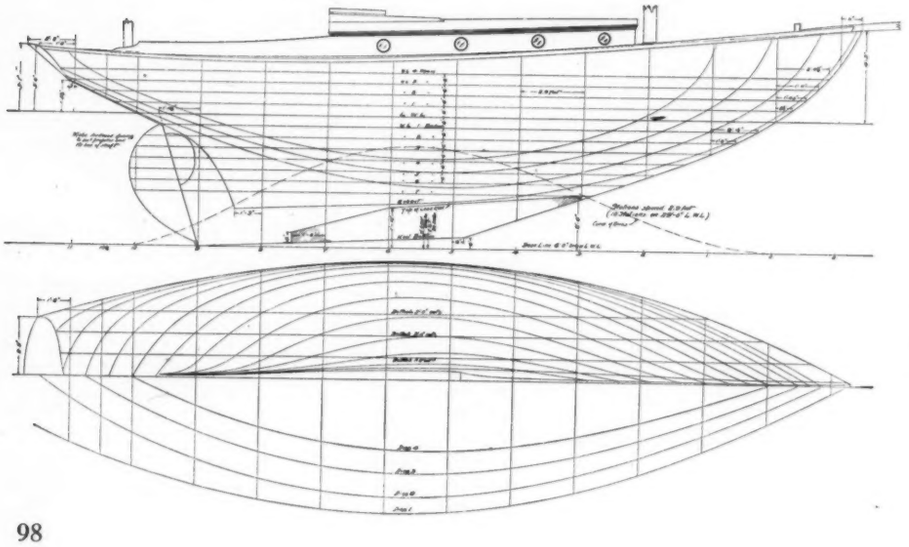
The arrangement below decks follows the owner's ideas, and shows no less than six berths — two pipe berths forward, two transom berths amidships in the main cabin, and two quarter berths, an arrangement which worked out well in a previous boat owned by Mr. Burnett. The toilet room is to port, just forward of the main cabin, with galley opposite. A second toilet is situated in the forecastle.

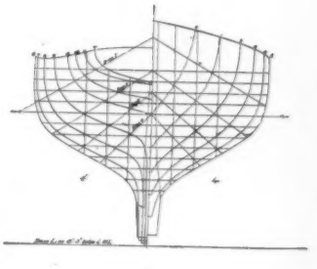
The power plant is a Universal Flexifour motor, with reduction gear, which should drive her at a 7-mile clip or better. She should make a good showing under sail, and be a comfortable cruiser accommodating more people than the average craft of her inches.

With the standing rigging plan worked out so that runners are unnecessary, and all sails on travelers, she may be tacked or jibed like a catboat.



Cabin plan.

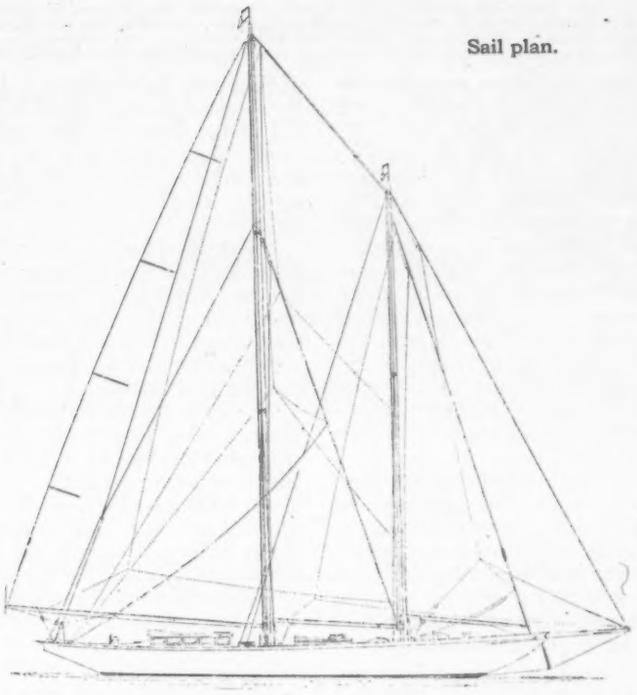




Lines and sections of the 38-foot yawl designed by C. D. Mower for Vivian Burnett, which is being built of composite construction abroad.

A Staysail-Rigged Schooner for a West Coast Yachtsman

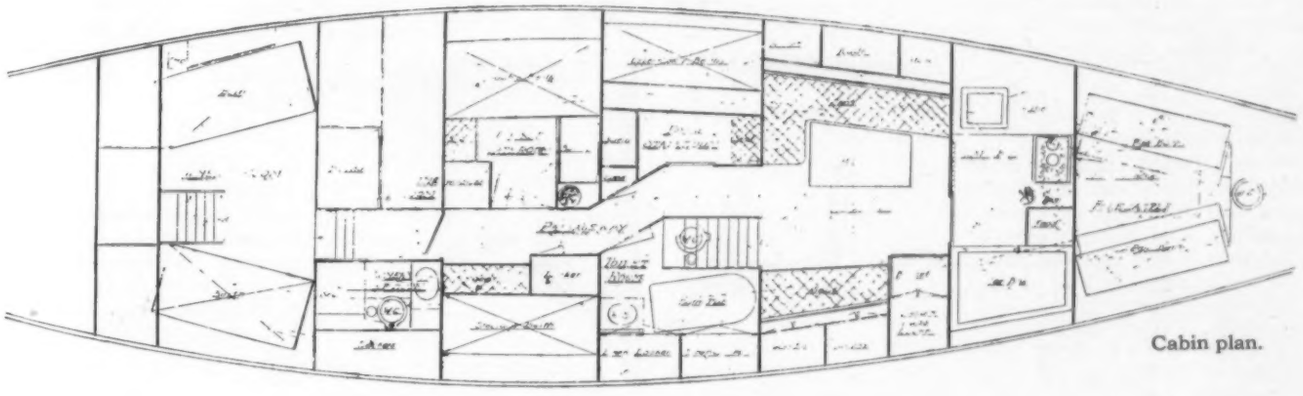
A SPLENDID combination of cruising and racing characteristics have been worked into the 75-foot staysail schooner designed by Nicholas S. Potter, naval architect of Los Angeles, for Donald Douglas, Santa Monica aircraft manufacturer. The new boat, which, in addition to being the first yacht of composite construction built on the Pacific Coast, has exceptional beauty of line. She was commissioned at the plant of the Wilmington Boat Works, her builder, on June 1.



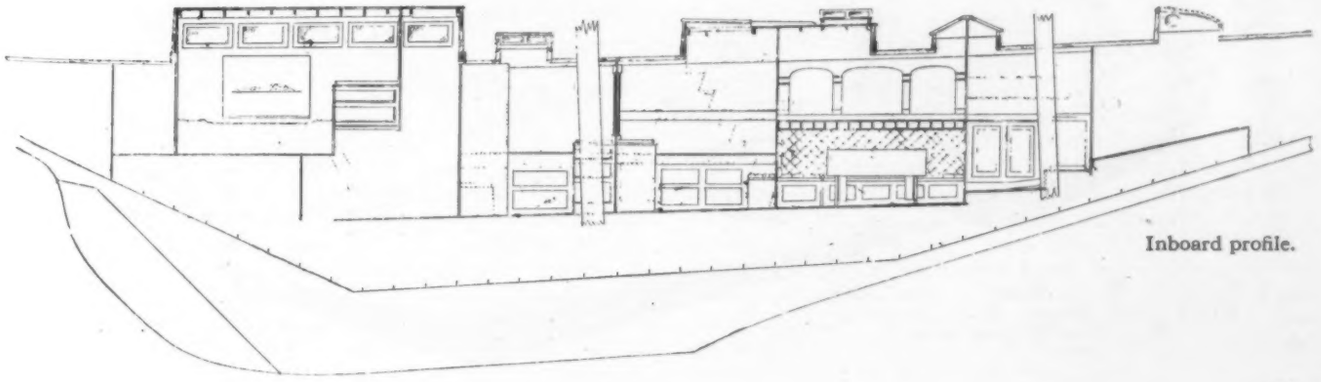
Sail plan.

Mr. Douglas says he is so confident of the worth of the staysail rig for offshore cruising that he has already entered her for the San Pedro-Honolulu Race, which 2,200-mile biennial classic starts this year on July 4th from the California port. She will hoist 2,900 square feet of working canvas and her mainmast will rise 88 feet above the deck.

An unusual feature of the schooner are the owner's quarters, only a half-deck below her topsides and gaining full headroom by use of the trunk cabin shown directly forward of the cockpit. A companionway from the cockpit leads into these quarters and through the owner's room. Entrance to the guest quarters is gained through a ladder down to the cabin deck. A passageway leads forward to the main saloon, with two double guest staterooms to port and the owner's bathroom, lockers and steerage berth and guest bathroom, in that order, to starboard. A companionway to starboard of the centerline leads up from the roomy saloon to the deck. The galley is next forward of the saloon, with the forecastle having four pipe berths. All after quarters are to be finished in pastel shades, with upholstery in dark green. Auxiliary power will be furnished by an 80-horsepower Hall-Scott gasoline motor, with 2-to-1 gear reduction, and housed in a separate compartment aft the port side. The schooner will rate at the top of Class F.



Cabin plan.



Inboard profile.

Keen Contest Likely for Harmsworth Trophy

Since this article on Great Britain's most formidable challenger was written, *Miss England II* came to an untimely end on Lake Windermere, and her fearless driver, Major Sir Henry Segrave, was killed. But this did not happen until he had broken the world's record for speed and set a mark of over 100 miles an hour on the second run over a mile course. Just what happened is not known. The description of the boat, which follows, is of timely interest. — Ed.

WITH the possibility of three British contenders in the field this year, it is likely that Gar Wood will face a bold bid for the Harmsworth Trophy.

According to late reports, the hull of Miss Carstairs' last year's entry, *Estelle IV*, has been rebuilt and considerably lightened. It is powered by two Napier motors operating without superchargers. Her new entry, *Estelle V*, carries two late Schneider Cup model supercharged Napiers. Sir Henry Segrave's new boat, which is now completed, is the one which is looked upon to give us the greatest trouble. She is an unusually interesting craft, and is expected to develop more power than any boat of her size ever built and raced. Her dimensions are: length over all 38′ 6″, beam 10′ 6″, total h.p. 4000, at 3500 r.p.m. A description of this new boat, which is named *Miss England II*, appeared recently in the British journal *Yachting World*, from which we quote with their permission:

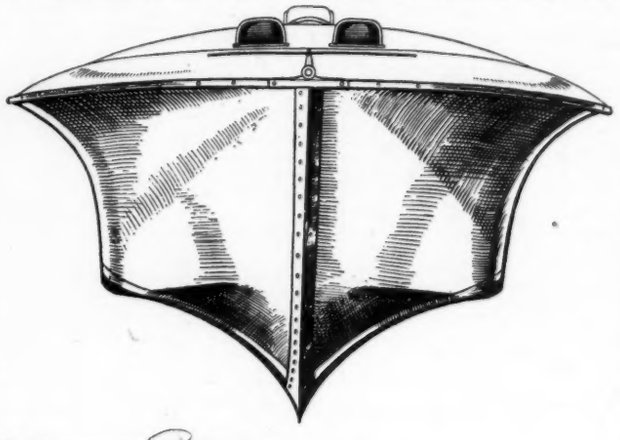
"Britain's new challenger bristles with novel features from stem to stern, yet she is in no sense a freak. From the moment that *Miss England I* achieved her notable success at Miami last year, those responsible for her design set to work to improve upon their achievement. The outcome is a hydroplane propelled by two 12-cylinder Rolls-Royce aero engines similar to those used in the Schneider Cup Race, developing very nearly 2000 h.p. each, and driving a single propeller at the amazing speed of 12,000 r.p.m.

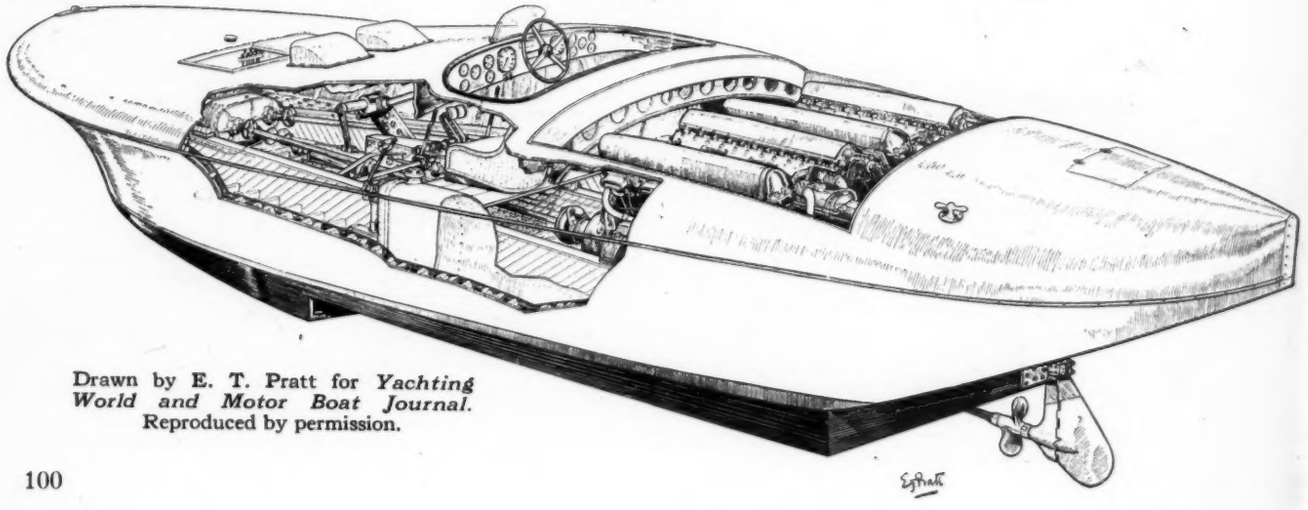
"The hull, at first sight, is most striking, for the beam appears to be very great and the fore deck rather flat. The streamlined tail at once arrests attention, and the domed deck abaft the central control cockpit bears a strange resemblance to the back of a cantankerous dog with its hackles raised — something formidable, something powerful, and essentially British. Truly, Mr. Fred Cooper, the designer, who has collaborated with Sir Henry Segrave, has an eye for form, and if ever a boat looked its part *Miss England II* does....

"With the exception of the streamlined tail, the form of the hull closely resembles that of *Miss England I*. Here are the same deeply Vee-ed steps to reduce wetted surface and provide directional stability, and the same separately constructed main step, which at the time of our first visit was leaning against the wall of the building shed, a great slab, apparently, but of girder construction to withstand the pounding at high speeds, and of extremely light weight. This step is about 2½ inches deep at the forward end, fairing off sweetly into the entrance, and about 4¾ inches deep aft. The angle of "Vee" aft is rather greater than a right-angle, as is also that at the transom, upon which the rudder, a plate of 100-ton air hardening nickel chrome steel, is hung. There is also a forward rudder interconnected with this after rudder having a proportional area of 2-1.

"At such speeds as *Miss England II* is expected to attain, some form of streamlining is necessary to reduce the drag behind the normal transom, and to this end a graceful tail has been built on aft — well above the water. Streamlined tails have been fitted to boats before, but in most cases they have been water-borne, and have consequently interfered with the boats' turning capabilities.

"Beneath the domed deck aft are the two Rolls-Royce engines, having centrifugal superchargers gear-driven from the crankshafts. They are started by compressed air as easily as the engine of a motor car. The total output from these two engines, about 4000 h.p., is transmitted through special clutches to the forward gear box, itself a masterpiece of design. The two engine shafts enter horizontally at a small angle, and the propeller shaft emerges, bisecting the angle between the engine shafts and at a slight downward inclination. The gear box and the clutches were designed by Mr. Fred Cooper. The casing measures some 36 inches wide by 24 inches deep, and all shafts run on ball bearings. The lower shaft, direct-coupled to the propeller, turns at about 12,000 r.p.m. This very high speed at the propeller is not in any sense freakish, but is the logical result of previous experience. It is all a question of torque reaction (or the tendency of the boat to turn round the propeller), and appendage resistance of shafts and struts below the water. The higher the speed of the propeller, the lower does the torque reaction become. Concerning appendage resistance, a single screw was chosen as more than halving the resistance of two propeller shafts with their struts. With twin screws the torque reaction could be cancelled, but at the expense of increased appendage resistance, and thus twin screws are not justified. The large beam, 10 feet 6 inches, is ample to resist the existing small torque reaction from a propeller of less than 15 inches diameter, turning at 12,000 r.p.m. The pitch of the screw is 14 inches, which, it is hoped, will enable the boat to exceed 100 m.p.h. by a considerable margin.





Drawn by E. T. Pratt for *Yachting World and Motor Boat Journal*.
Reproduced by permission.

Under the Lee of the Longboat.

by Cap Stan

AS this is written, the start of the Bermuda Race is just two weeks distant, and it looks as though the largest and finest fleet in the history of the race would face the starter off Sarah's Ledge on June 22nd. Picking a winner in a Big League pennant race, *à la* Hughey Fullerton, is one thing, but picking a Bermuda Race winner with practically no past performances as a guide, is something else again. However, having had the temerity, in the past, to size up the situation, here is some of the dope as I see it. The boats with the best chances are the cutter *Flying Cloud* and the yawl *Rugosa II*, the latter a winner in 1928. Any one of the following are able to give these two a battle: *Fame*, *Lion's Whelp*, *Mistress*, *Teal*, *Malabar VIII*, *Malabar X*, *Teragram* and *Yankee Girl II*. The smaller boats, in Class B, have only an outside chance of coming through for the big prize, but will fight it out for class honors somewhat as follows: *Dorade*, *Skäl*, *Cayuse*, *Rose of Sharon*. Others which will make the running are *Malay*, *Black Goose*, and possibly *Duckling*.

It would not be hard to simmer things down to three or four boats if it were not for two very important and unknown factors, viz: the kind of weather which will prevail, and the way the boats are manned and sailed. If some real weather is met with, as in 1923, there are apt to be a lot of upsets. Otherwise, the breaks will come pretty near deciding the issue. So now you can turn to your morning paper and see what really happened!

* * *

In Warwick Tompkins' interesting yarn of the *Wander Bird* I read with interest of his allusion to chafing of gear, and string along with him in his opinion that most, if not all, chafe is due to an improperly-rigged craft. I have been to Bermuda and back in four Maine-built schooners, and not a bit of chafe on any of them, the reason probably being that up there they have a gang of experienced riggers, who travel from yard to yard, rigging boats as they should be rigged. Captain Drake and Alain Gerbault, to mention a couple of real long distance cruisers, had a lot of trouble with chafe. Slocum and Pidgeon didn't — undoubtedly due to the fact that their craft were rigged properly, while the others were not. So, if you have trouble along this line, get an experienced rigger to make a few changes for you, and your troubles will soon be over.

It is rather amusing to read in the daily press, along with a lot of other rot about the four new America's Cup candidates, about their masts — "the tallest spar ever shipped in any boat," and "the most expensive spar ever built." Getting down to brass tacks, the spars alluded to are only a couple of feet longer than those stepped last year in *Vanitie* and *Resolute*, and a trifle more expensive. But to these newly-imported "color writers," an inch more or a penny more is enough to send them off on a two-column spree.

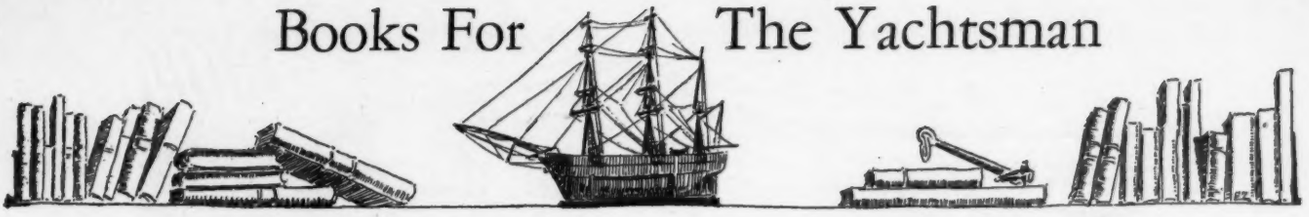
* * *

Here are a couple of excerpts from an article in *Yachting Monthly* (British), in which the author, the Editor, is comparing the hull forms of the new *Shamrock V* with the old *Shamrock IV:* "Gone are the leading characteristics induced by the old Universal Rule in her predecessor; the shallow body and hard bilge, the excessive U-shaped bow, the ugly rule-cheating sawn-off counter," etc. . . . "*Shamrock IV* was a freak, but the old rule forced her to be so. . . ." We all admit that *Shamrock IV* was a freak, but to say that the rule made her so is a definite misstatement of facts. The rule favored no such freaks. Nicholson designed a freak in a futile effort to beat the rule. His freak creation failed signally to defeat *Resolute*, a boat of distinctly healthy form, completely free from freakish characteristics, pretty well proving that the rule favored wholesome boats, and not freaks. To find such foolish misstatements of facts in the daily press would not be at all surprising. But to find them in the leading British yachting magazine, emanating from the pen of the Editor . . .

* * *

The race committee of the American Yacht Club is deserving of a great deal of praise for evolving their new scheme of course signals, which worked out successfully in their first regatta of the year, and for establishing their starting line at Parsonage Point instead of Scotch Caps. The new starting point allows of windward starts in all except nor'west breezes. Long Island Sound sailors are sick of starting off Execution Light, where leeward starts are a practical necessity. Some day the other clubs with starts at Execution will see the light and move their starting line down a bit to Parsonage Point, to the everlasting benefit of the racing contingent.

Books For The Yachtsman



The America's Cup Races

By HERBERT L. STONE

(The Macmillan Company, 1930. $3.50)

WITH four potential America's Cup defenders now receiving their initial racing trials, interest in the blue ribbon event of international competition among large sail boats is already keen. This book, a new revised edition, gives a complete history of the famous "mug" and the various efforts to "lift it."

In the seventy-nine years since the schooner *America* first sailed across the Atlantic in the hope of winning good prize money, and returned with the cup now bearing her name as evidence of her prowess in defeating the Royal Yacht Squadron in a race around the Isle of Wight, the sport of racing and the design and construction of the big fellows which raced for the cup have undergone radical change.

There has been much controversy in connection with the famous piece of silverware held by the New York Yacht Club. But as this volume indicates, ill feeling has, on the whole, been steadily declining, and, for the past few races, the event has been staged in a far more sporting manner than during its early history.

From the wholesome, sweet lines of the original winner of the cup, the boats on both sides have undergone great changes. For the first few challenges, the best boat on hand was raced to defend the cup, or the best group of boats, as at first. This insured the use of able boats that generally did their best in a good breeze. As the challenger first built a new boat in the hope of taking the cup back with him, new boats were built for defence honors. The result was that boats for this event alone were produced, and the weaknesses resulting from this practice were most evident in the type of boat represented by *Reliance* and *Shamrock III*. The 1920 and 1930 races, however, are bringing out boats designed to a more wholesome rule.

The details of the races are in almost all cases interesting. True, the regularity with which the defenders won, seldom losing a single race until Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock IV* won the first two of the 1920 series, makes the results a bit tiresome. But there were close finishes and doubtful moments that most of us have forgotten when we recall the long period since 1851 when the cup has rested on these shores.

There is little dull reading in this account of the most famous sailing races in America or England. The book should prove of interest to all yachtsmen, new and old, and give them a better picture of the races as they will be held in 1930.

In Quest of the Sun

By ALAIN GERBAULT

(Doubleday, Doran & Co., 1930. $2.50)

THE account of any single-handed voyage around the world in a small boat is likely to make interesting reading, regardless of the literary abilities of the author. Alain Gerbault, the famous French tennis star, relates his log in a vivid manner, and the title, *In Quest of the Sun*, is suggestive of much of the charm to be found in the book.

As a deep-water sailor Gerbault is, no doubt, less able than as a writer or tennis player. He admits that the *Firecrest* was of a somewhat poor design for such an undertaking. She was a narrow little cutter-rigged yacht, with a beam of but eight feet. Needless to say, she was most uncomfortable at times. The fact that Gerbault laid her ashore a couple of times, that his rigging was frequently giving way, and that his cabin always leaked in a sea, makes us feel that he lacked some of the thoroughness of more experienced skippers.

But in the book we enjoy the pleasures and thrill of the adventures of his five-year cruise, ever following the sun westward. The long sojourns of months in some of the South Pacific islands are gems of whimsical writing. We feel with Gerbault the thrill of picking up some little atoll, and driving the *Firecrest* through the narrow channel on a flood tide. With him we enjoy the lazy basking with the natives, or the slow task of repairing some bit of broken gear without the aids of shipyards and modern equipment.

To the man who loves deep-sea sailing, there is probably too little detail as to the handling of the ship. Suffice it to say here that, apparently, she handled herself for a great share of the way. We missed, also, any detailed description of *Firecrest's* design, dimensions, and rig.

But as a fascinating account of travels in out-of-the-way spots, of philosophizing on the habits of natives and on Occidental civilization, the book is most interesting. Gerbault is certainly the perfect type of sailor, who cruises almost aimlessly for the pleasure of being on the water and of going where the spirit moves. He should find many interested readers.

JAMES G. STONE

Shamrock V's Early Races in English Waters

(*Continued from page 40*)

In these races, *Shamrock V* showed good form on all points of sailing. Her windward work, in the light and moderate weather which prevailed, was excellent; on the run she held her own with the others in spite of her smaller sail area; and on a close reach in a fresh breeze, *Lulworth*, in spite of her greater length, sail and power, was not able to drop her. Taken all around, I think that everyone was pleased with the showing made by the new vessel — the only adverse cirticism I heard coming from her designer, Mr. Charles Nicholson.

Shamrock V's success was, in fact, so marked that it was obvious — in the interests of sport — that a somewhat drastic modification to her handicap was necessary. At the request of her owner, the handicapping committee of the Y. R. A. reconsidered this question and, for the three first of the six special races to be held on the Solent, *Shamrock V* was placed at scratch, on a level with *Lulworth*, *White Heather* and *Britannia*, the last named being due to join the fleet for the first of these races at Ryde. For this race a course was arranged to give — after clearing the eastward end of the Isle of Wight — a turn dead to windward of ten miles, with the run back and the home stretch to Ryde, a distance of about 34 miles. In a light westerly breeze *Shamrock V* just led *Lulworth* around the weather mark and afterwards held her own with her on the run on the flood tide. The breeze freshened for the beat back to Ryde, and *Lulworth* just managed to break the sequence of *Shamrock's* wins by the small margin of 14 seconds. *White Heather* finished nearly eight minutes, and *Candida* nearly a quarter of an hour astern of *Shamrock V*.

The second race of the special series has just been held by the Royal Victoria Yacht Club as I write this. There was a light easterly breeze and it was possible to sail only one round of the 46-mile course. *Shamrock* worked out a good lead on the close-hauled reach to the Nab, and held this lead to the leeward mark off Cowes. On the beat back to the line at Ryde *Shamrock V* was nearly cut out by *White Heather*, which stood well in out of the tide, while the challenger was starved for wind for a time in Osborne Bay. Both yachts then kept in out of the tide, working up in long and short tacks, and *Shamrock V* again drew quickly away from *White Heather*, crossing the line about 3¾ minutes ahead of her — *White Heather* losing the second prize to *Cambria*, which had been well sailed, by a little over a minute and a half. *Shamrock V*, therefore, took her sixth first prize in seven starts during the May racing.

M. HECKSTALL-SMITH

Circumnavigating Manhattan in 45 minutes. The record was established on May 11th in this Model Forty Gar Wood, driven by Floyd Gibbons.

Of Interest to the Skipper

Gar Wood Busy

THE new Gar Wood, Inc., plant at Marysville, Michigan, is now operating at full capacity with orders for stock models and custom speed boats exceeding the best previous business in the history of the company, according to a report from Gar Wood himself, who visited his new plant for the first time since breaking the speed boat record. Mr. Wood says: "I have every confidence in the prosperity of the country, and apparently many others share that confidence, for they are buying more boats from us than ever before. We look forward to increasing sales with the coming of good weather, and reports from our dealer organization all point to the greatest year in our history."

Grady with Atlantic Radio

Mr. E. J. Grady, who has had a great deal of experience in the marine field, has joined the force of the Atlantic Radio and Marine Co., of 20 Brookline Ave., Boston, as sales representative in the field.

An Interesting Exhibit

We are indebted to Thos. Walker & Son, Ltd., of Birmingham, England, for notifying us of the fact that a joint exhibit of British nautical instruments will be on view at the Antwerp International Exhibition, sponsored by British nautical instrument makers in a body, and organized by the Department of Overseas Trade, London. It is said that this is the most representative exhibit of British-made nautical instruments that has ever been held.

Chris-Craft Expands

Keeping pace with the forward march of motor boating, the well-known firm of Chris Smith & Sons Boat Co., of Algonac, Michigan, whose runabouts, hydroplanes and fast cruisers are known the world over, is shortly to undergo a program of expansion which includes incorporating the firm under the new name of the Chris-Craft Corporation and placing the stock of the new company on the New York Curb. Working control of the company will remain in the hands of the Smith family. Chris Smith will remain as chairman of the board of directors. Jay Smith, his son, for the last few years active head of the company, will continue as president and general manager. Directors, in addition to Chris and Jay Smith, will include Bernard Smith, Owen Smith and Robert Heller, of New York.

Marked expansion is planned in the distribution of Chris-Craft products, and a still more intensive cultivation of both domestic and foreign markets is contemplated for the future.

New Kermath Catalog

Modern and up-to-date, from two to six cylinders, and from 4 to 225 h.p. — this is the famous Kermath line of marine motors, manufactured by the Kermath Mfg. Co., of Detroit, adapted to a multitude of uses, and enjoying an enviable reputation for efficient operation in waters the world over. An attractive catalog, easy to read and fittingly illustrated, tells all about this fine line of motors, and will be sent gratis to YACHTING readers who write for it.

Enjoying "liberty" in a 32-foot Banfield Sea Skiff.

Gobs Enjoy Banfields

In the old days, when a Gob went on liberty, he probably did his "water wandering" in a hired rowboat. That times change is shown in the accompanying photograph, which shows a crowd of sailors enjoying life aboard one of the latest Banfield Sea Skiff models. By the looks of things, the Banfield seems to demonstrate its ability to carry a pretty big load "speedily and in perfect safety," as advertised. This Sea Skiff is a 32-footer, with a beam of 8 feet 6 inches, and has a seating capacity for 15 people, in addition to the "on deck" space so graphically shown. Powered with a 225 h.p. Kermath motor she attains a speed of better than 33 m.p.h.

Custom-Built Hackercraft

Announcement has just been made to the effect that the Hacker Boat Company has inaugurated a special custom department, where designs to meet individual needs will

The Hackercraft sedan runabout or commuter. The Hacker Boat Co. has inaugurated a special custom department to meet individual needs.

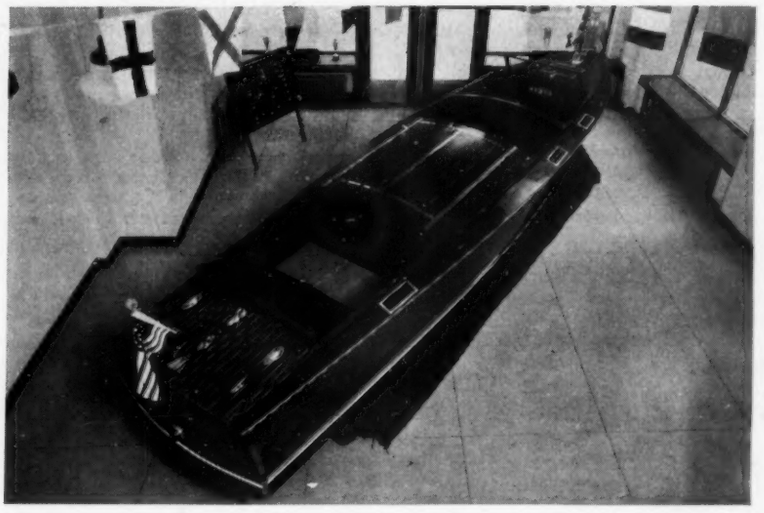
be executed by John L. Hacker, N.A., and custom boats built. This new custom department is prepared to design and build racing hulls, special deluxe runabouts, sedan cruisers, commuters and speed cruisers.

Dart Expands

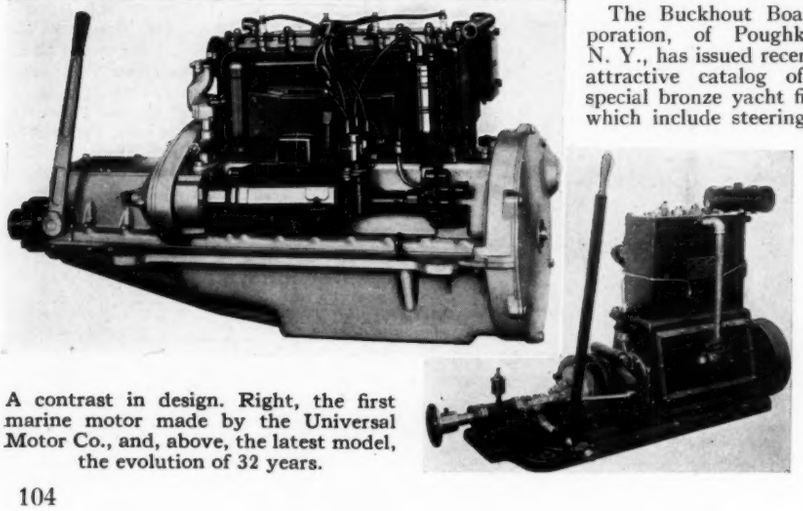
The accompanying illustration gives an excellent idea of the new and attractive New York show room of the Dart Boat Sales Corporation, of Toledo, Ohio, which is located at 152 Madison Avenue, at the corner of 32nd Street. The big city, with its tremendous purchasing power, abundant waterways and boat-minded population, will unquestionably absorb a great number of the popular Dart speed boats during the coming season, wherefore the establishment of this factory branch, represented by H. O. J. Garlock as Eastern Manager.

Thirty-two Years of Progress

Thirty-two years of progress in the marine engine industry is sharply and clearly illustrated in a comparison of two Universal motors, one built 32 years ago in a little shop on Hoyne Avenue, Detroit, and the other the Universal Bluejacket, the 1930 product of the Universal Motor Co., of Oshkosh, Wisconsin. The old-timer is a 2-cylinder affair of 8 h.p. and weighs 1200 pounds, and in its day was considered well nigh perfect. The modern Bluejacket is a 4-cylinder machine, developing 47 h.p., and weighs but 300 pounds fully equipped. Mr. E. H. Fahrney, president of the company, has presented the veteran model to the Museum of Science and Industry, of Chicago, where it will take its place alongside other examples of obsolete engineering skill which have been assembled by this institution.



Dart boats are displayed to great advantage in the new show room, 152 Madison Ave., New York City.



A contrast in design. Right, the first marine motor made by the Universal Motor Co., and, above, the latest model, the evolution of 32 years.

Buckhout's Catalog

The Buckhout Boat Corporation, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., has issued recently an attractive catalog of their special bronze yacht fittings, which include steering cable sheaves, rail hinge sockets, rail stanchions, combination stuffing box and stern bearings, quadrants, etc. Readers of YACHTING may receive one of these catalogs for the asking.

Brooks for Uniforms

The Brooks Uniform Co., of 143 West 40th St., New York City, enjoy an enviable reputation for supplying first-class yacht uniforms and nautical apparel of all kinds to yachtsmen and sailors. They have issued recently an attractive catalog of their goods, which will be sent to YACHTING readers for the asking.

New Brokerage Firm Established

A general brokerage and marine insurance business has been established by G. D. Ames, formerly associated with the Maybach Motor Co. Mr. Ames' quarters are at 510 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

Associated with Sparkman & Stephens

The firm of Sparkman & Stephens, Inc., naval architects and yacht brokers of 11 East 44th Street, New York City, announce the addition to their staff of Mr. Charles LeB. Homer, of Southport, Conn. Mr. Homer is a member of the Pequot Yacht Club.

Parents are really no trouble

ABOARD the Dawn Cruiser, you allow parents to operate the boat from the bridge. Of course it's your privilege to shout instructions and motion directions from the cockpit. They entertain their friends forward, pay for gasoline and groceries, but never disturb the worth-while party aft.

The layout of the Dawn Twin Screw Cruiser is a joy to everyone aboard. Owner's family, guests and crew all have privacy. Every cabin is an independent living unit. Each has its own toilet facilities and has a separate gangway to above decks.

You have admired exterior lines of both the Dawn 45 and the Dawn 48. Have you gone aboard and noted the beauty of finish, perfectly joined mahogany and rich, full upholstery? A cordial invitation is extended to you to visit our yards and not only inspect the finished boats but see how carefully every detail is perfected during their building.

DAWN BOAT CORPORATION, CLASON POINT, NEW YORK CITY-Tel. Westchester 7000-Established 1906

DAWN

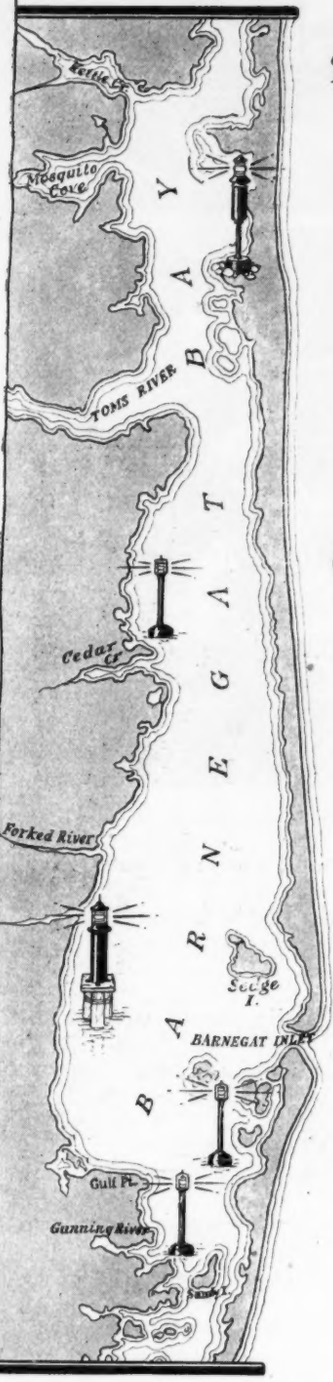
TWIN-SCREW CRUISERS

Dawn 45-footer . . . Powered by twin-Lathrops, each 70 HP. . . . Speed 14 M. P. H. . . . $17,900 afloat at Clason Point
Dawn 48-footer Express . . Powered by twin Sterling Petrels, each 150 HP. . . {5¼" x 6"} . . Speed 20 M. P. H. . . $25,800 afloat at Clason Point

Safe at Night

IN

BARNEGAT BAY



34
W&T
Flashing Marine
Beacons Protect
the Yachtsman
AS
Range Lights,
Channel Markers,
AND
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Installed by New Jersey Board of Commerce and Navigation

ECONOMICAL—Because its dry battery operation costs less than five cents a day.

RELIABLE—Because its automatic lamp changer replaces burnt out lamps.

EFFICIENT—Because its flashing light is clearly seen at all times.

WALLACE & TIERNAN
PRODUCTS · INCORPORATED
Belleville, New Jersey

Take the Boys Along

(*Continued from page 65*)

For more than an hour, as a result of my willingness to help them, I sat in the stern of the "dink," while they, each handling an oar, rowed me around in circles. Right there they learned a lesson in teamwork, in coöperation, in interdependence. The boat moved in a straight line when they made the proper adjustments in their strokes, in timing them, in the equal distribution of effort. It was interesting to note how their confidence developed, how caution took the place of fear, how one mastered the movements more quickly than the other. I was handicapped by their inability to swim; so I took advantage of this fact in order to motivate it, by conditioning freedom in rowing and even in any kind of unsupervised activity around the water, on their learning to swim. Until then there was to be no rowing alone. Had I wavered in this determination, the results would have been unsatisfactory, for once a child learns that the penalty is not inevitable, it is practically impossible to motivate his actions in this manner. Furthermore, I never ventured in the boat with them unless there was a life-preserver for each of them. This carrying of the life-preservers soon became a habit and it certainly eased my mind. It is something all of us should do more frequently, for in teaching children a love of the water, we must also teach them to respect it.

They soon learned to steer *June Bug*. The elder first took his turn at the wheel, while his brother watched the anchored boats in the channel and along the sea wall as we ran down towards Hains Point. At the bell that stands a hundred yards off Hains Point, I had to stop *June Bug* so that the boys could see the bell. The Norfolk boat was coming in. Its swell rocked the swinging mass of steel and the bell clanged merrily. Here was a lamp post of the sea. This was how the seamen found their way over winding rivers and great stretches of water. When some teacher this year or next tries to get them to understand latitude and longitude, she will have an easier time with the youngster who has actually seen and heard the black steel buoys that ring out in fog and glow at night to warn the waterman of dangerous shoals and reefs.

We spent three days in Gunston Cove. The youngsters had more lessons in rowing. They got some idea of the elements of swimming. They played in and on the water until they were tired. Their skins darkened and tanned under the ardent sun. They caught their first fish. And if you are so old that you have forgotten the thrill that swept over you the first time you yanked something squirming and wiggling out of its native element, then it's time that you take some youngster out of the city and give him the lasting joy of such an experience.

The best of life, after all, is really giving. And although they seem sometimes ungrateful, children really appreciate the giving most of all. We who have boats are happily placed so as to give them things that cannot be had easily elsewhere. So this coming summer, let's plan to take the boys along. Of course, at times they will be a little troublesome, but the cumulative effects will far compensate for the effort involved.

Finally, not only take the boys with you, but give them a boat of their own, just as soon as they are old enough to handle one with safety. Every boy craves the ownership of something that moves, that can carry him about, that makes accessible the strange places that he longs to explore. First, quite often, it is a bicycle, not so much because it is a bicycle, but because it gives him a mastery over distance; then come the automobile and the boat; and, strange to say, I am sure that your boy will want, most of all, not a motor boat but a

Hand Printed Linen

In A Flemish Design of Brilliant Mastery

IN the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Flanders and the Netherlands gave birth to a brilliant school of decorative painters, masters of the art of floral and fruit design.

In the *Musée du Louvre* in Paris and the *Musée du Palais des Arts* in Lyons are found examples of this type of painting, executed by such distinguished artists as Monnoyer, Van Huysam, Weenix, Van Dael, Berjon, Van Os and Desportes.

Now a composite of the most famous Flemish designs, hand printed on Scotch linen, has been produced by Schumacher. Its rich depth of tonal coloring and spaciously handled design, reminiscent of a tropical garden, lend themselves admirably to a wide range of uses.

In Schumacher collections you will find a stimulating variety of authentic designs from all the illustrious periods.

"Fabrics—the Key to Successful Decoration"
If you have not received a copy of this booklet which gives, briefly, the history of fabrics and their importance in decorative use, write us. Let us explain our special offer whereby you may send this interesting book to your prospective clients.

Write to F. Schumacher & Co., Dept. S-7. 60 West 40th St., New York, Importers, Manufacturers and Distributors to the trade only of decorative drapery and upholstery fabrics. Offices also in Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Grand Rapids, Detroit.

A striking use of this print is seen here framed as a panel above the mantelpiece. In variegated tones of green, flame, old gold, blue and amaranth on cream linen. Other color harmonies on backgrounds of tête, écru, or yellow.

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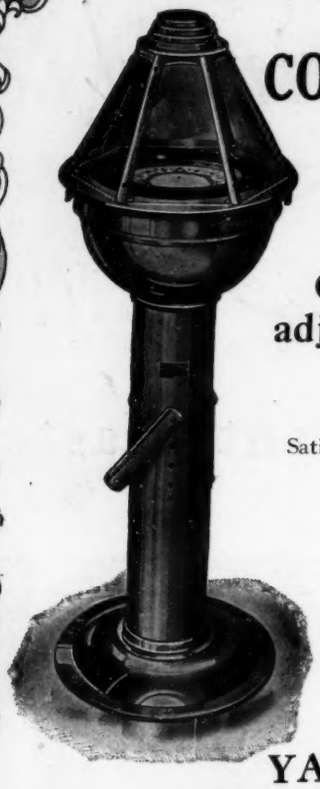

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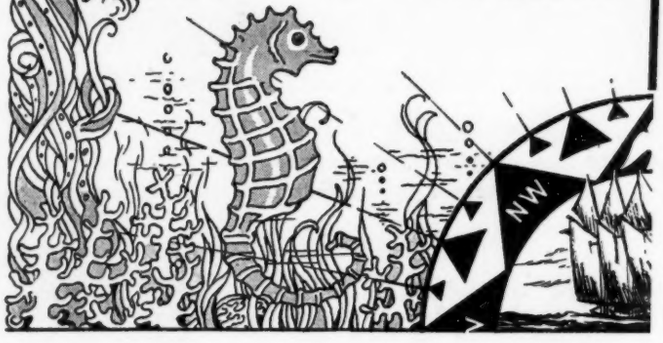

sail boat, supplemented, if you insist, with an engine. Lee rail awash, the hum of straining sheets, tattoo of reef points on stiffened canvas catch a boy's fancy, satisfy a nomadic urge within him. Give him his choice, but I shall be much disappointed if he does not pick the sail boat. But in any event, get him a boat.

I have known boys of 16 or a little under, who, alone, in open 16-foot boats, have cruised the Potomac, from Washington to Point Lookout and back, a distance of

Beans — oh, boy!

some 200 miles; and on these trips these youngsters were in less danger than when they played in the city, or tried to ride their wheels in the maze of traffic, or were tempted to "hit up" the parental automobile. I know youngsters of 12 who safely run outboard-powered rowboats, and on the bay, it is not an infrequent sight to see the long 40-foot fish boats, piloted and operated with no other help than that of the lone crew of a youngster. It depends more upon the boy than upon his years.

So, this summer, not only take the boy along, but grant him a wish, that perhaps while not expressed, is tugging at his heart: Give him a boat of his own.

An Ocean Race in the Antipodes

(*Continued from page 74*)

continuous pumping was necessary. Water was almost up to the settee tops; every stitch of clothing and blankets was soaked and about every tenth wave was pooping her and going clean from stern to stem. Not so nice.

We kept as near as possible to our northerly course, knowing that eventually we must hit the coast of Victoria, if she floated, but praying that we might sight a steamer, or hit the coast before dark, which would give us a sporting chance for a swim. About 3:30 or 4 o'clock Saturday afternoon we picked up land hazily through the spume ahead, on the port bow. When close enough to make out a lighthouse we came to the conclusion that we had picked up Cape Otway. With chart and sailing directions we reckoned that with any luck we might miss the reef extending a mile and a half from the shore and get to shelter in Appollo Bay.

We duly skirted a reef running far out from shore, drifted near a small jetty, dropped our anchor, were carted ashore by willing helpers and filled up with hot whiskey and food. In course of time we discovered we were in Flinders, on Westernport Bay, practically the only place on a hundred miles of coast that we could have got ashore alive in that southwesterly gale.

As to the others in the race, the *Oimira* got into Georgetown about 3:30 A.M. on Sunday, winner of the long run. She was 42 hours out from Port Phillip Heads,

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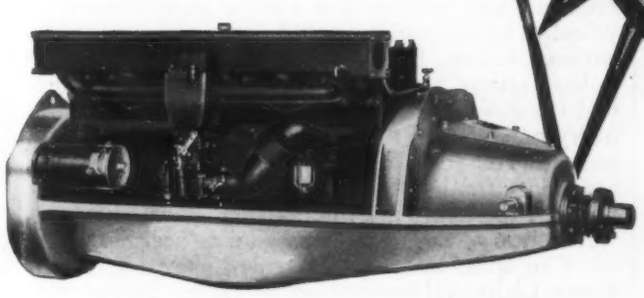

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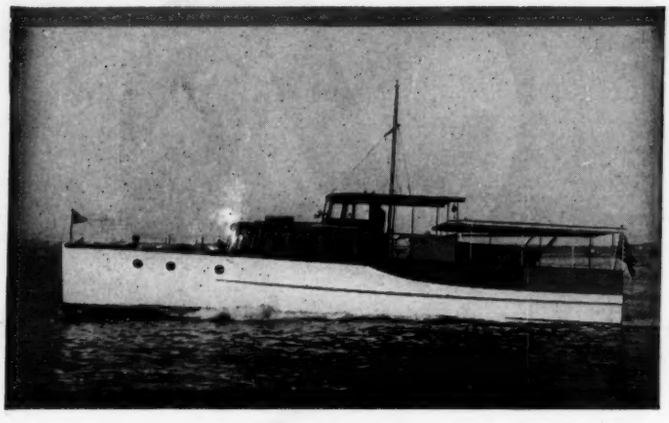
A FAULTLESS YACHT FROM STEM TO STERN



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and was followed five hours later by *Shamrock* which had actually been hove to for eight hours. Both yachts had had a grueling time and two members of *Oimira's* crew had been almost washed overboard while up forward struggling with a blown-out jib.

Phyllis turned up several days later, having been forced to seek shelter under the lee of Three Hummocks Island, and *Wanderer*, with every shred of canvas blown away, spoke a steamer down near Wilson's Promontory on Monday evening, got her position reported, and made her way back to Melbourne by the following Wednesday, under engine.

So ended the ocean race from Port Phillip Bay to Tamar Heads, 1929, 22 years after its inception. Not a man who dared the straits this year was anything but lucky to get through with his life. In the opinion of many, it will be many a long year before the race is repeated.

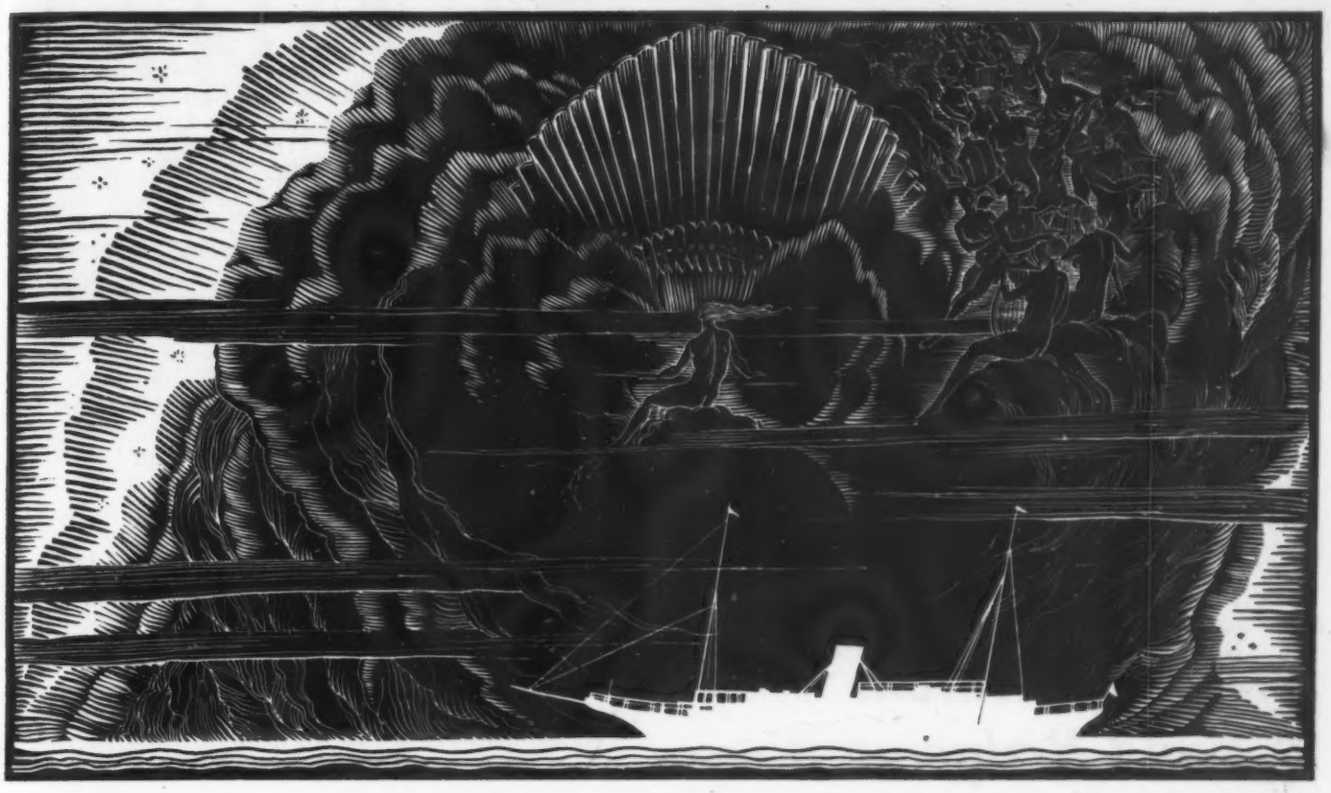
Wanderlure II Goes Foreign

(*Continued from page 63*)

unable to see the compass card, and then came up to weather and told us we would have to heave to. I explained to the bridge that it was impossible until they gave us sea room to come up into the wind. They then dropped astern and we complied with their command, though we were in Mexican waters, a mile and a half off Salsi Puedes Point, some 30 miles below the international boundary line. After some delay they put out a dory almost as big as the *Wanderlure II* and tried to board us on the weather side, scarring up our rail. This failed, and at my request they went around to the lee side, fouling our log line, though I had repeatedly told them that we had a log streamed. At last they got aboard and fell into a huddle in the bottom of the cockpit as the boom came amidships when a sea caught her. Going below, they proceeded to search every drawer and locker in the ship. The head of the boarding party discovered that he had lost his book about this time and could not proceed without it. A search found it in the cockpit and the inquest continued. After a multitude of questions, they left in the lubberly fashion they had boarded us and we got under way at 7.46, after being hove to an hour. It seems to me too bad that, if yachts must be stopped (which they have no right to be in Mexican waters) that it cannot at least be done in a courteous, seamanlike manner.

The night continued squally, with rain. The sea increased and it turned cold so that we were glad of the Shipmate below. From time to time between squalls we picked up the mainland which gave us a good check on our position, and at 11.30 P.M. we made out the Coronados Islands, and a little later, Point Loma Light. The squalls continued at intervals and though they carried considerable weight we had no trouble in going through them without shortening sail.

At 12.15 I was steering and had just sent Clip down to call Manana and read the glass, as it was making up in the southwest, when the wind hit us without warning, knocking us down so that the lee ports were under. I yelled to hurry, and brought her up as much as I dared without luffing, for the wind would have shaken our sails to pieces. We could not run before it, because we had the shore under our lee. The boys hit the deck in a hurry and seemed to know what it was all about. Clip took the coil and Manana lay on his back on the cabintop under the boom, with his feet in the water, on the rail and did some tall bulldogging. It was funny afterwards, but at the time I was glad to see that sail come in. The wind and rain increased, blotting out Point Loma Light and everything on shore. As her rail was



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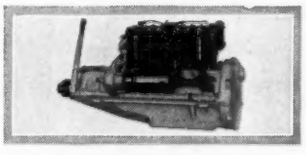

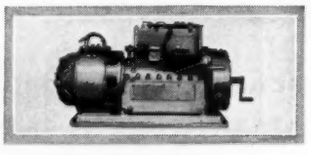

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still pretty well down, the boys pulled the jib off her and we raced along under foresail alone. At the time I thought there was hail with it, but I am inclined to think that it was just the force of the wind. At 12.35 the rain ceased and we picked up Point Loma Light and the whistler, and at 1.12 A.M. put the latter abeam and headed into the harbor. The wind then gradually shifted to the northwest and blew all night. We snugged in behind Ballast Point and cooked up some hot chocolate, drying the cabin out which was soaked from a couple of open ports. The following day it was still wild, so we stayed behind Ballast Point, getting some much needed rest.

January 21st the barometer had gone up and the wind shifted to the southeast. It looked a little "bronco" outside as we started, but the wind soon petered entirely, the sun came out and the trip to San Pedro degenerated into a motorboat ride.

At 12.02 A.M. we slipped in behind San Pedro Light and started up the harbor. As we did so a rum runner spurted into the harbor about half a mile away and a rum chaser lying in the darkness suddenly came to life with searchlights and put a shot across her bows. We proceeded to quarantine. Having finished with the rum boat, they gave us a look over. In the morning the port officials came aboard, took all but the top sheet of our remaining papers, and the cruise was officially ended.

Clip went back to his books, Manana to his steers. I envied them a little as they left, for I had the unpleasant task before me of selling the little ship that had been so friendly to us.

The First Seagoing Auxiliary

(*Continued from page 57*)

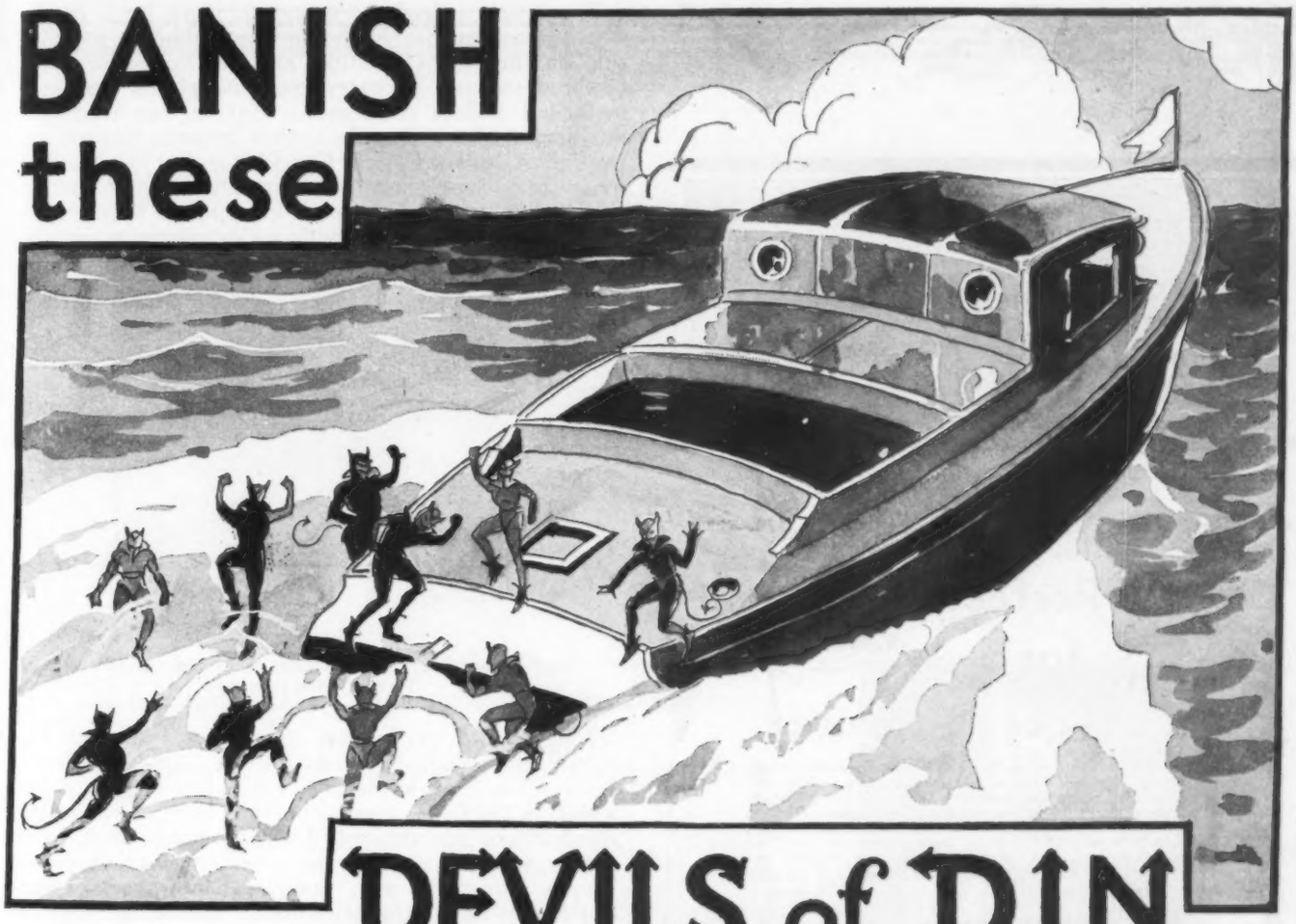
he had had a look at that unbraced crosshead. At Stockholm the King of Sweden would buy for $100,000, but pay in hemp and iron, and Rogers wanted cash. So finally, disappointed, they set a course for home (September 29th — November 30th, 1819), stopping at Copenhagen and Arendal, Norway, with a stormy 40-day passage from the last-named port to Savannah. Though they spent two days loading coal in Russia, the engine was not used between Norway and the time that they steamed into the home port.

What to do? With all their brave and costly effort, the Rogers had so far demonstrated only that a ship with so weak a steam power plant was of no real use on long voyages. One hope remained — to sell the *Savannah* to the U. S. Navy. President Monroe thought that Congress would buy her for a naval cruiser on the Cuban coast; for those seas are not stormy, and are frequently beset by calms, in which steam power would not only enable speedy traveling, but easy capture of a becalmed pirate or slaver, however swift a sailer. So the *Savannah* cast off again on the third of December, and reached Washington after twelve stormy days.

But the pioneer ship was not bought. Then a great fire in her home port burned out her proprietors, and she was sold at auction at a great loss. Her engine was removed and the ship was set to sailing as a packet between Savannah and New York. Soon after, in a gale of November 5, 1821 (not in 1822, as habitually stated), she went ashore on the Long Island beach, opposite Moriches, and broke up.

As her scattered bones sank into the sand, and other steamers began to cross the deep, so did her memory sink from sight in England. By 1858 the London *Illustrated Times* denied that she had ever existed. But in America her voyage was always remembered, and made many men think of a Transatlantic liner of more practical design.

BANISH these DEVILS of DIN



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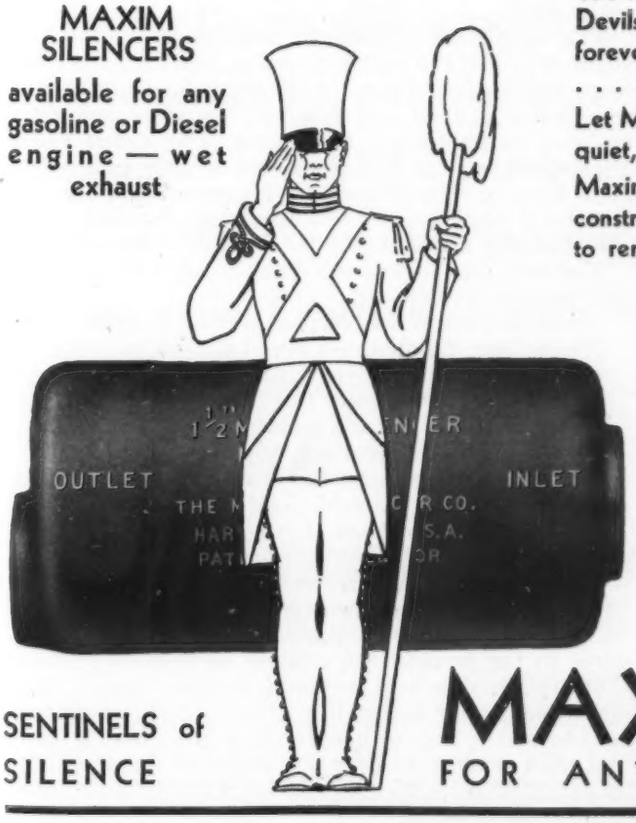

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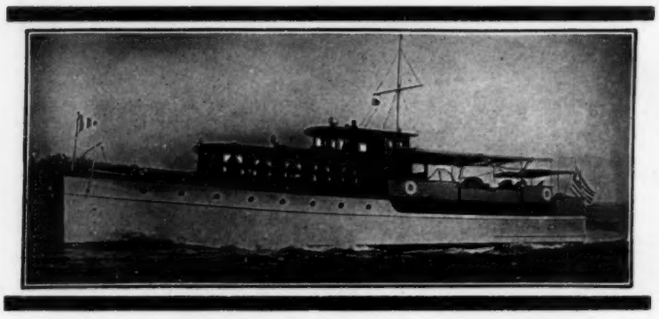

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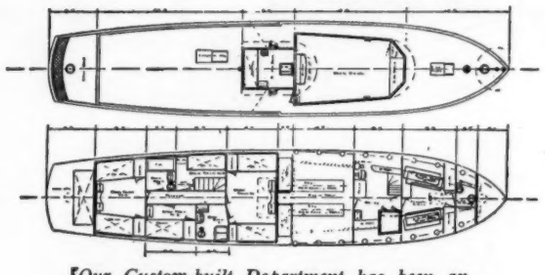

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There was, indeed, no economic place for a heavy, weak, steam auxiliary, paddle-wheel plant in a sailing ship on the North Atlantic, and no chance for a full powered steamer to carry coal enough to feed such inefficient boilers continually. But in one trade the auxiliary might well serve — that between Europe and the Orient, *via* the Cape of Good Hope. For here the ship must traverse six belts of calms each voyage; and in addition to these delays, while in a calm in Eastern seas she might have to deal with rocks, currents, or with

Capt. Moses Rogers, commander of the *Savannah* on her Transatlantic passages.

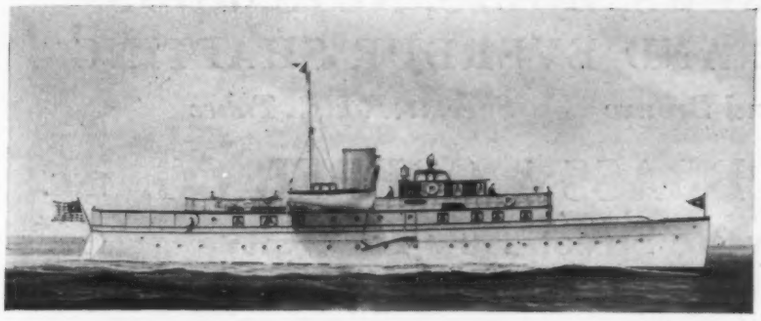
rowing pirates. So in time some East Indiamen were fitted with auxiliary steam plants. An Englishman, Seaward, in 1841, wrote that he had first suggested such a ship in 1829 (ten years after the *Savannah*), and that the first attempt to apply his idea was in 1839, in the *Maria*, 460 tons. At least two other East Indiamen were shortly equipped with compact, improved engines, much smaller in proportion to the size of the ship, yet giving equal speed, with horizontal cylinders and removable wheels with adjustable radius. These ships seemed to give a good account of themselves, yet were soon given up, as were some Australian packets in about 1850.

The main road to possible progress lay through the steamship, not the auxiliary sailer, but a steamer with large and better engines, reduced rigging, and paddle-wheels strong, fixed, and boxed in. Nor were such steamers slow to walk upon the waters. The *Robert Fulton*, 1819, described by Marestier, was already plying from New York to New Orleans *via* Havana. With a vertical crosshead engine, she was mechanically and almost commercially successful.

The next crossings of the Atlantic after the *Savannah* are recorded as follows:

Conde de Palmella, Liverpool — Brazil, 1820
Rising Star, London — Chile, 1822
Curaçao, Netherlands — Surinam, 3 voyages, 1827–29
H.M.S. *Rhadamanthus*, England — Barbados, 1832
Royal William, Canada — England, 1833
Sirius, Cork — New York, 1838

But all these ventures failed of commercial success, until Brunel's well planned *Great Western* achieved it in her Bristol — New York voyage of 1838. Numerous competitors followed, but still nine years later the *Great Western* was the only steamer continuing her passages. She was laid up each winter, carried only cabin passengers, and on the eastbound trips had to lower her fares to the level of the equally swift sailing packets. The packet ship was becoming steadily larger, longer, finer-lined, safer and swifter, thanks to growing traffic and to steam tugs to handle them in harbor. So it was not till a generation after the *Savannah* that steamships began effectively to compete with the packets on any transoceanic route.



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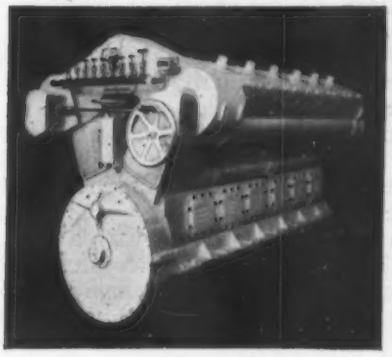

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Bermuda Fever

(*Continued from page 60*)

where, "Ducky" reasoned to himself, she wouldn't have so far to sink.

Just now, however, we are rather more concerned with *Sacni* as was, indeed, her owner. Being a man of resource, he made up his mind at once, and acted accordingly.

"Mr. Vining," he ordered, "take charge on deck and unbend every damn rag!"

And while the starboard watch was lowering away, the other half turned to below under his calm direction. The floor boards were taken up and laid in the berths on either side. There was some inside ballast, and this was hove overboard. The port watch now lay on deck where each member took turns with a saw, ripping her down the kingplank from stem to stern, while the starboard watch unrove sheets and halliards and slacked off the port fore turnbuckles and unshackled them. The same was done with the starboard turnbuckles of the main shrouds. There I go, calling her a schooner again, but in the excitement of the moment I clean forgot that she was a ketch. At any rate, when the saw at last had cut its way through her transom, *Sacni's* skipper made a hasty tour of inspection and ordered both watches below and to bring the two dinghies with them.

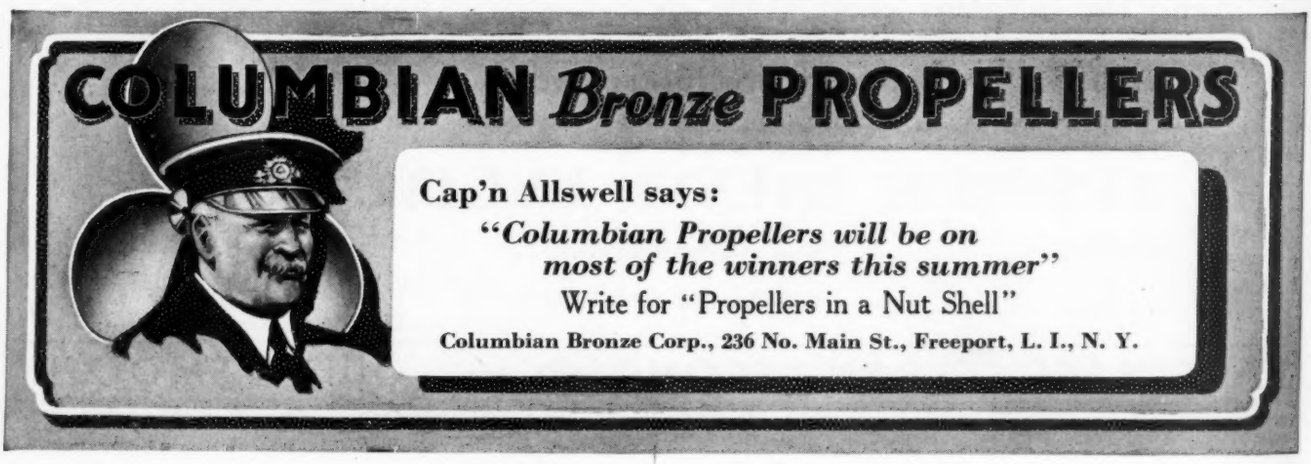
"Men," he said, "so far, *Sacni* has done very well on the big board, I mean in this race. But her sinking fund, I mean her keel, is getting too much for her and she's crying to be reorganized. So we're going to split her, two-for-one. Lie on your backs, port and starboard, with your feet together and when I give the word, shove or we'll all go down together. Are you with me?"

"Aye, aye! Sir," they roared in a mighty voice, "we're with you; divided we float!"

"Then *shove*, you Sons of Linchpins, SHOVE!"

Ten pairs of legs shoved, five on a side, and with a mighty shiver, the *Sacni* opened her very bosom to the sky and lay side by side, as you might say, while her keel sank in the blue deep between. Instead of being a narrow deep keeled offshore racing machine, she was now a couple of beamy skimming dishes. With her starboard side had gone her mainmast — I've got *that* right at last — and to her port side had fallen her mizzen. Likewise, the Starboarders had inherited the galley and the cook, while to the Porters was left the engine. Each had its own tender.

There was not a moment to lose, for the northwest wind had been upon them for some time and already the *Virginia Creeper* and *Misstep* were doing their stuff, hull down, beyond the forenoon sun. Lots were drawn for the various sails and a hearty luncheon was gotten up by the cook on *Sacni Port*, as the left wing was now called. Inwardly fortified with ample belly timber, the two crews presently turned to in dead earnest, for there would be keen rivalry between them to rig their respective craft and away. But first they had to work together. The *Sacnis* were cast off from each other and the dinghies launched and placed between them. Then the masts were laid across, with a loose hitch holding them together at their trucks. Chain plates were rebolted, the starboard mizzen plates to the port side of *Sacni Starboard*, and the port main plates to the starboard side of *Sacni Port* — figure it out for yourself — and then the two crews warped their vessels together again, thus standing the tall spars on end. For an hour or two, the *Sacnis* leaned against each other, for mutual support, while their crews worked feverishly to set up shrouds and stays and wedge mast steppings. As the mizzen boom naturally clung to its parent mast, so the spinnaker pole clove to its guardian, the mainmast.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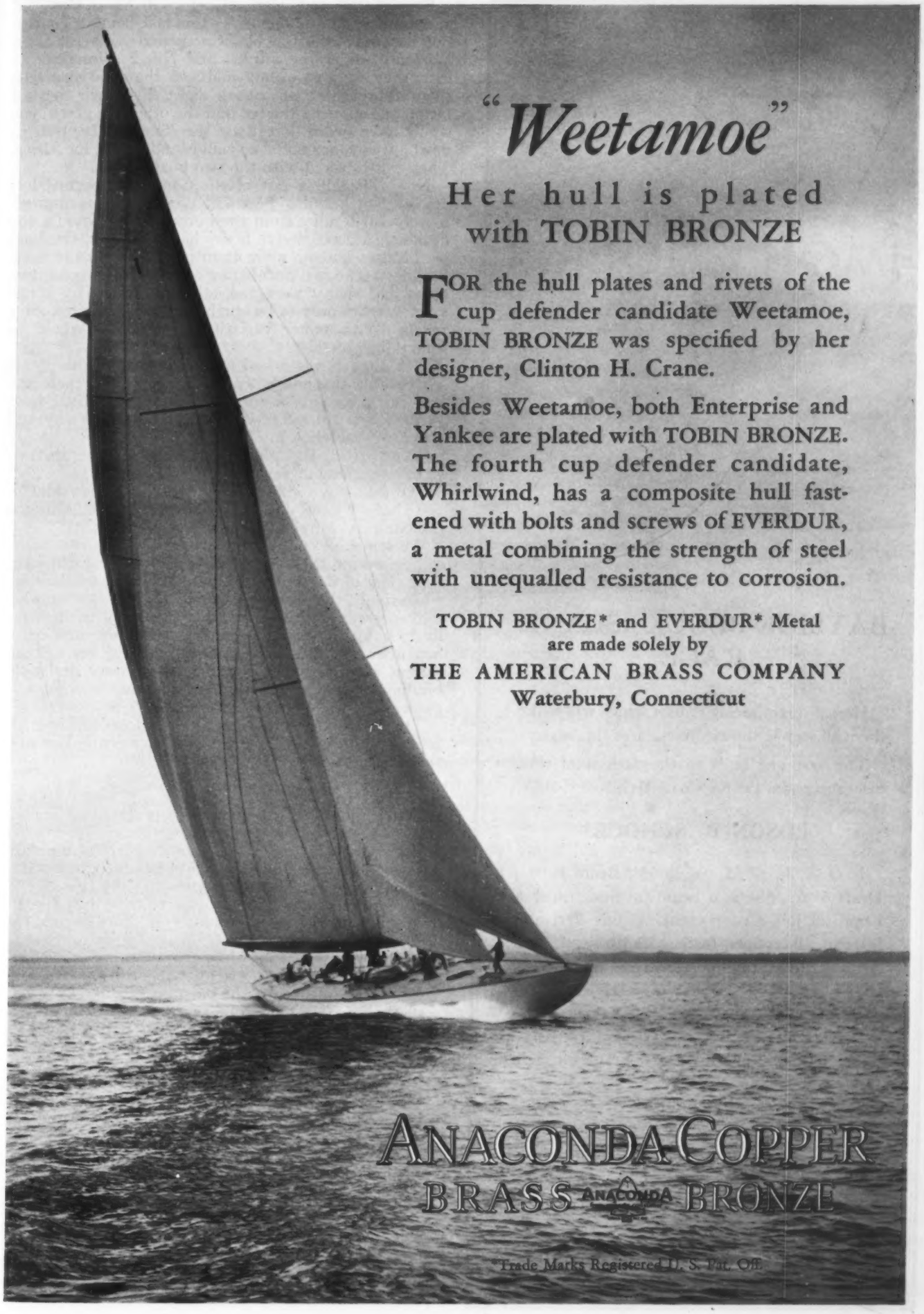
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Her hull is plated with TOBIN BRONZE
FOR the hull plates and rivets of the cup defender candidate Weetamoe, TOBIN BRONZE was specified by her designer, Clinton H. Crane.
Besides Weetamoe, both Enterprise and Yankee are plated with TOBIN BRONZE. The fourth cup defender candidate, Whirlwind, has a composite hull fastened with bolts and screws of EVERDUR, a metal combining the strength of steel with unequalled resistance to corrosion.
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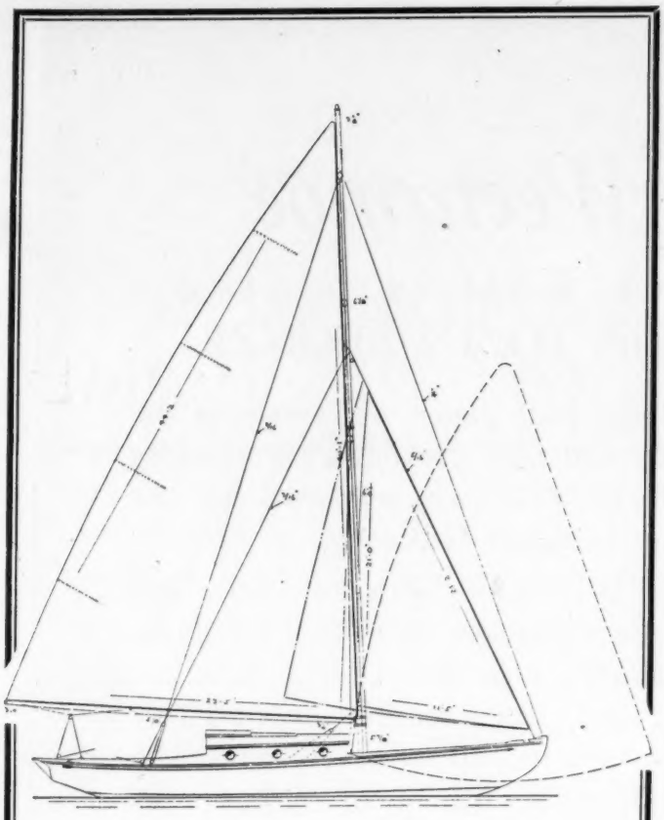

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L. O. A. 34′ 6″; L. W. L. 25′; Beam 8′ 10″; Draft 5′ 6″. She is a beautiful design and a beautiful job. Cedar planking, oak keel and frames, all copper fastened with lead keel. African Mahogany house, rail and inside trim. Planked decks finished bright. Six foot headroom, sleeps four, separate toilet room, ice box and galley. Sails by Beckman, of Wamsutta Duck, Universal Flexifour motor with electric starter.

She was built during our slack season and is just finished.

CHUTE & BIXBY

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By nightfall, they were off before it, *Sacni Port* clad in spinnaker and ballooner — this last being a concession because of the drag of her propeller — and the *Sacni Starboard* under the mizzen and No. 2 spinnaker. In fact, they were so evenly matched that had you seen them approaching on a dark night, just their lights I mean, one sporting the red and the other the green, you would have sworn that it was the *Robert E. Lee* bearing down on you, or maybe a small island bound for Africa. They were steered with the two boat booms.

Now this falling out of the *Sacni* had occurred in 36° 30′ North and 67° 59′ 45″ West, which is approximately 287.6 miles from the buoy off St. David's, and although a good twelve hours had been lost, the bunt of the fleet had no more than passed her in the early darkness. The two *Sacnis* flew after them like phantom ships and many were the tales recounted by bleareyed watches only to be laughed down by their scoffing reliefs. With minor variations, their drift would be something like this,

". . . there was a hell of a swish astern, like a big sea cocking up, and when I looked around there was this thing walking at us with her lights about forty yards apart. No use trying to jibe out of the way, so I yelled to you fellows —"

"You *yelled*, all right, and when we came up there wasn't anything there!"

"Of course not. She went right by on either side!"

"That's a good one," gibed the doubters, "tell it at the banquet. Maybe the Governor'll believe it!"

We know, of course, that it was just the two *Sacnis* sailing around their competitors. By morning, the twins were clear of the fleet again and hauling up on their erewhile rivals, the *Creeper* and *Misstep*. It was noon when they passed the latter and her company witnessed a lively scrap as *Sacni Port* tried to luff a hot meal out of her other half. But the Starboarders gave her a broadside of stewed prunes and then bore away derisively, bidding their quondam shipmates to lean on their own chow.

The afternoon wore away as the *Sacnis* slid over the miles and once more night opened her gentle bosom to receive them.

* * *

Past midnight. At the outer end of the finish line, the tug *Lady Hamilton* lay brooding under her hoist of white and red lights. As the advance guard of the racers was not expected till morning, all hands had turned in, except Lord Herringbone-Stytch and the Hon. Ellingham Trimmingdon who had lingered over their syphons to discuss next year's Easter lily crop. Lord Stytch, be it known, was something of a horticulturist and took a keen interest in lilies of the field and others not so well bedight. But now these two also were retiring. Presently a hail came in through the open ports.

"Aboard the tug!" yelled a voice strident from hunger.

"*On board the tug!*" called a voice full of chow and java.

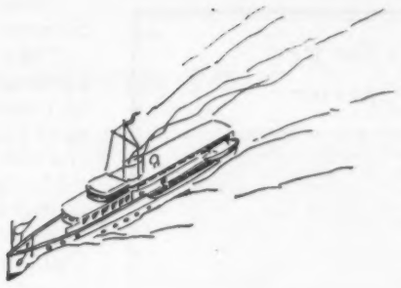
"AHOY!" both shouted in querulous unison.

"What ship?" asked the Hon. Trimmingdon, tripping over his trousers as he emerged from the companionway.

"*Sacni Port!*" answered the more strident voice from the direction of a red light skimming low over the water.

"*Sacni Starboard!*" boomed the well-fed voice from the vicinity of the green light, likewise skimming low over the water. "Can't you give us the flare? We got here first!"

"The hell you did," broke in the other, "I'm owner and skipper of these craft and I've got the papers to prove it!"



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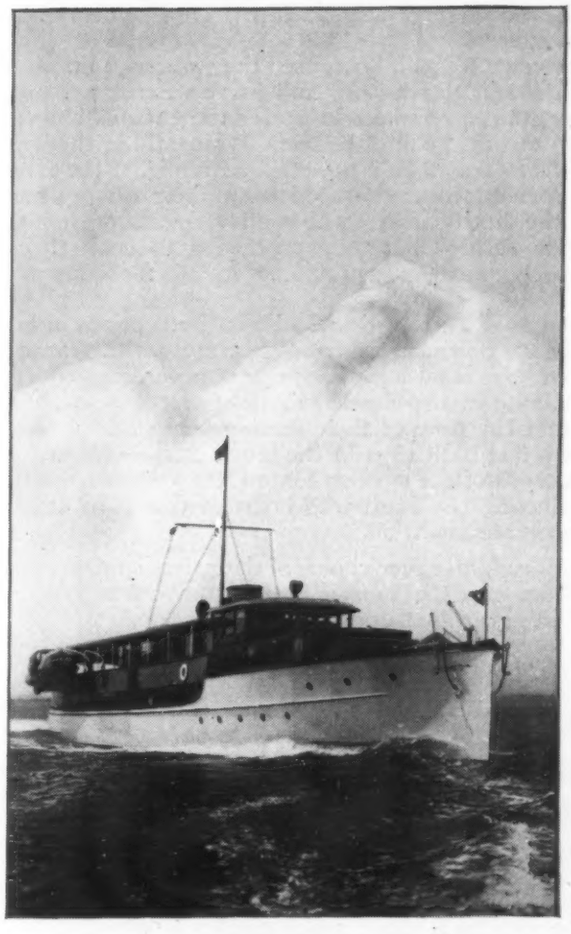

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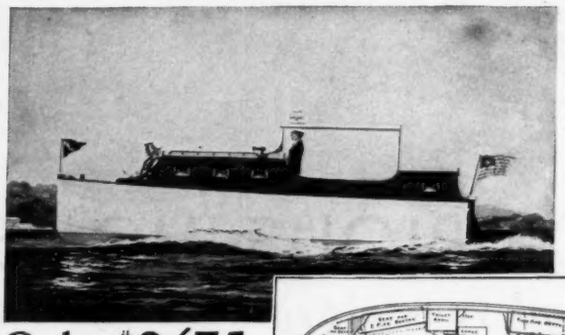

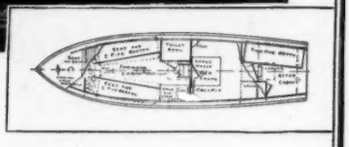

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"You haven't been skipper *here* since we left the Stream, and you know it!" rebuffed the green voice.

"My word," exclaimed Lord Herringbone-Stytch, arriving on deck in his tweed pajamas, "there seems to be a mutiny about. Bally odd, you know, but wherever she is, I can always see the two lights," he continued as the two *Sacnis* sailed around the *Lady Hamilton* again. "May be she's one of those spirit ships I've been hearing so much about."

As they jibed around the bow of the tug, Captain Dablett, losing all restraint, rasped, "Hey, you plank owners, can't you finish us this time? Here we've played Ring-Around-You-Rummies for twenty minutes and we're getting sick of it, and losing our time besides!"

Just then a sleepy member of the crew managed to turn on the searchlight and the two halves were disclosed in a garboard to garboard finish as once more they rushed for the line.

"Magnificent!" cheered His Lordship, intrigued with their display of seamanship. "Won't you repeat the maneuver?"

"*Damned* if we will," chorused the two crews up wind and with their dander up, and as two flares went off together, the *Sacnis* headed up for the channel and let go their anchors behind the reefs. While still in the rays of the *Lady Hamilton's* powerful searchlight, the famished Porters were seen to launch their dinghy and board the Starboarders whom they overcame in one desperate rush. Then they proceeded to cook themselves such a meal as they had not known for a day and a half.

Taken as a whole, *Sacni* had won both prizes in her class, hands down. Considered separately, their ratings adjusted *pro rata, ad valorem* and according to the cesser clause in the elastic provision of the new Tariff Bill, from the time of their secession, the *Sacnis* were also awarded both cups in the lower class — by unanimous accord of the smaller contenders.

Parallaxing the Bard who boarded this yarn at the beginning, we might add,

"In brief, a braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the *Yankee* bottoms have waft o'er
Did never float upon the swelling tide."

Adventurers All

(*Continued from page 79*)

far on it when a sudden rise of the canoe, followed by an unusually long run down the slope of a roller, told us of a danger that we hardly dared to think of, then a mighty comber broke, but, as Providence willed, broke short of the canoe, which under shortened sail was then scudding very fast.

"We were on a shoal, and the sea was breaking from the bottom! The second great roller came on, towering up, up, up, until nothing longer could support the mountain of water, and it seemed only to pause before its fall to take aim and surely gather us up in its sweeping fury.

"I put the helm a-lee; there was nothing to do but this, and say prayers. The helm hard down, brought the canoe around, bows to the danger, while in breathless anxiety we prepared to meet the result as best we could. Before we could say: 'Save us or we perish,' the sea broke over with terrific force and passed on, leaving us trembling in His hand, more palpably helpless than before. Other great waves came madly on, leaping towards destruction; how they bellowed over the shoal! I could smell the slimy bottom of the sea, when they broke! I could taste the salty sand!

"In this perilous situation, buried sometimes in the foam of breakers, and at times tossed like a reed on the crest of the waves, we struggled with might and main at

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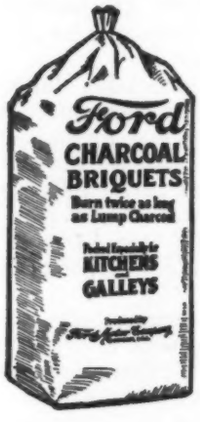
You can get this better galley fuel in any of the ports listed at the right, from the local dealer. Save this list, and tack it up in your galley. Once you've used Ford Charcoal Briquets, you'll be glad to refer to it again and again.



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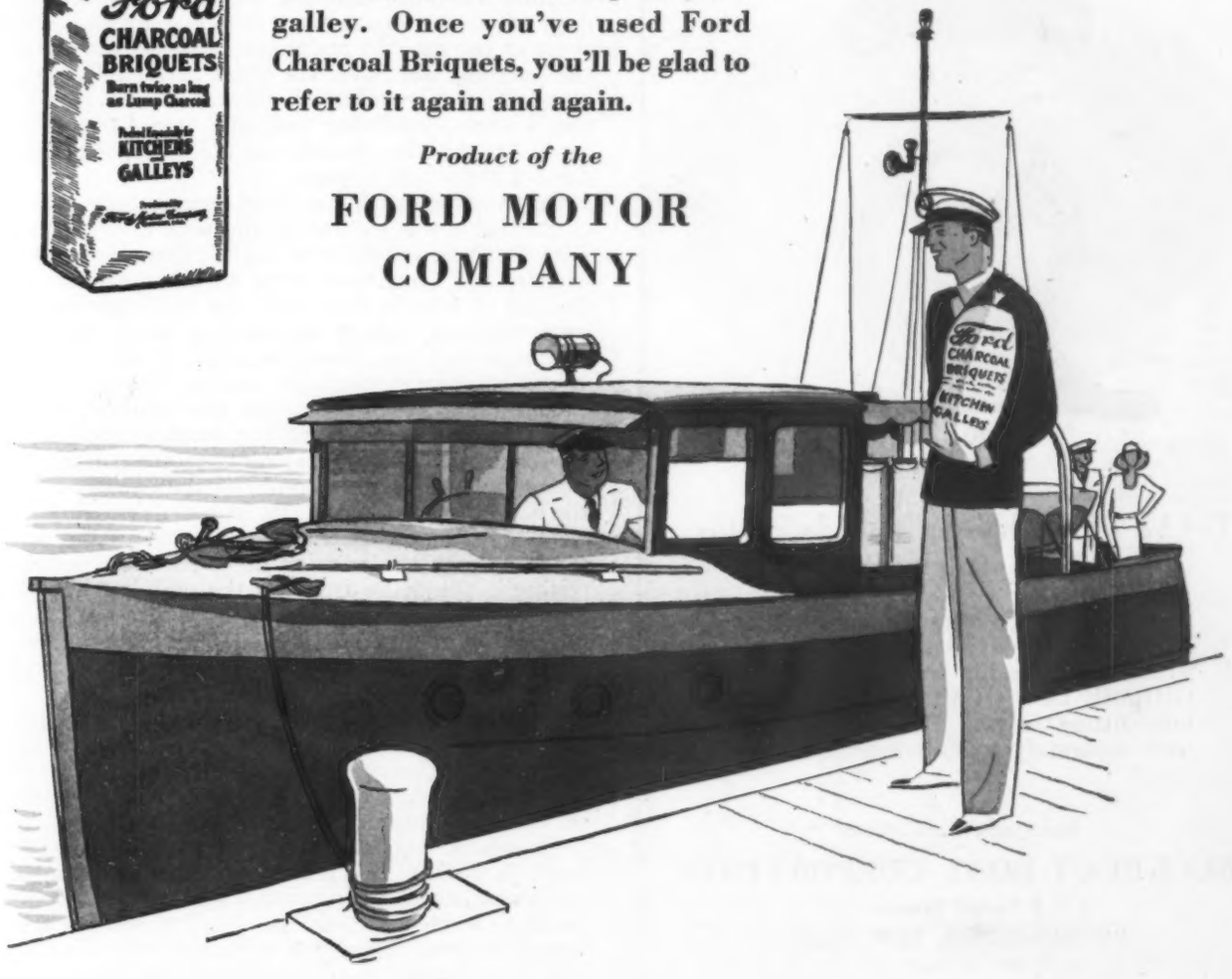

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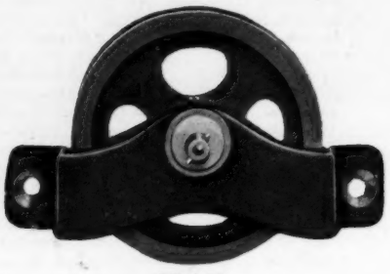

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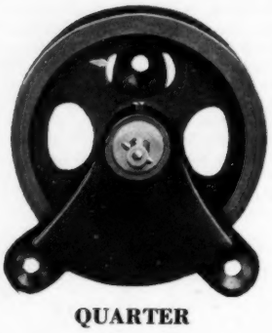

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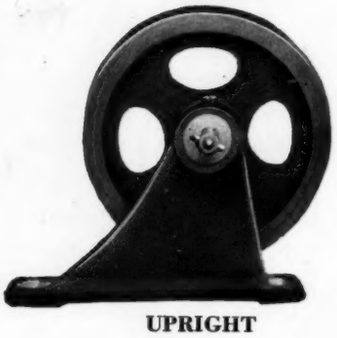

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the helm and the sheets, easing her up or forcing her ahead with care, gaining little by little toward deep water, till at last she came out of the danger, shook her feathers like a sea bird, and rode on waves less perilous. Then we had time and courage to look back, but not till then.

"And what a sight we beheld! The horizon was illumined with phosphorescent light from the breakers just passed through. The rainstorm which had obscured the coast was so cleared away now that we could see the whole field of danger behind us. One spot in particular, the place where the breakers dashed over a rock which appeared awash, in the glare flashed a shaft of light that reached to the heavens."

So they headed her offshore, put her under short sail and lay down to rest until daylight. And the captain sagely remarks: "Any weather that one's craft can live in, after escaping a lee shore, is pleasant weather — though some may be pleasanter than other."

After this experience, sea room and wind was what was wanted, and the course was shaped offshore, direct for Barbados. The *Liberdade* made great time in the Trades and nightly the Southern Cross sank lower while the familiar stars of the northern hemisphere rose into view. Sights were taken daily unless the sun happened to be obscured, the captain and Victor straddling the house and taking snap shots as the boat rose on a sea. A few days' practice made them both expert at this work and the navigation was fairly reliable, considering the liveliness of the observers' platform. The barometer was watched carefully, too, so that there was no haphazard sailing on the voyage.

Once, though, on this run, the boat did get into trouble. Thinking that she might carry more sail one day, when the masts were buckling forward under a press of canvas, the mainmast went by the board and the foremast went over the bows. Spars and sails swung alongside and were hauled aboard quickly. The broken masts were then fished and soon were fit to carry sail again. On that day the run was 175 miles, one of the best days of the whole voyage.

On the nineteenth day from Pernambuco, the island of Barbados was sighted in the west and by noon the *Liberdade* was at anchor in Carlisle Bay. Here, too, were friends, and conditions were so pleasant that it was decided to stay in port until the hurricane season was over. October 15th is supposed to mark the last day of danger but the *Liberdade* sailed on the seventh and stretched away through the Antilles into the Caribbean, encountering smooth seas and fair winds. From Santa Cruz she reached over to the southwestern corner of Porto Rico and, running along the southern shore of the island, anchored at Mayaguez on the twelfth. She made the 570 miles from Barbados in five days.

At Mayaguez local photographers wanted a picture of the boat with the crew on deck. As the Slocums were resting in the shade ashore at the time and unwilling to move out into the hot sun, a negro was put aboard to pose. When these pictures were published in some of the foreign papers, it was remarked that the captain was a fine-looking fellow but awfully tanned!

Three days were spent in port, fresh provisions were taken aboard, and on the fifteenth of October sail was made again. The course was shaped for the eastern end of Hayti, thence along the northern side of the island to its western extremity, and thence over to the coast of Cuba which was followed as far as Cardenas. As this coast is visited by violent gales from the north and northwest, a sharp lookout was kept as Cuba would be a lee shore in such a blow. But the bad weather that was met was mostly from the eastward with wind squalls, rain and thunder every afternoon and pleasant nights following.

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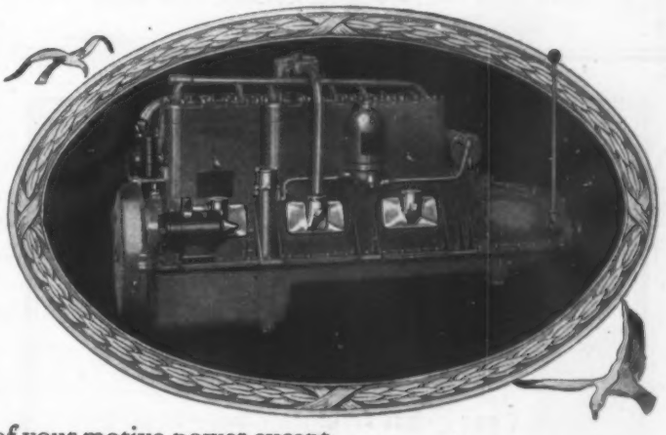

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Nassau was included in the proposed itinerary but all hands were impatient to get home, so a straight wake was made to the northward, with a call at Lobos Key for water. Two days' sailing over the Bahama Bank brought the boat up to Bimini and then she shoved her nose out into the Gulf Stream. "Swept along by wind and current," says Slocum, "we made on the first day 220 miles." Great time was made on the next day until the wind shifted to N.E. and set up a tremendous confused head sea. But on she drove under shortened sail until she made the land near Bull's Bay, South Carolina, and at night sighted the light on Cape Romain. This was on October 28th, 1888, thirteen days from Mayaguez, 1,300 miles to the southward. The time spent at sea from Paranagua was 55¼ days, including the 200-mile tow from Santos to Rio. The total distance sailed, reckoning from point to point, was 5,510 miles. The average of almost 100 miles a day is a respectable one for a boat of the size of the *Liberdade*.

Two days were spent in beating along the land until harbor was made in South Santee, just to the north of Cape Romain, and thence a short trip was made up river. Then a steamer towed the boat to Georgetown, where she lay at anchor all night, and then she worked her way north along the coast. Autumn gales of considerable force were met and the *Liberdade* got a dusting off Cape Fear. Southport and Wilmington were visited and then she went through Corncake Inlet and outside to New River Inlet which was entered before a rising gale. Thence she went inland to Beaufort and on to Norfolk and up the Potomac to Washington, which was reached on December 27th.

The winter was spent at the national capital and about the middle of April, 1889, she sailed down the Potomac and headed for New York through the inland passage, calling at Baltimore and Philadelphia. From New York she cruised to Taunton, where she hauled out, and later went on to Boston. After another winter she headed back for Washington, there to end her days.

Racing Rules for Runabouts

(*Continued from page 50*)

new rules are even more strict in their classification of amateurism than the yacht racing rules. Yacht designers and brokers race as Corinthians, but the runabout rules put in Division 3 "One who is connected with the motor or boat industry or the business of building, repairing, selling, distributing or servicing motors, boats or accessories or has been connected therewith in any capacity for monetary gain or business profit within one year."

In Division 2 events a boat must be owned and driven by one or more persons qualified in Division 2. Division 2 drivers and boats may compete in Division 3 events unless otherwise specified by the local race committee, there is no restriction on cash prizes, and no separate division for novice drivers — in these three items the runabout rules differ from the 1930 outboard racing rules, which they follow very closely in letter and spirit otherwise. At least two persons must be aboard during every race. A boat must be the bona fide property of the entrant for at least ten days before the race, and at least three identical boats must have been produced and sold by the builder.

Aside from the outboard rules, these are the first rules for standard production motorboats of any class. They testify to the change that has come over motorboating, from the old days of custom-built boats only, to the present day of huge factories turning out finely designed craft of just a few models, under approximately the same system that has put the whole world to riding in American automobiles.

The Banfield «32» Sedan Wins

THE Banfield Sea Skiff always wins the confidence of its owners and the admiration of the boat loving public, because the Banfield is a he-man's boat; the fastest in the world for its size when it comes to making good miles in rough water.

The Banfield Sea Skiff accomplishes the unusual. It rides the bounding billows and makes rough water seem smooth, giving absolute security because it never falters, but holds true to its course; yet, the Banfield is a trim little ship, graceful, comfortable and luxuriously appointed, snappy in appearance and fit for the job.

The Banfield's reputation is respected by a great number of the world's most experienced yachtsmen, whose pride of ownership has given them extra pleasure and value for their money.

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"Wheeler Boats are Better Boats—and Better Built"

WHEELER PLAYMATES

THROUGH two generations of boat-builders, Wheeler "Playmates" have been constructed with the personal attention and interest ordinarily bestowed solely upon custom-built boats. This has made them not only thoroughly seaworthy and reliable, but it has given them a *human-ness* found in no other boat. Having this rare quality makes Wheeler "Playmates" decidedly *better boats*. Every one of the fifteen models — 22 feet to 47 feet — is constructed exactly as if the preservation of the Wheeler standards of craftsmanship depended upon it alone. That is why every "Playmate" owner is a happy, satisfied owner. Whether you want a deep sea fishing or general sports boat, a fast commuter or an express cruiser, you will find a Wheeler "Playmate" that will more than fulfill your highest expectations.

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The rules also testify to the tightening up of the restrictions on amateurism — for the benefit of the amateur. The annual meeting of the A. P. B. A. last year was told that runabout racing as a general sport had been pretty well killed because some of the manufacturers entered the bigger regattas and took all the glory. The ordinary boat owner could not expect to win against factory facilities and skill, so he stayed out of the racing. These rules, with their careful provision of a separate division for the true amateur, are the answer.

The rules should help everybody. They promise to result in increased interest in racing for runabout owners, bigger entry lists at regattas, wider enthusiasm and a greater return in fun from the average man's investment in his motorboat. If they work out this way, there will be benefits for owners, yacht clubs and manufacturers alike.

Some details of the rules follow: Motors — Stock marine motors only, only one per boat; self-starter and reverse required; outboard motors barred, whether installed inboard or outboard; superchargers barred, likewise pepping-up motor by reboring cylinders, changing piston displacement, increasing compression, changing carbureter size, changing weight of reciprocating parts or using non-stock parts. Permitted are changes in propeller, steering apparatus, piston rings, spark plugs and starting and throttle controls. Hulls — At least two bulkheads; hatch covers over motor closed during race except for temporary adjustment of motor; forward and after decks of combined total length of at least six feet; water line beam at widest not less than square root of load water line length; minimum freeboard — forward, not less than one inch per foot of l.w.l. length; amidships, not less than 7/8 inch per foot of l.w.l. length; aft, not less than 3/4 inch per foot of l.w.l. length. Boats in race must carry full equipment, including floor boards and seats for five, anchor and cable. All on board during the race must wear life preservers.

The race committee "should be guided by the ordinary customs of the sea, and discourage all attempts to win a race by other means than fair racing and superior skill and speed." It is encouraged to run similar boats as separate classes, and permitted to refuse to allow boats to race in higher classes and to allow Division 2 to compete with Division 3. It may cancel a race if only three boats appear. The penalty for an entrant giving false information to the committee about his division standing is disqualification from the race and disbarment from all racing for one year.

* * * * *

Outboard Racing Rules Changed

The National Outboard Racing Commission has changed the rules to permit national records and championship titles to a new group of racers, the "semi-professionals" who take cash prizes but use stock motors and boats. Instead of three divisions of drivers there are now four, approximately thus:

Division 1 — Novice amateurs (15 races or less).

Division 2 — Experienced amateurs (more than 15 races).

Division 3 — The "semi-pros," excluding all connected with the outboard trade.

Division 4 — Outboard boat and motor manufacturers, dealers, service men, their employees and all hired racers.

Divisions 1, 2, and 3 use stock motors and standard weight boats and get national records and championship titles. There are no restrictions on boats or motors and no records or titles in Division 4. Cash prizes are barred in 1 and 2, permitted in 3 and 4. Neither Division 3 nor 4 may compete against drivers of 1 and 2.

The net result is two broad groups, amateur and

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The famous Bosch Radio for the home now has a counterpart in Bosch Motor Boat Radio. This newest Bosch Radio model has all the superior quality features, all the advantages of clear, perfected reception, keen simplified tuning and freedom from distortion, and other features that have made Bosch Radio universally praised.

It is a screen-grid tube receiver, designed by Bosch Radio engineers for successful operation on any type motor boat. Bosch Motor Boat Radio sells readily on demonstration, every boat owner realizes the increased enjoyment it will bring to him.

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BOSCH MODEL 84 RECEIVER

Cabinet Model, Price $80 [less tubes]

1. Materials and design of set make it resistant to effects of moisture and salt air.
2. Compact unit with built-in speaker.
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11. Illuminated dial and single tuning control.

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Their expert surf riders gliding smoothly down the slope of the wave have proven conclusively the importance of "balance".

Through scientific research and practical experimentation we have developed in Dart Boats a nicety of balance which allows a low prow and a level planing angle.

The result is greater stability, smoother riding and MORE SPEED PER HORSEPOWER.

Four models, 30-foot, 26-foot, 22½-foot and the sensational new 18½-foot Runabout.

Write for interesting descriptive portfolio of all four models

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professional, each divided into two sub-groups — novice and expert for the amateurs, and non-trade and trade for the others. Most clubs probably will hold races for Divisions 1 and 2 combined, and for Divisions 3 and 4 combined. A race for the amateurs may be held simultaneously with a race for the professionals in the same motor class, but there must be separate prizes for the two groups. An amateur who races against a professional for the same prize loses his amateur standing. "Free-for-all" races are specifically barred.

Larchmont's Golden Jubilee

(*Continued from page 53*)

doors and you find yourself in the midst of the activity that precedes a race. On the dining porch, and through the other rooms on the first floor, men and women in picturesque racing costumes — shorts, salt-stained sweaters, worn sneakers, occasionally a sheath knife hanging from a belt — mingle with other men and women in more formal yachting attire, bolt a hasty lunch or dash hither and yon in search of missing members of the crew.

Stroll up the winding stairs and you are in another atmosphere, the cool, unhurried, slightly musty atmosphere of the model room and library. Here are models of some of the yachts that have made history. America's Cup defenders of old and the challengers they defeated, strange-looking steam yachts of another day, mingling with the models of the latest in racing craft, large and small.

Here, too, are many thousand volumes of yachting lore and history, some of it old and some of it new. And here are prized relics of wars, a ship's lantern from the old frigate *Kearsarge*, that was on board when she took the *Alabama*, the brass whistle from the battleship *Maine* and another from a Spanish warship sent to the bottom following the *Maine's* sinking.

But the heart of a yacht club is not in its clubhouse. It is in the fleet that anchors off the clubhouse. So step out on the front porch and look. There is plenty to see. The distant view is magnificent, for the porch commands a stretch of Long Island Sound from Execution Light to Eaton's Neck, some twenty-odd miles, and of the green Long Island shore across the way. But it is what you see in the foreground that takes the eye — a whole harbor full of yachts. Not only Larchmont yachts, of which there are now 308 registered in the club, but yachts from Marblehead, from California, perhaps from Europe.

The great schooners of an older day are missing, perhaps, but their place is more than filled, to a yachtsman's mind, by the multitude of smaller craft. The Class M sloops and Twelve-Metres are big enough in all conscience, and there may be a cup defender or a big schooner, perhaps the old *Atlantic* herself, anchored offshore. But it is the medium sized and smaller craft that make up the racing fleets of today, the Ten- and Eight-Metre sloops, the "Thirties," and the smaller fry — "R" boats, Six-Metres, Interclubs, Victories, Stars. These are the backbone of yacht racing, and Larchmont has them in full measure, including many of the fastest. They have their share of motor yachts, houseboats, cruisers and launches, too, but it is in its racing fleet that Larchmont's pride really lies, and the Larchmont racing fleet is hard to match anywhere in the world.

Chrysler MARINE ENGINES

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

THE MAJESTIC

8-cylinder—3½" bore x 5" stroke

HIGH DUTY—130-150 H. P. at 2400-3200 R. P. M.
With Reduction Gear—130-150 H. P. at 1200-1600 Propeller Speed.

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6-cylinder—3⅝" bore x 5" stroke

HIGH DUTY—65-125 H. P. at 1600-3200 R. P. M.
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6-cylinder—3¼" bore x 5" stroke

HIGH DUTY—50-82 H. P. at 1600-2800 R. P. M.
MEDIUM DUTY—30-50 H. P. at 1000-1600 R. P. M.
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THE CROWN

6-cylinder—3⅛" bore x 4⅛" stroke

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The Chrysler line of marine engines now includes suitable sizes and types for boats ranging from an 18-foot runabout to a 75-foot cruiser. ***For further information, address Marine Engine Division, Chrysler Corporation, Detroit, Michigan.***

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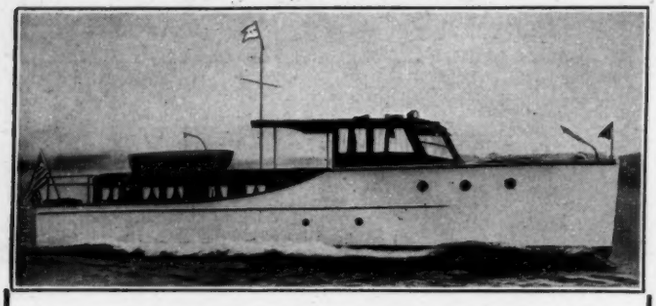
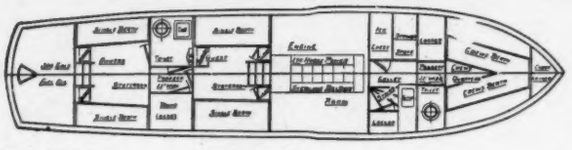
Save $6,000 on this Boat





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THIS magnificent cruiser is now under construction. Just before completion, original owner decided upon a boat of larger proportions. If purchased immediately, will be finished in accordance with your individual ideas as to furnishings, finishing, etc.

Two double staterooms, extra berths for additional guests, complete bath and shower, lavatory. Berths for crew of two, with lavatory. Completely equipped galley. Hot and cold water pressure system. Interior enameled with mahogany trim. Powered with 6-cylinder 290 h.p. Sterling Petrel motor. Single screw. Gasoline propelled.

Without a doubt this is the outstanding boat bargain of the year. Can be seen and thoroughly examined by appointment. If you want a boat that will fulfill your every desire, you should avail yourself of this extraordinary opportunity.

SPECIFICATIONS

Length 45 ft., beam 10 ft. 6 in., draft 3 ft. White Oak frames. Cedar planking. Full headroom. Water tanks 100 gal. capacity. Fuel tanks 300 gal. capacity. Home lighting system. Dinghy.

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Nantucket Comes Into Its Own

(*Continued from page 94*)

Leonard Kebler, Commodore, Edgartown Yacht Club; Vice President, J. W. Hornor, Commodore, Wianno Yacht Club; Secretary, H. Nelson Emmons, Beverly Yacht Club; Treasurer, Commodore Austin Strong, Nantucket Yacht Club. The executive committee consists of the above mentioned officers and Commodore R. W. Bird, Mattapoisett, and Rear Commodore Reilly, of Nantucket.

But now to get back to the Nantucket Yacht Club and its program for this season. The officers of this club consider that in order to get the youth of the country interested it is necessary to see that they get proper instruction in the finer points of yacht racing and seamanship, in the "rules of the game," and that the spirit of playing the game for the game's sake instead of becoming merely "mug hunters" should be instilled in them. It was felt that in too many clubs which provide junior membership the youngsters are left to their own devices after they join, and that much good material is allowed to go to waste and enthusiasm allowed to cool through lack of proper guidance or attention to the needs of this group.

To better accomplish this end the officers of the Nantucket Yacht Club persuaded William W. Swan, one of the most prominent racing skippers on Long Island Sound, to spend the summer at Nantucket and instruct the younger members, as well as their elders, in sailing and seamanship, and to see that their races were run as they should be in a well conducted club. The results should be of great benefit to the club itself as well as to the individual members.

The club already has several classes of boats for the juniors. The Rainbow Fleet is one of the most important, for it starts the youngsters on the water as soon as they learn to handle a tiller. Then there is the Indian Class, of somewhat larger boats, and several other classes used only locally. With the formation of the new yacht racing association interclub racing was felt to be imperative, and so the Vineyard Sound Interclub class of boats, fostered originally by the Edgartown Yacht Club, was selected, and a sufficient number of these were built by members to give a good racing fleet at Nantucket. These boats, from designs by C. D. Mower, are very much like the Long Island Sound Interclubs, and of about the same dimensions, but with some refinement in design. These boats will be raced outside of the jetties in Nantucket Sound. They will make possible not only interclub racing with the Edgartown sailors, but also team matches, which are being arranged with the Long Island Sound Interclubs, the new M-B one-designs and the Triangle Class now raced in Massachusetts and Rhode Island waters. No less than seventeen of these new Vineyard Sound Interclubs are being built for this year's racing by Bigelow, of Monument Beach, and Casey, of New Bedford. Both of these builders are also turning out for members of the Nantucket and Edgartown Yacht Clubs several new boats of the existing Katama Class of one-designs, somewhat smaller than the Vineyard Sound boats, being 26 feet 3 inches over all, and with centerboards instead of keels. With all of these boats owned and sailed by members of several clubs in the association, the very best of sport is assured.

The date for the annual regatta of the Nantucket Yacht Club has been fixed for August 25th. It is an open affair and will see boats from all the clubs in the association taking part; but the bigger part of the racing during the summer will be the regular championship events, divided into series, which will be sailed weekly, or oftener. With such comprehensive plans the future of sailing and of the sailor seems assured on old Nantucket Sound.

Of Interest to the Skipper

Two New Binoculars

The standard line of the well-known Bausch & Lomb binoculars has been augmented by two new prism binoculars of superior quality, especially adapted to marine work — one, with seven power magnification, and the other with ten power, both with 50 mm. objectives, giving a field of view of great width, clear to the very edge.

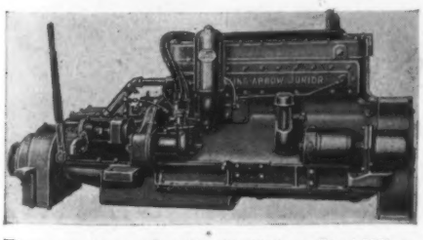
A pair of the new binoculars especially adapted to marine work.

The complete line of Bausch & Lomb products is described in an attractive catalog entitled "Roving Eyes," sent free to YACHTING readers who write to the Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester, N. Y.

New Red Wing Reduction Gear Motors

The Red Wing Motor Co., of Red Wing, Minnesota, has just put on the market two fine 6-cylinder reduction gear motors, especially adapted to heavy cruisers and work boats, where they will run all day at 2000 r.p.m. and turn a large, effective wheel at half the number of revolutions. These are known as the Arrow Junior and the Arrow. The Arrow Junior is a 6-cylinder, 4-cycle machine, 35–70 h.p., bore 3⅜ and stroke 4¾.

The reduction gear, entirely built-in, is the Morse, especially designed and built for this engine with housing to incorporate into the motor in a most desirable manner. The unit is rigid, compact, neat and quiet,



The new Arrow Junior 35–70 h.p. Red Wing Thorobred with built-in reduction gear.

with every provision to make it long-lasting and absolutely reliable. The overall length of the Arrow Junior, with reduction gear, is only 5½ inches longer than the plain model, or 57 inches altogether, which also includes an extra heavy reverse gear. The weight is 900 pounds for iron base, and 800 pounds for aluminum base.

The Arrow 40–80 h.p. reduction gear motor has cylinders of 3¾ inches bore and 4½ inches stroke, with the other same excellent features as the Arrow Junior.

WHY FAMOUS MEN OF THE DAY USE BARBASOL

* *"I like Barbasol because it starts where most shaves leave off. It makes the daily shave a finished work of art without an effort, and every one of us a master craftsman with the razor. There's showmanship in Barbasol — so quick, clean, effortless — it softens the beard like magic and makes you put your best face forward every day; with no brush; no rub; no lather."*

Tony Sarg

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**Barbasol testimonials are not paid for.*

TONY SARG, father of the Marionette Theatre in America, noted illustrator and author of children's books, well-known illustrator of humorous stories in leading magazines, creator of animated window displays and gigantic parades, inventor of many mechanical devices and toys, and widely known as a public lecturer.

"Barbasol makes men shaving artists"

MEN in the limelight and men in the street — from all walks of life they send us the joyful news that "Barbasol has ended the daily shaving *scrape*."

"No pulling or scratching," writes R. B. from New Jersey, "Barbasol leaves the skin smooth as can be." And from Illinois, H. C. says, "Can't see why any man should hang on to the shaving brush habit. My face, my time, my disposition are all saved by Barbasol." (Yes, names on request if you want.)

Try this method — follow directions and you'll follow the crowd

When you start using Barbasol (better give it a try tomorrow) just remember that you use No Brush, No Rubbing, No Lather. "O.K."? Now let's go!

1. Wet your face. Leave it wet. **2.** Spread on Barbasol with the fingers. (Don't rub it in.) **3.** Wet the blade and — SHAVE.

That's ALL. You don't have to do anything else to get the shaving surprise of your life. No messing around with facial preparations, no brushing, no rubbing, no lathering. Barbasol makes the beard soft but *crisp*. The blade slips along *easy*, smooth. Whiskers come off close, *clean*. Leaves your face soft, refreshed. No lotions needed here and — the blades last longer.

Nobody can *prove* the miracle of this modern shave to YOU. You have to try it on *your-own-face!* You can get Barbasol at any drug store; generous tubes 35c and 65c. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Indiana.

BARBASOL SKIN FRESHENER

A new kind of a "Bracer" for men. Slap it on the face and neck when tired. It's a tingling rejuvenator that will make a new man of you, *any* time. Try it!

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For Modern Shaving

NO BRUSHING — NO LATHERING — NO RUBBING